MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

$4
JUNE 2003
ISSUE 253

SWEET J.A.P.

PLUS: GORILLA ANGREB • VÖETSEK
MINORITY BLUES BAND • SCURVY DOGS
MOLOTOV COCKTAIL • THE KIDNAPPERS
SCHIFOSI • KING LY CHEE AND MORE!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 159-163, 166, 168-172, 174-175, 178-181, 184-210, 213-227, 229-250 are as stated above in subscription info.
See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

Ad Copy In (with payment):
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Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

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1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $30
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1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $150
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See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

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TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

TIM BROOKS

- FUCKED UP-Litany-EP
- GENERIC-Join the Eternity-LP
- KNIFE FIGHT-EP / SMOGTOWN-2xEP
- THE LAST SURVIVORS-Hell Corner-EP
- THE OBSERVERS-Lead Pill-EP
- REGULATIONS-Destroy-EP
- THE KRUNCHIES-Interrobang-EP
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Disco Eraser-LP
- THE CARPETTES-Samll Wonders-LP
- ELECTRO HIPPIES-LP / SKITKIDS-12"

ROB COONS

- FUCKED UP-Litany-EP
- SKITSYSTEM-Grå Varld/Svarta Tankar-LP
- KNIFE FIGHT-Burning Bridges-EP
- 9 SHOCKS TERROR-A Nice Place to Live-EP
- STREET TRASH-Five Dirty Fingers-EP
- SKITKIDS-Onna for Pleasure-12"
- CLOROX GIRLS-LP
- REGULATIONS-Destroy-EP
- HIT ME BACK/OUT OF VOGUE-split EP
- IRON LUNG-live

ARWEN CURRY

- ESKORBUTO-Oh, No, Policia En Accion-EP
- REGULATIONS-Destroy-EP
- THE PROFITS-U.S. Atrocity-EP
- THE OBSERVERS-EP / THE DIFFS-EP
- ALLEYCATS-Nothing Means Nothing-45
- SINGING DOGS-Hell Blues-EP
- V/A-Wayfarers All-LP / THE KRUNCHIES-EP
- CHASED & SMASHED-12"
- BIG BOYS-Where's My Towel?-LP
- V/A-Punk Que? Punk-LP / LOST SOUNDS-EP

PAUL CURRAN

- MEINE KLEINE DEUTSCHE-Dirty Dancing-LP
- CLOROX GIRLS-LP
- THE OBSERVERS-Lead Pill-EP
- CARRIE NATIONS-Be Still-LP
- DESCENDENTS-Cool to Be You-LP
- THE ACKERMANS-EP / ACCIDENTS-CD
- THE KRUNCHIES-Interrobang-EP
- CHALLENGER-LP / ANDOREI-69'n Hole-EP
- SHERYL'S MAGNETIC AURA / R.T.H.-split EP
- THE QUAILS-live / ADD/C-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

- STREET TRASH-Five Dirty Fingers-EP
- CLOROX GIRLS-LP
- THE OBSERVERS-Lead Pill-EP
- DESCENDENTS-Cool to Be You-LP
- LEATHERFACE-Dog Disco-LP
- SMOGTOWN-All Wiped Out-2xEP
- NORTH LINCOLN-Apology-EP
- CHALLENGER-Give People...-LP
- RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS-live
- RESTARTS-live / METAL URBAIN-live

JEFF HEERMAN

- LOST SOUNDS-Living in the Ice Age-EP
- CLOROX GIRLS-LP
- V/A-Babyhead-LP
- BLACK TIME-Blackout-LP
- METAL URBAIN-live
- DAMNATION KIDS-Runaway EP
- DISTRACTION-More Trouble At The V 12"
- GUN CRAZY-Dropping Like Flies CD
- TWISTED ROOTS-LP
- BBQ-CD

KENNY KAOS

- THE LEGHOUNDS-Ready to Go-LP
- THE AVATARS-Wait/There Was a Time-45
- DIE HUNNS-Time Has Come Today-45
- THE OBSERVERS-Lead Pill-EP
- THE MANIKINS-Don't Gimme a Choice-EP
- THE KICKZ-One Day/Don't Ask Why-45
- THE LINKS/BEN GRIMM-split EP
- THE ACKERMANS-Run Run Run with...-EP
- REGULATIONS-Destroy-EP
- THE DREAM DATES-The Mess You're In-45

CAROLYN KEDDY

- REGULATIONS-Destroy-EP
- BUTTFRENCHERS-Cigarrette-EP
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Disco Eraser-LP
- BLACK TIME-Blackout-LP
- THE KRUNCHIES-Interrobang-EP
- THE OBSERVERS-Lead Pill-EP
- V/A-Babyhead-LP / V/A-Shielded by Death-LP
- V/A-Mexican Rock-n-Roll Rumble Vol. 2-LP
- METAL URBAIN-live
- JOHN WILKES BOOZE-live

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

METAL URBAIN-Anarchy In Paris!-CD & live	FINAL SOLUTIONS-Disco Eraser-LP
THE OSCARS-CD / DESCENDENTS-LP	BRIGGS/KINGS OF NUTHIN-split EP
EXTERNAL MENACE-Process of Elimination-CD	THE LINKS/BEN GRIMM-split EP
THE AVATARS-45 / CLOROX GIRLS-LP	LAST UNDER THE SUN-Windfall-CD
LEATHERFACE-LP / OBSERVERS-EP	ROTTEN APPLES-Real Tuff-CD

BOBBY MANIC / WILL RISK

THE LEGHOUNDS-Ready to Go-LP	CARRIE NATIONS-Be Still-LP
THE DISTRACTION-More Trouble at the V-12"	FUCKED UP-Litany-EP
THE KICKZ-CDEP & EP	HIT ME BACK/OUT OF VOGUE-split EP
CLOROX GIRLS-LP	BIG BOYS-Where's My Towel?-LP
REAL KIDS-The Munster Years-2xLP	KUNG FU RICK-Grinding To A Halt-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

BIG BOYS-Where's My Towel?-LP	ANNIHILATION TIME-Bad Reputation-EP
DESCENDENTS-LP / LOST SOUNDS-EP	MANIFESTO JUKEBOX/MINORITY BLUES BAND-split EP
FUCKED UP-EP / KNIFE FIGHT-EP	HIT ME BACK/OUT OF VOGUE-split EP
LEATHERFACE-LP / CLOROX GIRLS-LP	PARIAH-Youths of Age-LP
HARRY BALZAGNA & THE TEENIE WEENIES-EP	LOST SOUNDS-EP / ADD/C-live

DONNA POOLE

CHASED & SMASHED-12"	FINAL SOLUTIONS-Disco Eraser-LP
HARRY BALZAGNA & THE TEENIE WEENIES-EP	THE DIFFS-Living Chaos-EP
THE KRUNCHIES-Interrobang-EP	ASHTRAY-Robo Polo-EP
CLOROX GIRLS-12"	THE OBSERVERS-Lead Pill-EP
THE ACCIDENTS-All Time High-CD	THE GUN CLUB-Fire of Love-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

TEMPLARS / LANCASTERS / ESCAPED-live	TAIGAN-I'm Not Satisfied-EP
OIL!-LP / NUTS & BOLTS-live	REGULATIONS-EP / SMOGTOWN-2xEP
FUCKED UP-EP / KNIFE FIGHT-EP	THE LAST SURVIVORS-Hell Corner-EP
V/A-Global Hardcore Noise-2xEP	WANTED DEAD-White Lies-EP
9 SHOCKS TERROR-A Nice Place to Live-EP	HAMMER-More Hammer-EP

MIKE THORN

CHASED & SMASHED-12"/ADD/C-live	MASSGRAV-EP / SKITKIDS-LP
CLOROX GIRLS-LP / BIG BOYSI-LP	NEUROOTTISET PELIMANNIT-EP
FINAL SOLUTIONS-LP / VITAMIN X- live	OBSERVERS-EP / OIL!-The Glory of Honor-LP
FUCKED UP-EP / KNIFE FIGHT-EP	REGULATIONS-EP / TAIGAN-EP
HARRY BALZAGNA & THE TEENIE WEENIES-EP	DOÑA MALDAD/GENERACION PERDIDA-split EP

RYAN WELLS

FINAL SOLUTIONS-Disco Eraser-LP	HATEPINKS-Sehr Gut Rock and Roll-CD
DUCHESS OF SAIGON-Hootenanny-EP	NO DOCTORS-Hunting Season-CD
TAIGAN-I'm Not Satisfied-EP	COACHWHIPS/TRIN TRAN-split EP
REGULATIONS-Destroy-EP	BLACK TIME-Blackout-LP
THE KRUNCHIES-Interrobang-EP	V/A-Babyhead-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

ABORT ANTHOLOGY #1	SOME HOPE AND SOME DESPAIR #5
BORN IN FLAMES #1	TOWN OF HARDCORE #8
EAT YOUR HEART OUT MARTHA! #1	CHUMPIRE #167
INNER SWINE VOL 10 #1	DORIS #22
LIFE DURING WAR TIME #7	ZEROX #8

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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Too Many Records, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Fun People, Fat, Drunk & Stupid, BrandNewUnit, Death Wish Kids.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,"" Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04 The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah

#252/May '04 Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos, SE Asia, Germany, Iceland.

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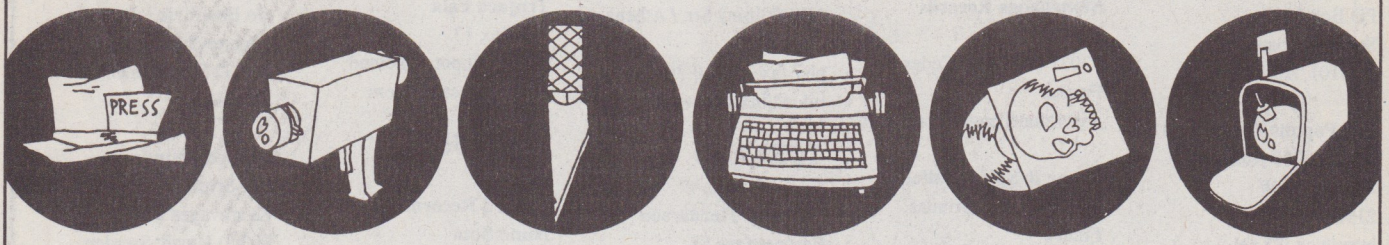

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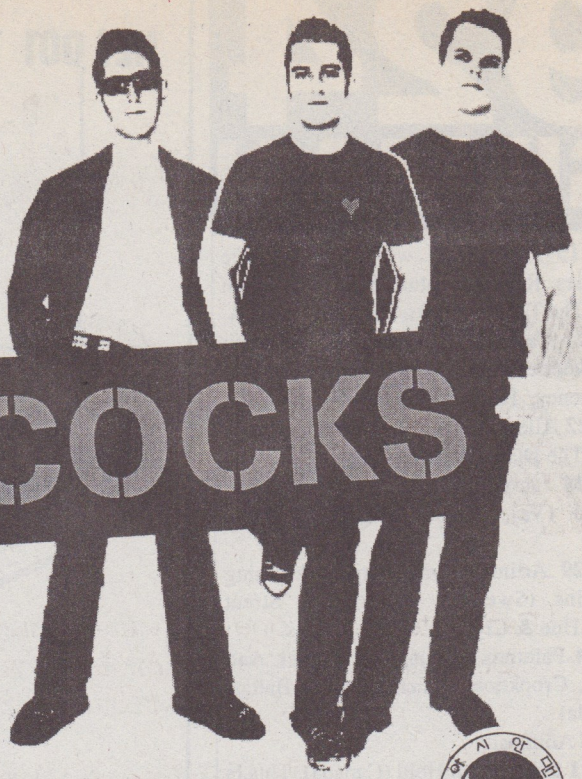

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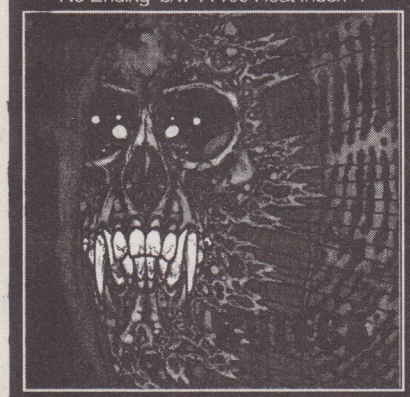

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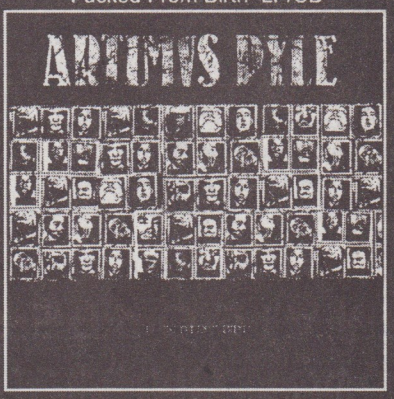

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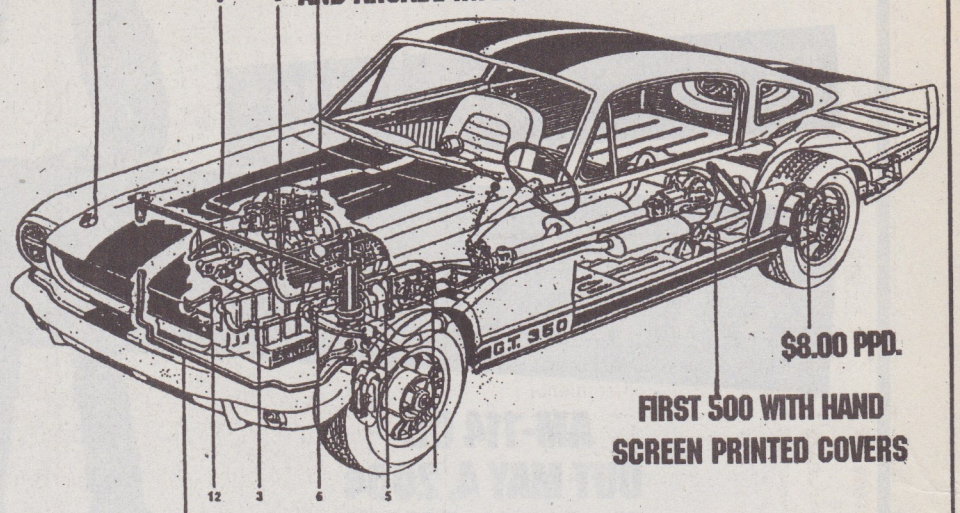

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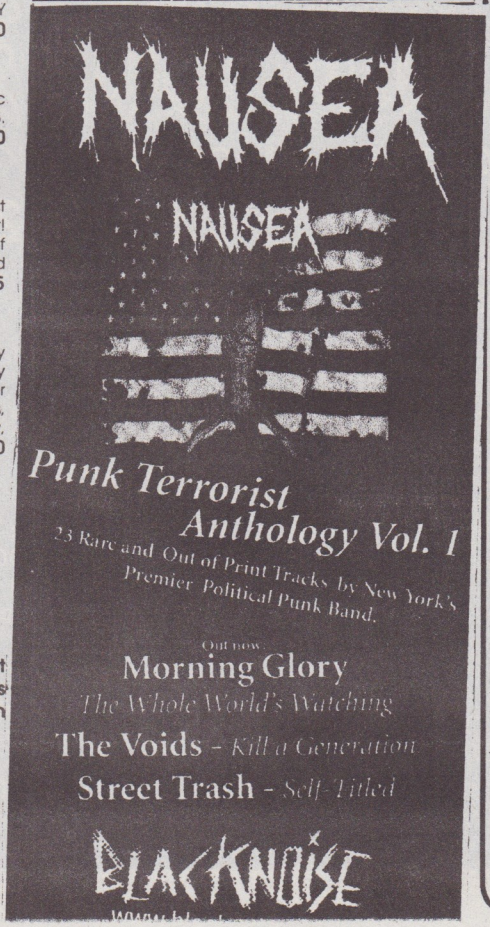

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Antichrist/Dysmorfofobia 7" $5 (Poland)
Antichrist/Intensity 7" $5 (Poland/Sweden)
A.O.S./Human Waste 7" $3.50 (crrrrrusty!)
Damage Deposit "Straight To The Bottom" 7" $3
Damage Deposit "Do damage" 7" $3
Failure Face "Complete Failure: Discography" CD $6
Hated Youth?Roach Motel LP $6
Doom "Police Bastard" 7" $3.50 (a krusty klassic)
Infekcja 7" $5 (Poland)
Lycanthropy/Nesoucast Stroje 7" $5 (Czech Republic)
Silence "Hypnosis" 7" $5 (Poland)
Skitsystem "Gra Varld/Svarta Tankar" LP $8.50 or CD $10
Uzi Suicide "We Steal Everything" 7" $3.50
Against Me! "The Disco Before..." 7" $3.50 or CD $6
Against Me! "Cavalier Eternal" 7" $3.50
Los Crudos/Spitboy LP $7.50
Asshole Parade "Student Ghetto Violence" CD $12
Behind Enemy Lines "The Global Cannibal" CD $10
Blight "S/T" 7" $3.50 (Seattle crust rockers)
Gnats Sucker "All Things I'll Never Say" 7" $3.50 (on 625)
He Who Corrupts "Ten Steps To Success" LP $8.50
Horror "First Blood Parts 1 and 2" CD $12
Iron Lung "Life. Iron Lung. Death" LP $8.50
Iron Lung/Lana Dagales LP $8.50 or CD $8.50
No Comment "87-93: Discography" LP $8.50 (amazing)
Tragedy "S/T" CD $8.50
Tragedy "Vengence" CD $8.50
Unruh "Misery Strengthened Faith" CD $8.50
Funeral Shock "S/T" 7" $3.50
Nausea "Extinction" LP $8.50
MDC "Now More Than Ever" CD $12
Municipal Waste "Waste Em All" LP $8.50

RATTUS (from Finland) East Coast US Tour Sept-Oct 2004. Dates to be announced on web page
And be sure to visit the Sound Idea Store 113-H East Brandon Blvd in beautiful Brandon Open 7 days – noon til 8 PM
USE THE PO BOX FOR ORDERING!

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Mr. Greg Harvester—
Hey, thanks for reviewing my book, "Traveling America Broke" (Feb *MRR*). It seems that you were a bit offended by the content. It was not my intention to offend, although some have found offense within it. More than anything, you have taken offense to the random sexcapades, but some of your remarks were unfounded.

The 16-year-old stripper did know about the camera and she was also more than willing. So if your rape comment is to side with the state on statutory sex laws, than does the state also define your ideas about other aspects of sex? Just curious about your support of state sex laws. She was only 16 and I was 20, but I know conservative couples with a larger age difference. Besides, that story could have easily been left out (it's only 2 pages!). It was kept to show honesty, not arrogance. If you were to read a few pages further you could have read about how I was raised within the Mormon church, not that they are responsible for me being an asshole, but it is perhaps cause for concern (polygamy, patriarchy, etc.). I did however, tackle the issue of sexuality in the chapter of the same title and outlined some reasons as to why we are abusive, why we treat people as objects, and why we keep our children in the dark about sex.

Sexual liberation is mentioned and identified as a step in the evolution of freedom, siding with all types of consensual sexual relationships. So I wonder where did the homophobic comment come from? Was it the men twice my size and age interested in drawing my cock and balls, sucking my dick for money, sleeping naked with me, or massaging my inner thighs in my underwear? I mean, I don't know how much you have traveled by yourself, but there are many people looking to place you in a compromising situation and being in someone's bedroom or auto is already compromising. Having spent some time traveling, I am a bit of a pedophilaphobe. Excuse me, if that is unpunk. What is interesting about the sexuality of the story, besides the preoccupation with sexual references, is the fact that I go from being a predator to being prey.

My actions are obviously my own, but we are foolish to think that our upbringing has nothing to with what we think. Again, the LDS church didn't make me do anything except think in certain ways about women and sexuality, to which I have had to evolve. Ask around the southwest about Mormon kids, they are usually the first to try drugs. We did actually sleep outside on some cold nights, usually four deep in a Volkswagen van, sometimes on rooftops, sometimes on the ground, sometimes with people we would meet, at times in a train, in a baseball field, parking lots, passed out at parties, friends houses, peoples houses we didn't know, abandoned places, peoples' parents' houses, couches at schools, and yes sometimes with girls from the bar. Shit, if I get tired I might ask you for a place to sleep. I like the idea of only staying with friends; it just doesn't work out all the time, even if you call them friends before you know them (I do it sometimes).

I was wondering too, where did the privileged bit come from? I went into detail about being raised in a 12-foot wide trailer with two sisters. I understand if it's a cultural/geographical take on privilege, but who the fuck is reading this? Poor minority youth? Come on man, you know as well as I do that suburban white males sustain punk rock culture. Four bucks for a black and white rag that revolves around mostly suburban white kid bands. I'm not being judgmental here, just realistic. Poor non-white people are not buying or reading columns about punk music, o.k. maybe a few. Not that it should matter. Everything we have is based on privilege, the computer used to type these ideas, the ability to critique this culture, the rooms we sit in to do it, the stores we shop at to get it, the food we are sustained on to have the energy to do it, the free time we use. Either get over it or use it to spread awareness, positivity, and empowerment.

You say that we were never really broke. I'm wondering what the current punk definition for broke is. I always thought it meant to have no money, which continuously poses a problem in the story. Is eating out of garbage cans and sleeping on the street a symbol of possessing money? Do you have to not ever use money to be broke? I know I'm not the vegan/straight edge/squatter/train hopper of contemporary punk romantic lore, but does it even matter? No money is no money. Of course it comes and goes, and when you are without it, you are broke. No?

I think its cool that you don't like it and some of what you did say was decent. However, a good portion of the ideas were completely overlooked by you and some of the others were marginalized, and pigeonholed. The philosophies are predominately about how Authoritarian deity structures have contaminated all other spheres of human relationships; about how societies based on power abuse influence all relationships within those societies to be abusive (child abuse, partner abuse, drug abuse, etc.); about how abuse is a perversion of use and while we have to use things we must cultivate an understanding and respect for all things so that we do not abuse them and that others are able still to use them; and also that fear, force, and punishment are archaic behavior modification tactics favored by the state.

My "pot induced" philosophies are actually induced by LSD, a route many people take to reach towards enlightenment. And I didn't say anything about wanting to "bro down" with god although I like it and might use it sometime, if you don't mind. The idea was to legalize all nature and decriminalize all drugs. Really it's just a matter of how long we will tolerate a government telling us what we can and cannot do.

I explain why the World Health Organization would want to sabotage the American and African cultures with the AIDS virus and how they were able to do it through widespread smallpox, polio, and hepatitis B vaccinations in the late 70s. There is also a critique of high art and pop culture as contributing to a massive centralization of resources and mind, a critique of specialist orientated consumer technology, and a critique of idolized concepts of perfection (i.e. standardization).

There are also solutions offered for the current state of affairs: A reduction in the work week, a bias anti-big business sentiment leaning towards supporting local and sustainable business, a reevaluation of our holidays and the implementation of new ones, a plan to cripple the infrastructure of corporate America, and assorted other tactics for finding empowerment. Granted, these ideas may be raw and need some personal evaluation, but does that make them any less valid?

Was all this left out because of the activist chip on your shoulder that made you so offended by the term "girlies"? I didn't mean to offend you or anyone else on the behalf of women everywhere, I was just trying to be real and truthful as to what happened to me and what I was doing, thinking, and speaking the year of 1996. I do appreciate the critique; I was just hoping that you could pull something out of it that didn't offend you, like so many other people have, while still being critical. Maybe that's too much to ask.

I've got more to say and I'm sure you feel the same way, I just wanted to point out some of the more important issues. Either way thanks for the space. Discourse and idea stimulation is why I've picked up *MRR* off and on for a decade plus.
Thanks again.
Seriously.
Joey Grether
joey@mobaction.com

Joey—

I actually didn't have much more to say, but I'm sure that you do. I'm sure that you could write another book with what you have to say. When I finished your book, I got rid of it and forgot about it. I wanted to just ignore your letter, but MRR *and you wanted a response. I'll* try *and keep it short.*

1. In your book, you plainly say that you filmed your friend and yourself having sex with a 16 year old girl and she didn't know about the camera. To me, that's a form of sexual assault. You didn't have her consent to do that. I don't give a shit about the state. I can't speak for that girl, but things are pretty confusing at 16 years old and it's easy to get taken advantage of.

2. You were raised within the Mormon church. I was raised within a Southern Baptist church. You wanna talk about patriarchy and oppression? Just because we were raised a certain way, it doesn't mean that we can't recognize that those beliefs are bullshit and do everything in our power to shed them.

3. Yes, you did outline some reasons as to why "we" (who is "we" anyway? It's not you and I) are sexually abusive and why "we" treat people as objects. You outline *them and then continued to objectify women throughout your book.*

4.I have traveled extensively by myself...hitchhiking, hopping trains, etc. I've been creeped out on, assaulted, misled, and fucked with. If a man tried anything with me that I didn't want, I never said that they "fagged out" on me like you do in your book. That *is where my homophobic comment came from.*

5.Suburban white males sustain *punk rock culture?!? I'm sorry, I didn't know that as well as you do. You should tell that to the women that write for* MRR *or the women that I play in bands with. You should tell that to the people of color and the women that write all of my favorite zines or to those people who set up punk shows across the country. Dude, white suburban males are so 1995. Get with the times. (yawn)*

6. Privilege. You're a white male living in America. That's privilege. Your friends and parents wire you money when you got in a jam. You got government money and used it to buy a skateboard. We're both arguing over the same old tired subjects that have been argued 50 million times in this magazine alone. That's all a form of privilege. Think about it.

7.I think the current punk definition of "broke" is the same as the standard one. You may have been broke but the people you hung out with were pretty loaded.

8.Maybe I did overlook your beliefs and manifesto in my review. Honestly, I thought that it was really weak and contradictory with your behavior. Your rhetoric doesn't mean shit when your actions aren't congruent.

9. I'll try and get rid of that activist chip on my shoulder. It's been bothering me lately. I tried to pull something positive out of your writing; something that didn't offend me, but it didn't work. I know lots of people who try and avoid writings by sexist men, so I like to include that information in my reviews. This is just my *opinion though.*

Thanks for writing. Seriously.

—Greg Harvester

Maxi Rocker!!!—

Yes, it's been a long time since I've writen, but I've been laid off & I'm drunk so fuck it! I can't enjoy the yuppie punk lifestyle of spending $120 a night on booze at the Boston & the Double Down Saloon anymore so I'm drunk at home listening to Spazz. Well onto to the reason I'm writing. In Issue #251 some virgin by the name of Tick wrote in to bag on From Ashes Rise. Look, dude, it's not like they are on Universal or anything. I can only hope that one day Tick will visit Las Vegas so that the Koval Lane Crew can curb check this 12 year old fuck on the corner of Flamingo & Koval.

Tick if you were a true punk you would be to busy listening to "Crush Kill Destroy" by the almighty Spazz to care what From Ashes Rise has done. The Casualties did not sell out & Nirvana was never a fucking issue, are you mad that 'N Sync are not underground anymore? Shit, F.A.R. were a great band & still are. Why don't you pick on some other band like The Dudoos, I heard they sold out because they have an album out on Sound Pollution. Well I gotta go & look for another high paying yuppie job so I can live in my over priced condo, keep buying D.I.Y. records & keep sleeping with cross dressing rockabilly babes. It's tough being a 30 something year old unemployed yuppie punk!

See Yah In The Pit,
Karl Bakla
lasvegashardcore@aol.com

PS—Sleeping with women who have dicks does not make me gay.

PS—If you're a women who happens to have a penis & you like Husker Du, fanny packs, slot mechanics & chain restraunts let me know, we can talk about punk/hard core at P.F. Changs, which happens to be one block south of Koval.

Dear *MRR*—

Is it just me, or have you also noticed the "Holy War" being waged by the Christians? Every day the news channels have some fanatic trying to tell us how to live, who to marry, what movies to watch, and how to raise our children. They are trying to control every aspect of our lives, and I, for one, do not recall asking for their advice.

What's worse, our government is their main weapon. I'm no genius, but isn't there some little clause somewhere which cites separation of Church and State? Or is that just my imagination? Faith-based initiative, "in god we trust", prayer in Congress, legislation passed or denied based on what the "church" wants.

Something else of interest: Remember the whole Boob-Gate with Janet Jackson? Who made that an issue, kept it in the news and talks about it even today? Good wholesome Christians did, that's who. I talked to my 12-year-old son and he said it's not even a topic amongst kids at his school. And I quote him, "So what, it's a boob. Who hasn't seen one?" Apparently grown, mature, adult Christians, because they are the only ones making a big stink over this.

My point is this. For weak-minded people, religion is probably a good thing. After all, religion came about when mankind couldn't think for themselves. But let those people come to you. Don't bring it to the people who don't need or want it. And it's time for all Atheists and Freethinkers to make their voices heard. Some have, and I applaud them. But more voices are needed.

And before I go, here's some irony for you. If Christianity, or even Islam is the way to live your life properly, then why do they outnumber Atheists and Freethinkers a hundred to one, probably more, in the prison system? Makes you wonder. I was once given a death threat, over a keyboard, by the Christian men's choir...in the chapel!!

Very truly,
Alfred J. Laurence #256371
Riverside Correctional Facility
777 West Riverside Drive
Ionia, MI 48846

PS—To the Nazi who contacted me in response to my first letter to *MRR*: I'm half-black, which will be the subject of my next letter of infinite wisdom. So don't send that crap to me again. Oh yes, and my other half is German. Hugs and kisses, Brother.

Dear *MRR*—

On behalf of MTV, Clear Channel, and other corporate interests, I would like to congratulate you on your recent wave of puritanical "PC" fanaticism.

Your efforts to purge punk rock of all potential offend ability are greatly appreciated. The more you homogenize punk rock, the greater the profit margin for MTV, as they will have less work to do when they co-opt punk rock and hardcore in its entirety.

Your recent decision to rid your archives of any militant or fascist material is brilliant. Now, when MTV buys the deed to the *MRR* house and it's contents, and shareholders come to the open house, there will be no worries that the investors will be shocked by the contents of the music library.

I'm certain that, considering your new sense of social responsibility, as evidenced by your efforts to sterilize your culture, you will not object to a sale of your operation to a major corporate communications entity. They have plenty of resources that will help ensure that no objectionable material reaches the consumer, and you will then have plenty of time to enjoy the flavorless fruits of your labor.

Mr. Shannon Parker #1159797
759 Heintzelman Road
Mineral Wells, TX 76067

Shannon—

Please look at the cover month in which said column was written. I'll give you a hint, it starts with the letter "A" ends in the letter "L" and in between features the letters (in proper order) "P-R-I." I'm sorry to report sir, but you are the fool. I hope our landlady doesn't decide to sell the house to MTV, but if she does, I suppose we will have to move. As for the records though, they can have those beauties,

clad in wonderous green tape, when they pull them from my cold dead hands. And just like Charleston Heston I will scream "...damn dirty apes!!!" though I'm not really certain why.
Michael Thorn

Greetings *MRR*—
The following deals with an issue that dates back to *MRR* #243 (Aug). Pardon the lateness, but I just recently obtained the issue myself.

In response to the review of the AOS/World on Welfare split by Jake Filth: you asked the questions, "do you really think I should 'embrace other cultures'?" "shall we 'destroy the corrupt white punk'?" (in reference to the song "Suburban Wasteland"). My answer to your questions: Fucking right...yes beyond any reasonable doubt. Apparently you read these lyrics and took the words at face value not allowing them to provoke thought (as all lyrics should in any genre, particularly punk rock).

The basis of the song is that we can collect all the records, collect all the zines, wear the patches and shirts bearing various slogans, nod and clap to those stating their views at a show.... It is really easy to follow in the flow of things. But when it comes down to the wire, and there is a real confrontation, how do we handle it? Do we stay and fight or run away?

We also talk a lot about strengthening the scene and reaching out to others who might share the same views. And as you stated, and I highly agree, punk rock is made up of predominantly white, middle class people. If we thrive on diversity, why wouldn't we want to embrace other cultures, other races and genders?

And what a lot of this comes down to is: how much do we really believe in this scene and this movement? How strong are our convictions? The phrase "question everything" does not only apply to everything outside of your personal being...your shell, if you will. Everyone needs to take a look at themselves. That's where change begins.... It is the starting point of liberation for all. These are our lives. This isn't a trend, phase, or something to do for the summer. Nothing we do should be for naught.

Maybe a further explanation was needed with the lyrics...with any luck I shed a little light on the subject. Jake Filth, please feel free to respond to me and anyone else for that matter who has an opinion on the whole mess. Cheers!
Jay/AOS
dbeatbastard@yahoo.com
1020 W Kings Hwy Apt 10/ Bellmawr NJ 08031

Jay—

I am ill-prepared to answer this letter, as I do not have a copy of the record in front of me, don't even have the issue of the mag and have not had any inspiration-flowing beer today. I'll fix the alcohol void, but since I can't remember exactly what I wrote in the review and also don't recall the lyrics verbatim, I'll just respond to your letter and elaborate on my ideas of culture separation.

Yes, as good lyrics do, yours provoked thoughts and questions. If not, I would have just accepted what you had to say. Instead, your words brought forth, in a public sphere, some opposing views which I feel many punks don't consider. Cultures and communities which grow organically (as opposed to created; walled tract housing and media driven groups like the "x-generation" for example) should never fail to take pride in what they have built. In the review I used as examples gypsies, the local hip-hop kids in my neighborhood and S.F. queers. To keep things simple, I'll just talk about the punks.

In my soul, my heart of hearts, yes I would like to destroy "the corrupt white punk". In fact, I would like all white males world wide to go to hell and die. Too bad this won't happen. Punk rock is one of the few (and I mean fucking few!) alternatives to mainstream "culture" that white, middle class people have. Somehow, against belief and impossibly heavy odds, we have built ourselves up from a music form determined to bust into mainstream radio and make some bucks, into a worldwide subculture based on trust, basic mutual beliefs (anarchy, feminism, etc) and a driven want to be good to each other. This amazes me, and as much as I am humble about my part in continually building this thing we call punk, I am always so proud of my comrades for doing so much more.

Fucking shit, we always fall short! Feminism, what's that? Anarchy? Yeah. Sometimes it looks like the scene is dominated by a bunch of dudes spending hundreds of dollars on little pieces of vinyl. Bands with appropriate graphics and lyrics, but who have nothing to say and no beliefs beyond what their patches may say. I know our faults. I know some of them personally. However, I have seen us grow, seen with my own eyes, over the past twenty years into something beautiful to behold. It's like that graphic on the A//Political 7" of a punk as a flower growing out of a flower pot, watering himself.

Yeah, we often are corrupt white punks, but we are growing and learning. We can't let a hundred ignorant fucks in black denim hold back the one who is genuinely trying to save herself from this world of shit and may save this world from itself in the meantime.

(SHITWORKERS NOTE: The following opinions may not, and most likely do not hold true for the rest of the MRR *staff!)*

White America embraced hip-hop. Hinduism embraced Buddhism. European youth embraced the underground rave scene. What was the result of these assimilations: destruction, dilution. I am a separatist (oh shit...). I am not a racial or ethnic segregationist. Its just, I have studied history too much, and a lot of history is people's lives and communities 'disappearing through culture takeover (early Christianity vs. Roman bureaucracy) or conversely, subsets of humans; while interacting with others; staying who they are through perseverance and straight stubbornness. (Communists vs. Stalin's Russian). Its no one's fault but the dollars, that the world is sucking punk rock dry. I, for one, won't let that happen.

Yeah, so maybe we should embrace other cultures. I would love to join up with the gun-wielding drug-dealing kids on my block and snipe cops from the rooftops. We should hang out with tree-defenders and burn out yards of caterpillar trucks. Let's give these society hating people a hug, hold their hands. Don't fuck them. We each have our strengths, we can help each other. Let's not dilute each other.

What I am saying so confusedly is thus: All subcultures have their own beauty and their own ugliness. We all hate and want to destroy the world, as it is. Not all of us are of the world and we should respect each other's bounds. If you are Chicana, I cannot be one of you. That would be presumptuous. I will love aspects of you. If you condone death of folks who are oppressed as much as you, fuck off. Blah, Blah, we can get along with each other. We can teach each other, while staying strong separately. Society is our enemy, not each other.

I can't figure out why you quote "Question Everything", but I think of Crimpshrine.

I recently spent three years in Santa Fe questioning everything. Separated from 29 years of familiarity with everything I know. If you count me, there are about seven punks in Santa Fe, therefore I was forced to spent time with people I usually and sometime deliberately avoid. Hippies, dykes, Indian death metallers. I chilled with these people open-mindedly and comfortably. I learned much. Shit, my family was 21 hours away! No punks. I had no choice, my life altered. I could spend pages of zines describing what happened, but, no. One, of many, things I learned is: I am not a hippy, that hippy is not a punk. She has her family, her life. I have mine. We traded ideas. We hate The Man, and no one else. Good Enough.

So: hang out, learn, teach. Each other. Everyone. Organize and kill cops. But keep your identity, enrich this punk culture we created. Meet your neighbors and chill, just don't melt yourself in the proverbial pot. Gentle. Don't be hating. Unless it's the powers that be.
—With Love, Jake.

MRR—
Maximum Rock n' Roll and other readers, label(s), distro(s), etc. I am having a problem that I am sure I'm not the only one. I am currently incarcerated in a California State Mental Facility. We are allowed certain privileged items, such as a walkman cassette players. This is where the problem is though: certain places are only allowed cassette tapes and they have to be factory sealed at that! So I am having an unbelievably hard time locating or finding places that carry cassette tapes anymore of punk/hardcore and underground bands. I've searched everywhere so far. Sound Idea ran by Bob Suren carries a limited but good selection available on cassettes.

I'd like to bring this problem to the attention of the punk community that I feel should not forget their fallen brethren or sistas that may be locked up and behind enemy lines. Due to our lifestyles and stance towards society's authority figures, there are a lot of us stuck in the system. And to be able to listen to some good punk rock/hardcore means so much and makes a very big difference for our daily lives behind the wires.

I'm just wondering other people's opinions on cassettes or maybe advice or direction on where or how to purchase factory sealed (that's the catch) cassette tapes of our kind of music? I do understand CDs are the big thing now and I won't deny are nice to play music. I hear Die Hard vinyl collectors and just plain vinyl junkies are against this mass production of CDs. I'm not against CDs per say cause I do have a good size CD collection on the streets along with my vinyl and cassettes. I just don't want to see CDs kill all sales of cassettes but it looks imminent. Are cassette tapes becoming completely extinction soon? (like 8 tracks.)

Also I've heard it mentioned a few times about the internet and e-mail killing off the old pen-pal communications! I am also not anti-internet or email either, but just feel that some of us are not as privileged as others always and shouldn't be forgotten. (That goes for in here and out there)

Anyhow I'd appreciate it if you could print this in your letters section. I'd like to hear from other readers and/or labels that could possibly help me out with this situation or disgust some alternative/solutions. I'm not just looking for free music cause I will pay for these services and am sure there are a lot of others in here that would too. Thank you very much! Anyone feel free to write suggestions or just simply say Hello!

—Greg Busby
#053986-6
Atascadero State Hospital
PO Box 7001
Atascadaro, CA 93423

PS—I've even had a hard time (no luck) trying to purchase some hardcore rap on cassettes such as Scare Face, Geto Boyz, Gravediggaz, Three 6 Mafia. By the way, *Maximum Rock N Roll* makes a big difference to me in here (not that it don't out there) but every month it's a new special treat and a connection to the outside and the community I feel family with. Thank you again to everyone whom contributes to the #1 punk zine around and standing. The punx still not dead! No it's not. Love and respects to all my punk rock brothers and sisters.

Dear *MRR*—
Hello &Cheers...Once again I am writing in response to "Lefty" Hooligan. In issue #251, "Lefty" asked me the question, "So, it's your choice to be in prison, right?" Well, "Lefty", yes it is.

The actions which I "chose" to commit (robbing rich frat boys) landed me in this cage. I made a "choice" to act. Whether it was irrational or not is the key. However, my subconscious choices dictated that this was the path I would take. So, to answer your question, yes. It was my choice to become a number.

However I blame no one for this except myself. I could easily go on cooking up theories of how it's the "system's" fault. Although we do live in an extremely unjust and corrupt society, I refuse to pawn my faults off on anyone or anything.

There will never be a revolution or anything resembling one until we begin to take responsibility for our own actions. Until then, the real revolution starts within!
Chadd Beverlin/*Left Back Zine*
#424-439
PO Box 1812
Marion, OH/43301

MRR Readers—
Hey. I wrote a guest column last month, and if you read it, thanks. I just want to take one more minute of everyone's time to correct a minor typo. Somehow the word "over" got printed where it should've said "under", changing the meaning of a whole bit in there, and implying that I think folks over 30 should watch it as far as age differences in their relationships.

Actually, I believe that after a certain point it doesn't really matter so much if your partner and you aren't quite the same age, but that when you're in your 20s and younger, and still in the process of growing up, five years (or whatever) can make such a big difference as to eliminate the possibility of equality and honest communication in a relationship. All these numbers are pretty arbitrary, of course, but I think people understand the basic idea I'm trying to get across. Although if I'd said it right the first time a lot more people probably would've understood what I was trying to say, huh? Well, that's just how it goes, I guess.
Thanks for listening!
—Anandi/ San Francisco, CA

MRR—
I Want To Kick Someone's A** Right Now!

It is a Saturday night, walking down the puddled streets of St. Marks Place in New York City. Hues of reds, blues and greens fly through the misty sky, a typical sight for the East Village staple. Mohawks and leather clad punks lining store fronts, while treading along with their heads bowed down are the tight black Levi jeans avant-garde modernists, sporting their thrift shop blazers. One passes the others and each release a growl. They both are wearing Cramps buttons, yet that similarity makes no difference. Never have I seen in my many days of skirting down this place the two fashion statements blend in a conversation. Neither ever crosses paths. I question this separation of coats, and I wonder why.

Nowadays it seems that the words "You are not punk!" or "Oh, they are not punk!" are thrown around like burritos in a junior high school food fight. Everyone appears to think they can define "punk" yet never going beyond the obvious aesthetics of social rebellion, studded belts (which apparently has become the trademark of punks), and safety pins. As far as I can tell, there is no look to punk. As far as I know punk is a philosophy before anything else. Yet no one can agree on what that philosophy is.

This is why punk sucks today. Before rocks are thrown let me explain. I have been a follower of punk culture since I was a tot running down around the pavement of a broken Brooklyn street. I can't say I am an expert, and I don't take pride in the new New York City punk scene. I am not underground or mainstream. I am straight up an old school kinda gal. What I have been thrown in the mist of is a culture of teenagers trying to capture the poverty and revolution that flourished in the 1970s. They are taking extra steps to look "broke". How, and when, has poverty become an indispensable part of being punk? And why do stores profit on that look?

I blame this all on the media. Punk is now a fashion trend, a marketed disobedience. Stores like Trash and Vaudeville sell ready made torn studded leather jackets for fifty bucks. Claire's accessory stores sell extra-careful messed up jewelry, made to look like it was done by the person wearing it, for anywhere between 5-15 bucks. Wet-Seal sells ripped t-shirts for 20 bucks. Everyone is dressed like everyone else, and the originality in producing your own clothing has been lost. The Do-It-Yourself ideal has forever been flushed, and only a few still live by it.

With the unfortunate success of bands like Good Charlotte and Avril Lavigne, we now have this guideline of what it is to be punk. Have your own clothing line, produce other bands, share a screen with (shutter) Kelly Osbourne, and get as many tattoos as possible. Also, wear tank top over tank top, with a tie, and dark eye make up. Oh come the f**k on! Why must anyone look a certain way to have any credibility? And why can't the leather talk to the blazer without being ridiculed by his/her so-called peers? Also, what is so wrong with listening to Dusty Springfield and The Screamers? Darby Crash loved Queen and Bowie. No one had a problem with that back then.

I can't begin to embody the frustration I feel when some tells me I am not punk because I don't look like Brody Armstrong from the Distillers (nothing against her), or because I am too old to actually go to a gig at CBGBs. Who are you to say?

Who are you to say?

What can be said? Is this is all just a load of nonsense spilled by people who define punk or anything in general, by a fashion or profit. It is also ignorant to think looking poor although you bought the outfit for fifty bucks is punk. It is a disgrace to original makers of punk to take what they fashioned and market it purely for the cash.

But hell what do I know? I am just a twenty-one year old with a lot of rage built up inside. I just hope the L.A. scene isn't as pretentious.

In a world where everyone looks like you it is hard to find anyone like you.
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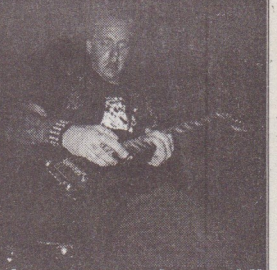

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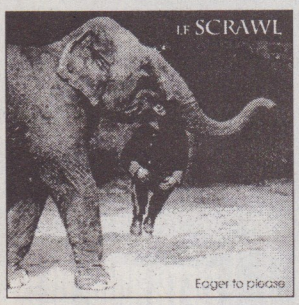

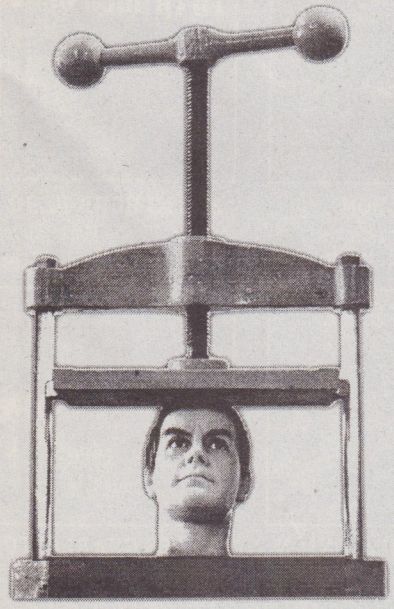

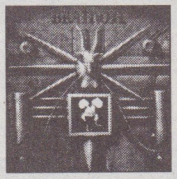

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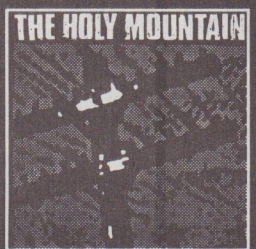

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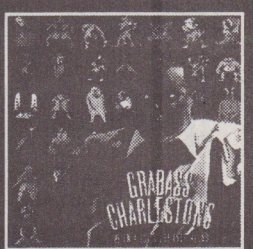

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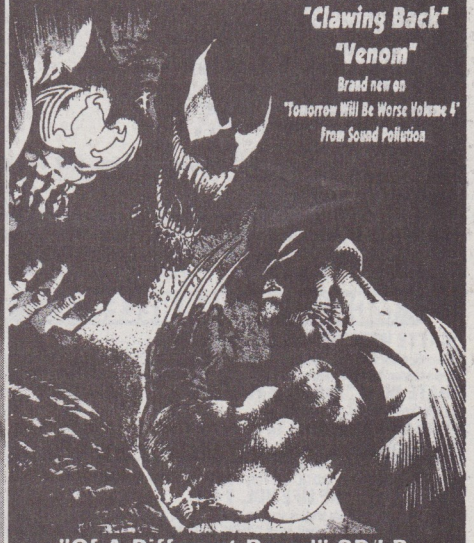

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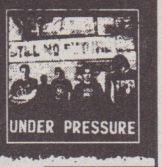

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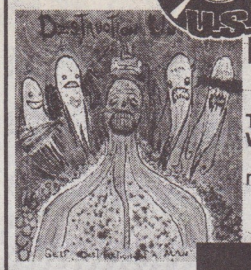

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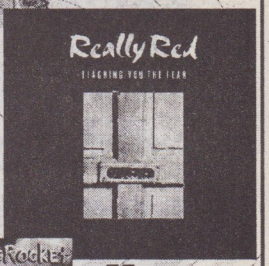

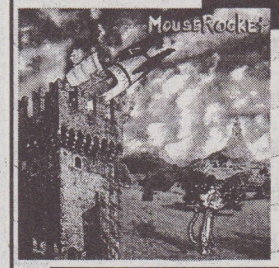

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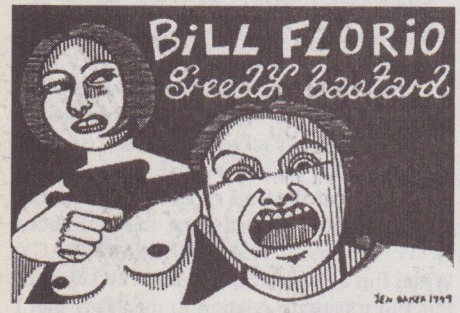
COLUMNS



Its been a very strange week. Last Thursday I went and saw CELEBRITY MURDERS featuring Artie Philie, the singer from THE SHEMPS. He doesn't really *sing* in the CM's, he just kinda sounds like an old lady being raped by midgets, but anyhow it was nice to see people in an another band deal with the fact that he was four hours late, left the open question "drum kit?" in everyone's lap, and when he did show up, half the kids left because he was wearing a Benito Mussolini t-shirt. Then I ate Indian food with my pals Chris Russo and Will Tarrant at an old Diner underneath the 59th Street Bridge. When I got up the next day, my car didn't start, I called AAA, and as usual the guy didn't really want to help me. If you ever get stuck in The Bronx and have to call AAA, really, don't expect much. The last time my battery died, the guy did not want to wait five minutes so I could get enough charge to start the engine. Anyhow, this time the alternator was shot, so I told the guy I didn't want a tow, I'd deal with it next week.

OK, just so you know—I'm not the type of guy who gets very angry or blows his top. I pretty much go through life seeing everything for whatever entertainment value I can suck out of it, sort of like a crab leg. I can probably count the number of times I've gotten really angry in the past five years on one hand. It's like, one, Jen Angel melting my ice cream because I wrote a column about Mykel Board and she decided to pull some *MRR* power trip on me; two, Some douchebag in LA who I spent $100 for on DVD copies to help his website, who sent me angry emails because the video contained his best friend's toothbrush in someone's ass. The other three or four are all due to drummers.

Anyhow, cut to Monday. I have to drive my girlfriend Margo to work, because I have a dentist appointment and my van doesn't start. I actually get to the dentist early and walk over to Bed Bath and Beyond to kill some time. Yes, I may be the only punk rock-listening guy in history to admit he likes to go to Bed Bath and Beyond, almost as much as Linens and Things. Linens and Things is slightly better because I know a cute girl who works there and sends me cell phone text love messages for no particular reason. So I walk out of BB&B with a car battery jump kit—yeah I'm the only schmuck that goes to a housewares store to fix his car. I go to the dentist and get a little unhinged because last summer I noticed my Maryland bridge has come a little loose and I asked the dentist to patch it up, he did a shitty job and I knew he did a shitty job and now this replacement dentist was telling me I had some decay underneath it and he may have to charge me $6,000 to fix the bridgework. So, I leave there in sort of a bad taste in my mouth, literally and figuratively.

Then I go to Sears and buy a battery. I've never actually changed a battery, but I figure, how hard can it be? It's hard; I give up in about ten minutes, realizing I will need an actual non-computer repair toolkit to get the old battery out. Screw it. I pick up my girlfriend and have just enough time to get to SHEMPS practice. Then Squeaky calls me, tell me he has to leave town (Squeaky thinks he's a secret agent or something). I show up to the space, which we're subletting from LITTLE KILLERS until they get back from Europe. Artie calls: "Hey, the guy in the other band that shares the space just left me a message and he said his band is gonna practice tonight, and he said we used his drums last week and he was pissed. So, I just wanted to warn you, if the guy shows up there before I do." Great. Then Neil and Jim, guitar player and drummer, show up and I tell them about the possibly angry, ready-to-practice-even-though-it's-our-night guy on his way, and we decide to not set up yet and see what happens. Then I realize I left Jim's cymbals in my van back in the Bronx, and since the guy was upset about us using his drums last week, we're nervous about borrowing his cymbals too. Then I call our keyboard player Callaghan: "Hey where are you?" "Oh shit, my computer's broken—I didn't get any emails this week." So I'm like, well, this guy Aaron's gonna come over and interview us for *MRR*. Aaron shows up with no questions. I drove to Brooklyn for no good reason and spent three hours there just sifting through confusion. So, right before we leave, our drummer says, "Shit, I'm playing in another band on Thursday—are you gonna be around any time this week?" I tell him I'll drop off his cymbals on the way to a show on Long Island.

OK, last night, around 6:30, Jim calls me on Neil's phone, which is odd. He's like, "Hey did you say you can drop my cymbals off tonight?"

"Why are you calling on Neil's phone?"

"My phone battery died."

"Well, you don't have a doorbell or a regular human friendly phone? Is your cell going to work later so I can get the drums to you?"

"Yes. What time will you be around?"

"Around 8 pm. My friend just opened a vegan fast food place called Foodswings in Williamsburg. I'm gonna eat there and drop off your shit on my way to Suffolk County."

"You're going to Suffolk County? What, for some chick? Think I can get some pussy tonight?"

"No and no. See you at eight."

OK. It's 8:20, and I roll up in front of Jim's house. Jim lives in a cheese factory in Bushwick on the top floor. I call; his phone goes immediately to his message, indicating his phone is off. So, knowing Jim, he's 1. On the subway and shut his phone off, 2. Sleeping and leaving his phone off just to be inconsiderate, 3. Met some girl in the past 90 minutes and has no intention of coming home, or thinking that I might be sitting here waiting in front of his building in his shitty neighborhood. So, I call Neil who lives in the same building, no answer. I try Jim's defunct landline that I'm sure he hasn't paid the bill for in a year. Twenty minutes go by. I decide that if Jim had been on a train, he would be off it by now. I call again, no answer. Thinking about the sleep theory, I start yelling his name really loud. No answer. I honk repeatedly for five minutes. Nothing. I shout out "Desmo!" I hear a faint bark from Jim's apartment. OK, forty minutes have gone by—now I'm starting to get pissed. I drove all the way over here to help this motherfucker out and he's already an hour late. I wait. I call Margo; Jim hasn't called over there. Its 9:20. I've been here an hour and Jim's neighbors start threatening to call the cops on me because of all the honking and screaming. I drive away.

OK, finally I get to the meat in my column sandwich. I showed up at the REPERCUSSIONS show way the fuck out in Ronkonkokomo or wherever my friend Dave Harrison's band seems to play every fucking week. They were already on, it was almost 11:30 and I spent a very angry hour in LIE traffic. So, I was hanging out with Dave after he played (Dave lives in the Bronx now, but still works and plays on Long Island. He's trying to get off the Island but it's somewhat hard). Dave said to me, "hey that Wells Tipley guy is standing over there." Wells was stand-

ing next to someone, looking right at me and talking.

I was like, "who's that?"

"He does a column in *MRR* and he just wrote a column in response to the one you wrote a couple of months ago."

"What, he's from Co-op city?"

"No, he's from Long Island and all these kids here were all pissed off about it and saying all this stuff about you."

"Dave, if everyone here hates me, why did you ask me to come to this show?" Just then I noticed Wells and his friend walking over to me. From past experience I've learned that if someone may want to kick your ass, you should always go right up to them and confront them with a smile. It pretty much takes them off guard and makes them rethink why they want to beat your head in. So before Wells and his scary-ass looking friend came over to me, I shot up and walked right over to them. I held my hand out to shake his and with this shiteating grim on my face I said, "Hey, you're Wells! It's so good to meet you." The only problem is, I tripped over my untied shoelace, which turned into a giant lunge where I was saying "Hey…Wells." The next thing I knew, Wells' fist hit me squarely on the jaw as I was in mid-stumble. I got the adrenalin rush and heard that tingle tingle as every junior high bully that beat on me all came right back in my face at once. I instinctively said, "Hey, I wasn't…" I was gonna say, "I wasn't trying to fight you…" but all of a sudden I just thought about cymbal-less Jim, sitting in a bar someplace chatting up a chick, or sleeping soundly while Desmo barked at the rats in his apartment. I had this sudden thought: "fuck, this guy just punched me, what an asshole."

As I crashed into a barstool, I jumped up in a mad rage and lunged straight at Wells. We both hit the floor punching and screaming, thinking, "Shit I never even read this guy's column and he's punching me in the kidneys." Then a whole bunch of people ran over to break it up and the next thing I knew, me and three other people were rolling down a flight of stairs. I hit the bottom stair: WHAM. Wells slammed right into me, knocking my head into the ground: WHAM WHAM. Dave and the other guy fell on top of us with a groan. The last thing I remembered before I passed out is that my fucking bridgework had come loose again.

So, the four of us were sitting in Ronkonkomo ER waiting for a doctor to stitch up Wells' chin. I still can't see from the minor concussion I achieved, the weird-looking guy had a sprained up ankle that had swelled to the size of a cantaloupe, and Dave had an anxiety attack—he was breathing with a paper bag over his mouth. I think I can get back to getting entertainment value out of these sorts of situations. I hope you all can too.

Until next month, write me at bill@candids.com. Also check out my big educational project, LOST LOCKER COMBO www.lostlockercombo.com, and my stupid band THE SHEMPS www.theshemps.com

April

So, it's the first week in April. My column is now one day late, and I'm pretty sure Mike Thorn doesn't have my new phone number. I can just picture my mom saying to me, "Some douche bag left a message on my machine about your column being late." Actually, I don't think my mom says, "douche bag." Well, maybe she does. But I've never heard her call a dude a douche bag before. I've heard my dad call people both douche bags and jerk offs. But I guess that's a different story for another day.

Fucking April. So, while it may be June or some shit in reality, us dudes at *MaximumRockNRoll* are still back in April. This is the month that the mighty Arwen is inching toward her eventual last day as the better of the two editorial type coordinators at the magazine. I'm not sure who will pick up the torch when she's done, but it's hard to imagine someone doing a better job. I mean, just with this shit with that other columnist, and the feud with that shit. Arwen was such a big help with trying to sort that stuff out and trying to keep the peace. That shit was really cool.

But if Arwen had succeeded in building a lasting peace between us, I guess there really wouldn't be a column for me to write this month. I don't know, I guess it's kind of a weird story. I didn't ask to be shit talked in *MaximumRockNRoll*, but I was, and I guess this is what happens.

Shredder

If you read this zine with any regularity, you may have noticed a column criticizing me and where I live, Long Island, New York. After that you may have noticed my retort; an above the belt response about how mint Long Island really is. This month, you'll hear from me about how a petty argument blew up into a real mess. And finally, if you put any credence in what Bill Florio mumbles under his breath as he's walking away from someone, I bet you'll hear from him in his column too.

It started off innocently enough. I was anxiously crossing my threshold of perceived safety, and heading to a bar in Ronkonkoma up near the railroad tracks by where I used to work. My buddy Matt's band was playing. Matt used to be in a band from Long Island called THE MICROWAVE ORPHANS. They were the self-proclaimed pioneers of LIWC. The acronym was for Long Island Weird Core. For my birthday one year Matt gave me a MICROWAVE ORPHANS tee shirt that had Kermit The Frog on it. He was brandished with a LIWC tattoo, with the words "Keepin' It Weird" under him. Anyway, I don't know. I guess MICROWAVE ORPHANS didn't really have good ideas for tee shirts. Matt did have a band called THE LACTOSE INTOLERANTS once. The demo was called *Fuck Milk*. Now, that was a good idea.

Fuck, side tracked. Matt's new band is called THE REPERCUSSIONS. I was feeling at least marginally adventurous, so I decided to go see them. I threw on my F.O.D. shirt and got in my car. Instead of shallow breathing and freak-outs, I mostly just thought about F.O.D. You know, FLAG OF DEMOCRACY. When I'm at home, I think about F.O.D. a lot too, but mostly in relation to me. Now that I was out in the world, I was thinking about what my F.O.D. shirt would say about me to the other humans. Now, I was going to see a lot of people at the show from way back in the olden days. I was no less of a fan of FLAG OF DEMOCRACY back then. I even played in a band that covered "Powerload." So, was the world going to recognize my steadfastness of character and unwavering dedication F.O.D.? Or were they going to think of me as a dude too lame to really get over how fucking mint "Powerload" was? An anachronism. A loser.

Fuck, so by some miracle, the brainpower exerted on those questions distracted me long enough to get all the way to the bar and meet my old pal Lubrano. He was waiting out front of the place in a fucking amazing white puma jump suit. He was smoking one of those long skinny cigarettes that, from what I can tell, are marketed toward women with long fingernails.

"What's up, Virginia Slim?" I called out to the aging front man of Long Island's THE HOWARDS.

"Fuck you, dude," he said. He didn't bother explaining.

Lubrano and I went inside and walked up the menacing flight of stairs and started drinking Heinekens. We were there for about 20 minutes when our pal Beaker came over and explained to us that when he was in the bathroom he heard some dude talking shit about F.O.D.

"Are you fucking serious?" I asked him. After that car ride, the whole thing just seemed weird.

"Yeah, he was all, 'Figures guys from Long Island like F.O.D. Leave it to the suburbs to totally not realize that F.O.D. is just an ADRENALIN O.D. rip off,'" Beaker explained, doing a really great imitation of the guy in a Captain Cave Man voice.

"Fuck man, if that was a direct quote, that guy forms a pretty shitty sentence," I said. "Let's stare at him."

So Beaker pointed him out and we started staring. Beaker freaked out and left. I

guess he didn't want to run the risk of getting in a tussle. So, it was just Lubrano and me when the guy finally noticed our glare.

As he was walking over he got this really goofy grin on his face. I thought to myself, I'll give this guy a minute to explain himself, and then he's getting fucking popped in the mouth. No sooner am I thinking this then the fucking asshole lunges at me. The fucking weirdo was like three feet away and he just sort of flailed at me with his fist extended. He made contact with my fucking eyebrow in this awkward down stroke of a punch. The whole thing was bizarre.

So now we're in the thick of it. Dudes on both sides are just sort of punching and kicking. I looked up and saw Lubrano choking some kid. Weird Kid, that's the olden days nickname of my buddy Matt from REPERCUSSIONS, was taking digital pictures of the whole thing. What a fucking weird dude, I thought.

Anyway, next thing I knew I was at the bottom of a flight of stairs. I had the goofy asshole that punched me in the eyebrow sitting on my lap. Lubrano was crunched up in the corner with a broken Virginia Slim hanging from his mouth. And some dude from Weird Kid's band was giving me dirty looks. What the fuck happened? No wonder I don't leave my fucking house.

Beaker materialized from wherever the fuck he was. I was gushing blood from my chin, I guess from the tumble down the stairs, so we headed out for the hospital. The car ride over was fucking awesome. I hadn't been in a fight in so long, I had forgotten how much fun it was to gossip about it afterwards.

As we pulled up, I caught sight of Weird Kid walking into the hospital with the jokers we had just had all the fisticuffs with. Fuck. So, we get out of the car and goofy smile Captain Cave Man guy starts walking toward me again.

"I'm really sorry about that shit in *MaximumRockNRoll*," he said to me with his palms up at his mug facing out toward me, in a gesture of apparent peace. Before I could even process what the fuck this douche bag said, Weird Kid sidled up next to me and put his arm around me. My eyes went white from the flash bulb on his camera as I heard him say, "Wells Tipley, meet Bill Florio."

So there I was, sitting in the waiting room at the Ronkonkoma Hospital emergency room. I was totally fucking unimpressed with this Bill Florio. First he drags my name through the mud in *MaximumRockNRoll* in some weak attempt to bag on Long Island. Then he punches me in the face and throws me down a flight of stairs. Now he was calmly trying to explain to me the story of how he accidentally started the brawl that landed me in the hospital by tripping on his shoelace on the way over to wish me a fond salutation or some shit.

"Listen man, I'm not really in the mood for your olive branch, bro," I said to him, emphasizing the word bro. "I think your column is crappy, I don't like getting punched in the face, and I don't like falling down stairs." I started raising my voice. "And I didn't like BUGOUT SOCIETY, I don't like Artie Philly, and I don't like THE SHEMPS."

He looked pretty understanding until I mentioned Artie. I guess that was the final straw.

"I'm a patient guy," he said with what looked like gated anger. "But Artie Philly didn't... ahh, just forget it." He turned away and started down the hall mumbling to himself. All I could really make out were the phrases, "Suffolk County," "Mike Thorn," "power of the pen," and "adrenalin."

I'd had it with this dude. "You know what, man? ADRENALIN OF DEMOCRACY is crappy fucking name for a band anyway," I yelled down the hospital hallway with those stupid flickering florescent lights. I looked down at my shredded F.O.D. shirt. You know what? I fucking hate Bill Florio.

Splinter

Hey, next month I think I'll be talking about another trip to the hospital I had. I haven't been to the hospital since I was a little kid, and now in the span of a month, I've been there twice. Fuckin' a. Also, I think everyone should know that THE REPERCUSSIONS album is called *Don't Fear*. So when you say it out loud it sounds like, "Don't fear the Repercussions." Also, BLUE ÖYSTER CULT formed in the same town as STRIPED BASSTARDS.

My Name Is Lubrano is just about out of print. I'm sending out the rest of the orders this week. I'm not sure if it'll go back into print. I'll keep you posted.

I'm really crummy at responding to regular mail, so the quickest response is usually by email at manowells@hotmail.com. Sorry, I'm a dick.

END NOTES:

1. Fuck Everything!
2. I scored the fucking coolest Rick Hunter action figure at I-CON this year. I talked the guy down from $30 to $20. I also got a *The Warriors* tee shirt, a Frodo action figure, a Treebeard action figure, and some more Robotech stuff. I also got a stack of really awesome *Thundercats* comic books.
3. Down with emo. Up with X-RAY SPEX.

I sat for a full hour talking to Jason about how lame I was for coming all this way and feeling too tired to go to the punk show. I had been up since 7 am, volunteered at my girl's preschool stuffing colorful plastic Easter Eggs with temporary "He Is Risen" tattoos (really! And just too, too weird), grocery shopped, made lunch, packed our suitcases, and had driven six hours. I wanted so badly to go, but after getting my girl to sleep for the night, I just couldn't pull myself up off the couch. I droned on and on about how I should really just quit whining and go.

Jason helped me feel less lame and less old by reminding me that most of the other show-going people had most likely slept until noon that day and either attended one or two classes or worked a relatively slack part-time shift. Somehow I convinced myself that yes, I did put in a long day with my four-year-old at my side every waking moment and that I deserved some sleep.

I could have actually handled the show well even as tired as I was. It was the morning I was scared of. We were to leave at 10 am for the long awaited Punk Rock Kids Spring Break Weekend Vacation.

I'm glad I chose to go to bed because as it was, we still got on the road two and a half hours late. I guess that's expected given our cast of characters: three kids (Emma-Joy aged 4, Sofia aged 5, and Captain, aged 6), one 16-year-old big sister Angelina, mama Karen, one non-parent friend Jason, and me.

Not your average nuclear family vacation—more like the Brady Bunch meets the Adams family I guess, except we were heading to a hippie haven called "Hostel in the Forest" and our three kids were non-stop chanting in unison from the back of the extended family van (instead of the extended cab truck often found in these parts), "Barbies are stupid! Barbies are idiots! Barbies are fuckers!" while the non-driving others were reading a collection of essays by Noam Chomsky and *From Beirut to Jerusalem* by Thomas L. Friedman.

Arriving, I was happy to be greeted by someone who did not call me "sister," tell me "Welcome Home!" or hug me. All the folks at the Hostel wanted in exchange for a night's stay in a two-story treehouse and a meal was $15 per person over the age of 12 and a chore of our choosing.

Our treehouse, named The Peacock Hut, was adorned with random hanging beaded thingies, dream catchers, and trippy hippie murals, and was furnished only with DIY bunk beds that the kids immediately fell in love with. My four-year-old was so excited by the bunks that she snuggled in for a nap, something she never does even if she's genuinely tired. Before dozing off, she told me that the crystal hanging in the middle of our room's dream catcher really was her dream, "...a red monster who's nice."

A few of our crew, including the other two kids, started in on their chores. They gathered sticks for the fire, helped prepare dinner in the kitchen, folded laundry, and washed dishes. Even though my girl was snoozing and the two other kids were happy

on their own playing with sticks and imitating the few dozen resident chickens, my self-delegated chore was childcare. When I overheard another visitor who had volunteered for compost toilet duty receiving her instructions, I knew I had chosen wisely!

Keeping an eye on and an open ear to the kids was much more comical than any adventure with sawdust covered crap could have been. For example, when Captain saw one of the Hostel residents wearing feathers poking out of his braid, he exclaimed, "Look! An Indian!" to which Jason quickly replied under his breath without moving his lips, "No, not an Indian, a Native American." Captain heard him and continued, "Native American, go kill some cowboys!" The feathered resident answered, "I like cowboys. They're the other white meat." Young Captain was left confused; he's never eaten a bite of meat, white or any other color, in his entire life. And we later learned that the guy actually is a bona fide Native American. Captain, however, did not believe this, "Those aren't Indian pants he's wearing." Ah, never a dull educational moment with these kids. My chore was a constant one!

The communal meal of salad, lentil-veggie burgers, salty baked beans, cornbread, and ketchup-coated meat-dogs snuggled in white bread buns was immediately preceded by hold-hands-in-a-circle-around-the-fire time when all 30 or so of us visitors and residents were asked to introduce ourselves and say what we were thankful for. Emma-Joy had me tell everyone that she's thankful for snails and stingrays.

During this circle time, while we were taking in names like Dirt, Steamboat, Zach Monster, and One Love, we were being serenaded by a forgotten CD left playing in the kitchen—Fiona Apple and Johnny Cash's rendition of "Happy Birthday," and also by some rebel who was ditching out on circle time and instead playing a White Stripes song on a tuba. Not your typical equivalent to the nuclear family's version of saying "grace" before dinner at all.

After dinner, the kids hit the bunks and Karen, Jason, and I hit the wine. But the only two places where we could really hang out away from the mosquito swarms were the hot tub that was packed with peacefully quiet, naked people who continually invited us to not be shy and join them, and the fire which was ringed by "open mic night" participants, one of whom was singing about all the different vegetables she likes. I decided that I'd rather be asleep, even though I had gotten plenty of sleep the night before. Karen and Jason decided to get brave in the hot tub.

Once again, I'm glad I chose sleep. Those roosters began their cock-a-doodle-do-ing well before the sun came up. And I didn't know this about roosters, but they don't stop. One of them was still sounding off well past noon.

The chickens were cool though. They let us hand-gather their freshly laid eggs from under their tails without pecking the kids' hands. Even the 110% vegan Jason was OK with this. My girl and I rushed to the kitchen to scramble ours up and were surprised to see how bright orange a minutes-fresh egg yolk was.

The rest of the morning was perfect. The kids explored freely and had a grand ol' time splashing in their undies around the spring fed pool and jumping in off the rope swing. They cruised around the "labyrinth," a rather creatively and well planned out ground maze of rocks, branches, logs, bricks, altars and sculptures of all sizes and materials. We canoed around the lake and my girl wanted to know, "Why they nudie?" about the people sunbathing in the middle of the lake on a floating dock. We lazed about, reading in hammocks. We followed trails to the glass house where the morning yoga is done and to the sweathouse that is used on full moons.

Eventually, it was time to go. But not before a trip to the outhouse. (All peeing was to be done outdoors but like I already mentioned, there were compost toilets for the poop.) My girl was reluctant to enter due to the smell, but the beautiful décor drew her in. These outhouses were elaborate, complete with sparkling stained glass windows and detailed mural paintings. In addition to it being a sensory experience, it was also educational as I did my best to explain how it is healthier for the Earth to compost the poop instead of flushing it away with water. And for those who take some time to make their deposit, there's a "log"—no pun intended—provided for writing, doodling or reading what the previous poopers have written. It was full of clever rhymes about—you guessed it—crap.

On the road, the kids were up to their usual anti-Barbie chants, but this time with lots more bickering amongst themselves. We got a slight reprieve from it only when we stopped for gas and the girls asked, "Can we get out of our seatbelts and punk rock?" And so they proceeded to climb over the seats, bounce up and down, all the while squealing with their air guitars and fists pumping the air. Captain explained to them that when he's punk rock, "I'm gonna stay up late drinking lots of soda and beer and playing rock 'n' roll!"

Not taking more time for more explanations, (we had just figured out that daylight savings time had happened the day before and made us later than we thought we were) we got the kids in their seatbelts and cruised the rest of the way home, quite content with our extended family's a bit out of the ordinary vacation.

Punkparents, get in touch with stories of your kid-related road trips! yardwide-yarns@hotmail.com or PO Box 220331, Hollywood, FL 33022

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!

Sex is enlightening. Sex, sexual pleasure, orgasm are altered states of consciousness, and the reality is that you can achieve that ecstatic moment that we usually call religion through sexual pleasure.

—Nina Hartley in an interview in *Batteries Not Included*

Note: Most of the dialog in this column was originally spoken in Spanish. I've translated it here, giving myself much better grammar.

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It's important for this column... and for your life... to know that Dominican girls have the best asses of any in the world... or at least the best of the 43 countries I've been to.

This is part two of my Dominican whore adventure. For those who missed part one. Here's a recap: I'm in Boca Chica, famous beach and girl-town about 50 miles East of Santo Domingo. After sundown, the whores swarm like mosquitoes. Having dumped a persistent, but overly corpulent girl, I find myself in a bar. I'm speaking with Clarie, a pay-to-play callipygian goddess. I promise her my undying love, my eternal faithfulness, my heart and soul. That's not what she wants.

I buy her— and the rest of the bar— half a dozen tequilas, a pizza, and a box of tampons that never arrives. That's better. Then I find that I can just pay the bar 500 pesos (about $10) and they'll let her take the evening off.

I pay the money and we're outta there.

***

"What hotel are you staying in?" she asks me.

"The Mermaid Inn," I tell her. "It's a two minute walk up the hill here." I gesture to a road leading away from the bar.

"Great!" she says, stepping into the street to hail a motorcycle taxi.

The two of us get on behind the driver. I sit in the rear. My objection to paying for such a short ride dissolves as my crotch presses against her gluteus perfecteus. Three on a motorcycle and there is space to spare behind me.

The hotel gate is closed, except for a small gap minded by a large dozing Dominican. Like a movie Mexican awakened from a siesta, the Dominican slowly looks up at us from under his large hat. He smiles.

"Ola Clarie," he says to my mate.

"Ola Javiar," she says as he opens the gate for us.

I take her hand and lead her past the pool, down the hall, to my room.

Entering, she turns to look around. Her

eyes move across the closet, the bed, the fan, the mirror. There is nothing else.

"How much do you pay for this?" she asks.

"600 pesos a night," I tell her.

"For just this?" she asks.

I nod.

"I pay 400 a night," she continues. "I get air conditioning, a shower and a toilet. And you pay 600 for this? You're a sucker!"

Before long, she will prove herself right.

"I'll take a shower now," she says, grabbing one of the fresh towels from the foot of my bed. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

A few minutes it is.

She enters, dripping a small puddle to the side of the bed.

As she towels herself off, I look at her cunt. It's weird. Sporting the reverse goatee favored by prostitutes and porno stars, it rises high in the front, like a zipper left open. Pink flashes up to the pubic bone. the fat lips don't close completely, like Mick Jagger's. There's bright pink flesh against the brown of her earth-colored skin.

She's may be my first Negress, but I've seen enough movies to know this is not normal. Brown Sugar. Domonique Simone. Ebonyjoy.com. I know how it's supposed to be. This is different.

The full flesh rises high on her belly. Her clit engorged, pokes out like a baby finger pointing to an ice cream. Alluring? Yes, of course. My own baby finger begins to point. But there's something scary underneath it all. A strange sense of vagina dentata. A feeling of "I'm here to eat you alive."

"Can I take your picture?" I ask.

She smiles. "Later," she says, "at the beach. In a bikini."

Her smile quickly disappears. She rubs the towel between her legs. It was a white towel. Now it's blood red.

Then she slides into bed next to me, turns off the night-table lamp, and turns her back to me.

I put my hand on her shoulder. I reach around to tweak a naked nipple. I put my face next to her neck, breathing in her just-showered smell. She's not very responsive.

"Please!" I beg. "You're my love. My goddess. I only want to worship your body with mine."

"How much are you going to pay me?" she asks.

"Well, I had 3000 pesos," I tell her. "But the motorcycle, the pizza, the tequila, everything. I only have 2000 left."

She snorts and rolls over on her stomach, her head facing away from me. I look down at that wonderful ass. Martin Luther King never entered the Promised Land, but he got to the top of the mountain. My twin peaks await me.

"Please," I whine, putting my arm over her body. "We'll go to the bank tomorrow. I'll get another thousand. I promise."

She doesn't throw my hand off so I move on over. Lying my body on top of hers, I kiss along her spinal cord from the neck every Southward.

There it is, right under me. In all it's glory. A naked monument to leg-body attachment. A double-barreled blast of bulging muscle. I kiss it. Starting at the bottom, I kiss the point where the leg connects. I kiss higher. Covering every inch of that lovely brown flesh. Right side. Left side. I push my nose deep into the cleft, sticking my tongue to reach that little brown hole. She squirms back against my face.

I can die now. I've been to Mongolia and my nose is buried in the ass to end all asses. What's left to live for?

Kiss my ass! Kiss my ass! When did that ever move from a term of endearment to a term of abuse? Kiss my ass! For a Dominican woman to yell such a thing in anger would be like Bill Gates yelling "Take my money!" in anger.

I don't know what will happen now. I don't care. I've been to the mountaintop. And I don't mind. Like anybody, I would like to get a good fuck. Fucking has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to kiss this ass. Fuck or no fuck. God— you've allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over. And I've tasted the Promised Land. I may not get there, But I don't care. I'm happy tonight. I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. And with luck, the coming of Mykel.

I could live here. Shrink up like a kid in a Disney film. Move right in between these cheeks. Take up residence in this little crevice... and retire.

Moving south from the little brown hole, my tongue suddenly tenses with the taste of blood.

She's testy. Annoyed like any other woman facing the pain of the month. She kicks up her heel, catching me in the chest.

"Stop it!" she says. "What's the matter with you?"

Whore on The Rag runs through my head to the tune of *Band on the Run*.

Suddenly she turns over, pushing me off.

"You have a condom?" she whispers romantically.

That's something I can count on. I ALWAYS have a condom. Once in NYC, I changed wallets, then forgot to move *everything*. To this day, I count backwards nine months and always get to the same day. Yikes! It won't happen again.

Bang, it's on. Bang, she rolls on her back and stares up at the ceiling, as thrilled as a high schooler on exam day. I'm afraid I'm gonna lose it.

"Let me kiss your ass once more," I tell her. "Just to keep me up."

"Come on," she says, "don't joke around."

Who's joking? But I come on. And come in. And it's almost like work. Grab, push, push, push. Not a kiss. Not even a breast to suck. I feel like I'm working in a gas station. Pump, fill and get out the credit card. Only the mental image of those beautiful buttocks allows the gas to finally flow.

Then, I peel off the bloody condom and fall into a dreamless sleep.

In the morning, I wake up with a stiffness banging my lower belly. It's my stiffness. As I inch into consciousness I remember last night. I remember there is a naked Negress in my bed. I reach an arm over and sure enough, there she is. I touch her shoulder. She shakes off my hand. I lie on my back with the sheet forming a little tent over my pelvis.

Slowly, the light from the tiny window reaches through my closed eyelids. Slowly, I open them to the shock of my hotel room. It hits me first as a small red splotch on the sheet, just where it pokes up from between my legs. Then another splotch... and another.

My eyes are fully open now. There is blood everywhere. A pile of blood-drenched towels is at the foot of the bed. The sheet is pink-red, blood-red, black-red, in splotches. Bloody footprints mark the floor. The wall is red-smudged and would look little different if I used the drying liquid to write HELTER SKELTER. It's as if someone were murdered here. In a violent and gruesome way. Ten people. An abattoir. My tentpole deflates to a prawn.

Clarie is awake. She looks at me and without a smile says, "let's go to breakfast." We go.

We're at breakfast: Some cafe with chairs out in the freshly risen sun. The owner, a white guy with an unidentifiable European accent, waits by the door.

"Hi Clarie," he says. "What do you want today?"

"Give me the usual," she answers.

"I'll have scrambled eggs with chicken," I tell him.

"What do you want to do now?" she asks.

Actually, what I want to do is finish off where I was last night. I want to crawl between her buttocks. I want to kiss that deep flesh. I want to rest my hardness in her cleft and thrust forward.

"I donno," I answer. "I was thinking of going to the beach. But I don't have my bathing suit here."

"That's okay," she says. "First we'll go shopping. We'll get one bathing suit for you and one bathing suit for me. Then we'll go to the beach."

"No, I don't think so," I tell her. "Maybe we'll skip the beach."

"Okay," she says. "Then let's go to the bank. Remember you promised me 1000 pesos."

Flash ahead to leaving the bank. Clarie counts her ten 100 peso bills. She looks at me with the cutest little girl smile.

"Why don't we go to my room?" she

says. "You can see how much I get for my 400 pesos a night, compared with what you pay."

Sounds good to me. I might as well look at her room. I paid a week's rent on it. Maybe she'll make it worthwhile.

We walk into the street and Clarie hails a motorcycle taxi. She gives him the address and we're off. When we arrive the driver tells me the fare is 20 pesos. Having no change, I offer him a hundred.

"Sorry, señor," he says in kind of English. "I no have change too."

"No problem," says Clarie. She takes the hundred from my hand and puts it in her pocketbook. Then she takes a twenty out of that pocketbook and pays the driver.

Her room is not a palace, but it does have a TV, bathroom, and a double bed with a bright pink flamingo spread. We spread on it.

We lay on our sides, facing one another. Mirror images, her in almost nothing, her head propped up on her right arm. Me, with my boots off, my head propped up on my left arm.

"You want one more?" she asks.

Suddenly there is a knock on the door. A fierce banging. POW! POW! POW! Clarie slowly gets up to answer it.

If it's a jealous boyfriend, I'm dead.

It's not.

It's the landlady.

I can hear the old woman shouting. Clarie answers her in a sassy voice, like a teenage girl talking to her mother.

The Spanish is too fast for me to get. I do manage to catch an "every day a different one," and a "this is a hotel not a..." something or other.

The argument ends with Clarie returning to the room, and slamming the door behind her. She looks at me on the bed and a smile pops on to her face like she pasted it there.

She sits very close to me and runs her hands over the front of my Mexican punk t-shirt.

"You want one more?" she asks again.

I open my mouth to answer, but she continues, "How much will you pay me for one more?"

"What?" I say. "Pay? I paid you 3000 pesos. You were horrible to me last night. You turned your back on me. You weren't nice at all."

"That was last night," she says. "I was in pain."

"I too was in pain," I answer, grabbing my hat and stomping out of the room. She doesn't follow me.

A week later, in another city, I meet a British expat. He captains an ecotour boat from Bayahibe to a local national park. We talk girls.

"The girls are trained to ask for 2000 pesos," he says. "But no one ever pays that. The going rate is 1000. Some suckers pay 1500.

"Yeah," I don't say. "Other suckers pay even more."

Back in New York, I come across an old copy of ASIA FILE magazine. It's a DIY for the sex tourist— and not only in Asia. On the back page is a map of Santo Domingo, showing places I never heard of. It highlights the very hotel I stayed in. I shudda known.

I wonder if that magazine still comes out. I haven't seen one in awhile. It's probably a victim of the sex putsch. The nouveau puritanism that says. "Well, sex is okay, but only for free... between people in a *relationship.*" Yuck!

Do a Google search for sex tourism and you pull up a shitload of tsk tskers. It's usually equated with "child sex," as if there are no children at home. Often it's "exploitation" or "objectification" the blights the webpage. Jeezus fucking Christ!

Sex tourism is wonderful! It's a tourism that destroys no natural resources. It makes no minimum wage slaves and no sweatshops. It's a tourism that brings people together in the best and most intimate way.

I'm sick of these green tourists with their ecotours. I hate watching ecotour jeeps grind mud as they spew fossil fuel farts into the atmosphere.

Backwoods trekking invades lands that should be virgin... or at least belong to the natives. It creates human zoos where the ecotourist "respects" the locals, but never does more than look at them.

Sex tourism is better than that. Sex tourism involves. It merges cultures. It brings people together in a way that changes both. It is the only tourism where the physical division between native and tourist disappears. An inter-cultural experience? You can't get more inter than that.

ENDNOTES: (*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*)

—>*Intolerance dept.* While everyone else was demonstrating against Bush's oil wells in Iraq policy, I was at ABC NO RIO, enjoying the famous Columbian I.R.A.

"I grew up with that band," said Lucho, their US manager.

The band was great and the crowd... many returned early from the demo... went wild for 'em. Singing along... in Spanish! I wudda been happier than a nose in buttocks if it weren't for a sad change at ABC.

There, right by the entrance where you pay your $6 to get in, is a black-on-pink sign of the times. ZERO TOLERANCE it says. Caught with drugs or booze: out you go. No refund. No questions. No tolerance.

Who wrote that? George Bush? If there's one thing the world needs MORE of, it's tolerance. When places like ABC mosh to the Zero tolerance beat, the world becomes a little more intolerant for all of us.

—>*Drop of honey in a pool of vomit dept:* One reason I rarely read the liberal media is that it's often just a bunch of hand-wringing.

"Woe is me, the government is killing people." "Oy vey, 1984 is here and worse than we expected." "Egad! Washington has lied to us." You get the picture. You KNOW the picture.

That's why it was such a joy to read the latest *National Coalition Against Censorship* newsletter (www.ncac.org). TWO victories!

LA Airport has decided to withdraw its censorship of a "bizarre, offensive and dark" tapestry hung in its international arrival hall. So now, as foreign visitors are fingerprinted and photographed, they can see how free America is.

The second victory was when the director of the Marion County Florida Public Library, returned the book EAT ME to the shelves. Protest worked! The library director, Julie Sieg, said (on reversing her censorship decision), "the public library is about variety, diversity and inclusion rather than exclusion and doctrinal thinking." I say, YEAH!

—>*Another yeah dept:* At the same library, another patron has requested that a book be removed. He says it is filled with more vulgarity and sexual material than a children's sex-education book that recently survived a challenge.

Charles Schrader, a Wiccan and retired Marine, filed the request, claiming the book in question is filled with graphic descriptions of rape, murder, incest, cannibalism and sodomy. That's how he described the Bible.

I say, DOUBLE YEAH!

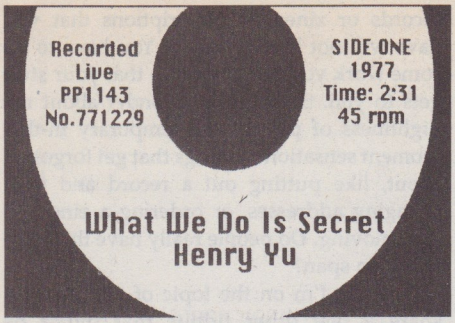
—>*Punk dept:* I told you last week that I lost my notes on the bands and punk contacts in the Dominican Republic. I've written to Eriel from Los Perex and Maikel. (That's how he spells it!) Maikel is a medical student and the only punk with a car. Both those guys are great new friends. I love 'em!

There is also a really hard-working label, Chung Ho records. You should take a look at: www.chunghorecords.com. Last time I tried, though, it was so busy their ISP provider put them on hold. So if you don't get through, keep trying. It's worth it.

—>*Trying again dept:* It worked so well last time, that I've got to try it again. Now that there are burn-it-yourself DVDs, it's even easier. SEND ME YOUR SEX DVDs. Not copies of *Debbie Does Dallas*, but YOUR sex DVDs. I don't care how sick or how vanilla. I don't care if it's you alone, or you and twenty of your friends. I wanna see 'em! ANYTHING LEGAL IS OKAY! That means NO KIDS!

As usual, I'm at POB 137, Prince St. Station, New York NY 10012

—>Oh yeah, the quote at the beginning of this column is from the great porn review zine *Batteries Not Included.* No pictures, but lots of very smart writing. Samples are $3 each. $18 subscriptions will get you a free porno videotape. Info from BNI, 513 N. Central Ave., Fairborn OH 45324 or BNI@aol.com.



Ramblin'

Morphius Records (www.morphius.com), based in Baltimore, MD, has proven itself a burgeoning indie powerhouse, as a manufacturing arm for other indies, and a distributor of tres cool prod, as well as being a label of its own. In fact, it is home to one of the most anticipated and thrilling re-releases of the past year, *The Homosexuals CD*. Originally entitled *The Homosexuals' Record* during its incarnation as already-posthumous-to-the-band vinyl in 1984, the CD version adds five additional tracks to the classic LP. The band hearkens back to the early post punk scene, and while contemporaries WIRE and GANG OF FOUR found a greater audience, the music of the HOMOSEXUALS was every bit as gripping. Perhaps the only thing that kept them from fame was their name. They also had a penchant for obtuseness, leaving a trail of oddly assorted 45s under a variety of pseudonyms stuffed with bits of computer paper and the like, resulting in a hard-to-get-yr-arms-around discography.

The songs are short pastiches of slash-and-burn punk rant, staccato melodies, concise noodling, spare experimentation, and creative choppy bursts, and then there are the beautiful, majestic, otherworldly pieces. While it is easy to conjure comparisons to Pink Flag-era WIRE, the HOMOSEXUALS have their own sound and aesthetic: a world abstruse yet organic. "Walk Before Imitate" is as classic a slice of post-punk as it gets. And if the greatness of the music isn't enough, the liner notes are excellent, and meaty enough to get a grip on this slippery combo.

To note, Chuck Warner has extricated himself from some unfortunate legal wrangling over the semi-legit compilations on his Hyped-2-Death to resuscitate as a 100% legit archivist and reissues house. His label will be putting out a HOMOSEXUALS CD retrospective that is certainly not to be missed.

Under the Morphius umbrella comes the continuing saga of the Hearpen (nee Hearthan) Records Label, the original record label of PERE UBU. With its first eight 45 rpm releases nestled in the 70s, the label rebirthed in the mid-90s with a boxset reissue of the first four early UBU records, followed sporadically over the last nine years by various CLE-isms, a combo of new and reissued material, most notably the ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS releases.

Hearpen's latest outing is PERE UBU's *One Man Drives While The Other Man Screams: Live Volume 2: Pere Ubu On Tour*. Originally issued by the now long defunct and one-time label to UBU, Rough Trade, this documents the band's live prowess, which was considerable, during the 1978-1981 period of its long career. By that era, UBU had already worked the punk outta its music, as the 1980 album *Art of Walking* would make obvious. However, this live set never drowns in artiness. Like CAPTAIN BEEFHEART, vocalist and lead UBU David Thomas uses his voice like an instrument, squawking, squealing, ranting, and musing scat. The band's performance is great, wound tight around Thomas. Certainly a must for fans, but I'd venture to say that it'd be well suited as an intro for the uninitiated.

Lastly on Hearpen/Morphius, another reissue, *Jimmy Bell's Still in Town*, an album originally released in the 70s by the band 15-60-75, also known as THE NUMBERS BAND. Fellow Ohioans to PERE UBU, THE NUMBERS BAND formed in 1970 pre-everything and proto-nothing, but without a doubt they were an influence and formative to the UBU aesthetic. THE NUMBERS were a blues-based band whose long jams are inexplicably economic—that is, the songs are exactly the right length despite being, for example, 10:56. What is most amazing is that this album was recorded live when the band opened up for BOB MARLEY on his first American tour in 1975. I'm at a loss for words, because this is a perfect record and yet it is a live record, it is not punk, it is the blues, and every song is so fucking long, but it cannot and does not leave you once it gets inside. For me, it has. Check out www.numbersband.com for additional details.

Alongside Morphius stands another reissue hero, Acute Records, www.acuterecords.com. Their METAL URBAIN CD, *Anarchy In Paris*, collects the entire prior output, and then some, of this legendary early French punk band. Punk without drums, punk without bass, punk sung in French, and what the fuck, synthesizer? Well, all of these seemingly bad choices make the band so amazing and sound like no other. The synthesizer spurts out unexpectedly. The French is angry. A drum machine picks up where the drums left off. (This is where Albini copped ideas for BIG BLACK.) This is inventive punk.

Now to really see how it's done, go see the band live.

The Hemlock in San Francisco was stage to METAL URBAIN for two consecutive nights last month, as the band has reformed and is doing a very well-received tour of this continent. Jello was there. Vale was there. Tom Guido was there. The *MRR* sad sacks were there, among which Ray and I brought up the rear. Eric Debris was the only remaining member with enough hair to spike up. He knew what to do. His movement was economical, but we couldn't stop looking at him. The intensity was gripping. It was obvious that he was the mastermind of the band. The synth player rocked back and forth like a David Lynch character. Actually the rhythm guitarist looked like a David Lynch character also. The new guitarist rocked. The guitars were very, very loud. The synths injected shocks of noise into the mix. This band is not to be missed live. I saw the Mission of Burma reunion. I saw the Television reunion. This is the one. They blew away their records. They blew away their CD. Take a song like "Ghetto" and replace the tinny synth sound for a thick fat noisy shit blast....They blew me away.

Send your valuables to Henry, 601 Fourth St., Apt 114, San Francisco, CA 94107. Email is terasearch@yahoo.com.

No.

Ya know, I'm starting to think John Kerry's not all that bad. Why, I remember how during the first Gulf War he was a veteran with a conscience, and..... wefihwe89pfuyw89uagbjgjar8954yu qjkln dmyuki ergnjiezsgnbxnn//////////////////////.....**********

[The transmission of this column has been temporarily commandeered by the long-dormant yet UNDYING forces of the U.S.A.F. (United Suburban Ascension Front), umbrella organization for GEEKFEST, the now-defunct S.P.A.M. RECORDS (Smarmy Post-Angst Musicians), the F.D.A. (definition of acronym classified), affiliate to H.A.R.M. (Homosexual Armed Resistance Movement), proxy to the RAT MANUAL, etc. etc. etc. Chuque J. Pinedo, U.S.A.F. Revolutionary Commandant, writing from an undisclosed location in the aftermath of his publicity-suppressed escape from Guantanamo Bay Detention Facility, XL6748-105/BG, cf. 5.108932 co. 5, ext. WERS, 5 Bravo Ompany-Cay, over.]

"Dear Johnny Mink/*MRR*,

It has come to the attention of the Front that you are participating in activities endorsed by the forces of CONTROL (i.e. the Man). It is the standing policy of the U.S.A.F. to thwart elements of CONTROL in society by any means necessary. To this end, you have been flagged as a potential threat to the betterment of humanity through F.D.A. pogroms and WILL BE TARGETED!!! All of your actions, be they direct acts of CONTROL

or simply a surrender to the forces which already control you, have come under our scrutiny. Know this: The Revolution is already underway, and the fact that you have not yet cast off your shackles and joined in indicates to us that you are, in fact, a minion of The Man—and, therefore, subject to further psychological terrorism and ridicule. Oh, this will only come from us in short, unexpected bursts—our specialty is PHYSICAL terrorism—but it will come from the very forces that you look up to to fill your trough. You may ask, "What are their goals?" If you are reading this, then you already know: You stand with the forces of "progress" (through demoralization and subjugation of human will and instinct for creation and conquest). What you will realize (too late) is that your "progress" is not merely an illusion, but a bald-faced lie concocted to keep you content with a life of drudgery and servitude of the spirit!! Here at H.Q., we work night and day to assure that the foul depredations of the natural tendency for rebellion are NOT destroyed by ill-thinking and soulless despoilers under the iron hand of "devil-may-care" capitalism!! When the money system crumbles, and people realize that you can't eat gold, will you be prepared for a social apocalypse?! Will you cry to us for help that you will not receive? We think you will. When we defeat the very forces that have already defeated you, when the gray towers of the oppressors fall down in a deadly rain of cement hunks and a million shards of broken glass and you lie bleeding in the street, will you even notice as a million revolutionaries' boots grind those powdered shards of "industry" into the gaping wounds??? The very substance of a corporate culture will return to the land that it was stolen from, as sand, and you will soon be washed away and mixed with sediment. Your very limbs will feed the families of the revolutionary armies in the ancient Aztec tradition (assuming we can get all the broken glass out).

Whether you believe you are a force of CONTROL or not is inconsequential. There is no "redemption" to one of as low moral stock as you. What matters is your failure to take up arms against the everyday control devices forced into your life. You are brainwashed into believing that you make a "difference" with your current activities. In actuality, you are only furthering the mechanization of the human spirit. Since you are not part of the solution, you are part of the problem, and will be dealt with in a timely manner becoming one of your ilk.

In Dissent,

Chuque J. Pinedo

[End U.S.A.F. Transmission. Returning you to regularly scheduled column]

**********...and it must be noted that the "lesser of two evils" is an unnecessarily harsh way to look at our choices this year, not to mention quite negative. Turn that frown upside down, buckaroos! I'll be distributing white-on-black grindcore-lettered "John Kerry 4 President" patches at shows throughout the USA. Look for me—I'll be the guy with the big smile and a firm handshake. Don't forget to say hi! Kisses!

—Johnny Mink, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609 USA johngeek@hotmail.com

I've been feeling pretty moody of late—so much so that I have felt without words and haven't managed a column for the last couple months, nor any writing at all, for that matter. I still find myself cracking out of my winter hibernation shell, peeking out, stretching into the sun, and then pulling back inward on those cold and rainy days, only to try again to reach out and breathe in the warm sunny days, reconnect, and push myself outward. This is my routine in early spring, as I try to grasp onto the energy wave that my groggy self so needs. But enough of that. I want to talk about mail and postage.

I've been really bummed of late with my *Slug & Lettuce* mailing list because so many of the copies I send out get returned. Each time I get one sent back, I get more dejected and wonder at the point of sending all this paper out to empty houses and closed PO Boxes. So this is both my advice and my request to everyone: when you move, fill out one of those change-of-address forwarding things at the post office so your mail gets forwarded to you. Contact people you know and like and want to keep in touch with and give them your new address. If you do a zine or a label or distro or something, by all means get your new address out there. I am amazed at how many times I review something, only to find out that address on the zine or record is obsolete within a month or two. What is the point? I'm not crazy about people using only email addresses and no mailing address, but I also recognize that many people are mobile and transitory and migratory and that an email address is a better way to find permanent contact. But shit, half those hotmail address go bad after a month or two anyway. If you have a subscription to *MRR*, to *Slug & Lettuce*, or to any magazine under the sun—send them your new address when you move. If you do a zine or label yourself, fill out those forwarding cards and let people know—spread the word about your new address. You also should be aware that media mail (as in books, zines, music, and usually periodicals) is not a forwardable class of mail. So even if you fill out that forward order, any records or zines or subscriptions that you have will not be forwarded. You have to do some work yourself to ensure that your stuff gets to you. Sometimes I wonder about the flightiness of people, the temporary in-the-moment sensation of things that get forgotten about, like putting out a record and then changing addresses, or ordering a zine and then moving. Do people really have that little attention span?

While I'm on the topic of the post, I'll share a few other tidbits that might be informative or helpful to some. If you are in a position of sending things out—whether it's a zine, tape, CD, or record—media mail is the cheapest way, within the US, to do it. First class and priority mail, for the most part, is a waste of money, unless you really do need it get it there fast, or unless you want to ensure that it is forwardable. But for most punks sending out zines and records, we can't afford priority mail. Overseas post is out-of-control expensive, but fish around and dig with the postal scales, and if you can wait the extra time for the boast to cross the sea, the M-bag book rate is gonna be the cheapest, though it takes about six weeks. It's worth it if you are sending 10 pounds or more. Which brings me to the next piece of advice for saving in postal costs, domestic or international—get together with another zine or label and send your stuff out together and save on postage. This is a smart and sensible thing to do, and you can even make it kinda fun by having a mail party.

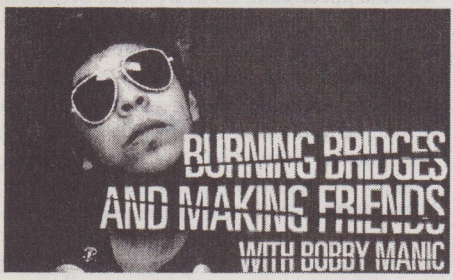
If you have plans to do a zine or record label for a long time, especially if you have a tendency to move around a lot within the same town, get a PO Box. This, first of all, will ensure that you don't have to deal with all those forwarding and moving forms which ultimately do involve some lost mail, and it also provides some privacy and security, and even some anonymity, if you don't really want people showing up at your doorstep. I think the permanence of a PO Box is very much worthwhile and while it does cost some money, it's not all that expensive—get the smallest box available, 'cause they will hold your mail in the back if you get big stuff or too much mail to fit in your small box.

One last bit of advice that not everyone is aware of is the bulk-mailing permit. If you send out a lot of mail or a regular basis, like a regular published zine or promotional materials, you can apply for a bulk-mailing permit at the post office. It costs about $150 a year, but then you get a discount on mailing because you have to prepare it just so, sorted by zip codes and put into proper containers, etc. For non-profit organizations there are even cheaper discounts. It's not that difficult to prepare and if you send out enough stuff it is worthwhile to save the cash by doing part of the work. I won't spend too much time going into it, but if you send a minimum of 250 pieces of mail at a time, check with your post office for more info on this, or ask some-

one who has a bulk mailing permit if you can prepare a mailing together.

And while we're on the topic of mail, write some letters. In this world of tech-nological dependence, while email *is* useful, there is nothing like getting an actual letter in the mail. Being able to hold that tangible item in your hands with the personalization of handwriting and maybe even artwork and fun stuff included is a real treat. Email is fast and easy, but it's so impersonal. It's like fast food—great for convenience, but lacking in substance and nutrition. Letters rock. Quick and easy has its place, no doubt, but substance and quality are important in all parts of our lives. So find a cool piece of paper and a comfortable pen and write a letter to a friend or someone you've been thinking about. And don't forget to update your address and keep the communication flowing.

Chris(tine) • Slug & Lettuce • PO Box 26632 • Richmond VA 23261-6632



Mike Thorn: "Bobby, will we be receiving a column from you this month?"

Bobby M: "I've been a little too busy blowing up computers and convincing girls in Florida that *MRR* isn't the punk rock antichrist, but I guess I can take time out from that and hand something in."

Top Ten Things That Suck About Moving Back to the Bay Area

10) No computer access aside from the Alameda Public Library.

9) Getting your bike's back tire slashed by a crazy old man at the Alameda Public Library's West End Branch.

8) Nine months out of the "loop" is like landing on a distant planet. I really just don't know what's going on anymore.

7) Rent is outrageous. The place I'm looking at right now is the same price as my old place in Sacramento, but half the size. Which is really saying something if you have any idea how small my place was.

6) Hearing "Guess who just had a kid..." isn't as funny as it used to be.

5) For some reason I'm not as funny anymore...

4) Going to a good show would involve driving and not just drunken bike riding.

3) Not enough people drop names at bars...oh, wait...

2) Weinerschnitzl is soooooo far away from my house now.

1) The East Bay eats ass, dude.

So anyway, my point is I haven't been getting out much since I came back to the Punk Rock Land of Milk and Honey (or whatever biblical term they're using to describe it this week). Don't get me wrong; the Bay Area still has a lot of great things going on in and around it... I just don't happen to be very fond of any of it. Call me jaded, but I kinda like good music and friendly bartenders. That's just me, though. Point being, although it may seem like I have this "you can never go home again" vendetta against the ol' 510, I'm actually quite happy to be home. I missed good Mexican food, riding my bike around Alameda, and good record stores. I'm very happy to get the chance to start over again and wash away the low points of my Sacramento experience.

Anyway, enough being emo and cynical. The first day I got back to Alameda I turned on the Compaq from Hell and it actually started up. I decided I was going to burn some of the stuff on my hard drive on to a CDR and if anything just salvage that stuff before it exploded. Halfway through, it exploded. I have no idea what's wrong with it—all I know is that it makes a funny sound and seems to hate me and nothing loads. At first I thought it would be a good excuse to get out of writing an actual column, but I guess if I must, I must. Still, I have no clue when I can actually get the internet again to surf the web for nude photos of Shane White eating a taco.

So in closing, here's all you really need to know about the new music: SOME ACTION's self-titled CDEP is outstanding and I can't stop listening to it. Real NYC-sounding rock and roll from a bunch of guys who are actually from NYC. Sacramento's NIGHTMARES have brand new CD, *Love Is*, which is the perfect blend of PIXIES weirdness and WEEZER's geeky melodies. If "College Days Pt 1" isn't one of the best fucking songs you've heard in years, then you're just not getting out enough. Charles Albright does it again. And as usual, the JEFFIE GENTIC & HIS CLONES CD is still rocking my balls. Those are the only three things you need to hear this month. Period. End of story. End of column. The librarian is kicking me off the computer.

Bottom Line:

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* 1709 Bay St., Alameda, CA, 94501
* How *do* you convince a girl that *MRR* isn't awful?

We shouldn't still be having this conversation.

To anyone possessing a milligram of common sense, it has been obvious from the start—before the start—that invading Iraq would be disastrous. Any American capable of reading between the lines sensed trouble when the Bush Administration's giddy predictions of flower-throwing crowds never materialized to greet our columns of Bradley fighting vehicles. Even the silliest Pollyanna must have shuddered a little when it came to light that the war's singular Kodak moment, the toppling of Saddam's statue in Fardus Square, turned out to have been just as fake as the "evidence" recited at Colin Powell's UN speech.

A year later, 614 US soldiers lie dead, young lives sacrificed on the altar of the vainglorious ambitions of an insane cabal of neocon morons hell-bent on transforming the Middle East into an American Raj. Thousands more, some of them so misled by their unelected president that they believed they were avenging September 11, lost their limbs and eyes to bullets and bombs fired by people they were told would be happy to see them. Tens of thousands of Iraqis have been murdered by the professional liars illegally occupying the White House in a search for weapons the experts damn well knew Iraq no longer possessed.

The delusional leaders of our occupation army are fond of pointing to signs of progress. Occupation viceroy Paul Bremer likes to rattle off statistics: 2,500 renovated schools, three million vaccinated children, 18,000 reconstruction projects underway, healthcare spending up 30 times, a 29 percent increase in the value of the Iraqi dinar. Hey, it's the least we can do—after all, Iraq wouldn't need new schools or hospitals if we hadn't bombed their old ones. But, in the end, infrastructure doesn't much matter.

There are three categories of civilians in an occupied country: patriots, collaborators, and opportunists. In the calculus of hearts and minds, anything short of 100 percent popularity qualifies as total failure. It's an impossible standard, which is why no nation has ever successfully invaded and occupied another throughout the 20th century. Even if most people like living under foreign control, a dubious proposition at best, the occupation is doomed nonetheless. As long as one percent of the population spends its evenings blowing up enemy convoys, fence sitters will be scared to collaborate. In Iraq, that one percent—or five, or whatever—shows no sign of letting up.

Read and understand: They hate us simply because we're there.

Exacerbating an already desperate situation is the fact that we're playing right into the hands of the insurgency. Last week residents of Fallujah hung the carbonized corpses of ambushed American mercenaries from a bridge. This week a US army of retribution has surrounded the city to carry out Peggy Noonan's *Wall Street Journal* cry for vengeance: "It would be good not only for elemental justice but for Iraq and its future if a large force of coalition troops led by US Marines would go into Fallujah, find

the young men, arrest them or kill them, and, to make sure the point isn't lost on them, blow up the bridge." Peggy Noonan, it's safe to assume, hasn't done time in war zones.

The Iraqi resistance *wants* us to retaliate; provoking us into lashing out is why they attack us in the first place. Each act of retaliation kills and injures innocents, turning more opportunists against us. We're radicalizing the previously moderate segment of the population.

Any moron can see that.

Were there some possible future, even 20 or 30 years from now, wherein enough stability had been achieved to allow us to hand off power to a democratic government that truly represented the interests of all Iraqis, I would argue that we should tough it out no matter the cost. The chance of that, however, is zero.

"The message to Iraqi citizens," says Bush, "is that they don't have to fear that Americans will cut and run." The Iraqis don't fear our departure; they crave it. Moreover, they count on it. Sooner or later, one way or another, we're going to leave Iraq as defeated and bankrupt and demoralized as we were when we fled Saigon. The only question now is: how many more people are we going to kill before we accept reality?

A postscript to last week's column: Readers have asked how much it would cost to keep enough fighter jets in the air over the United States in order to limit response time to a 9/11-type emergency to less than ten minutes. The answer, according to Air Force experts, is about $1 billion a year, less than half of our foreign aid budget for Egypt.

NEW MAILING ADDRESS: Ted Rall, PO Box 1134, New York, NY 10027. E-mail is: chet@rall.com. Website: www.rall.com

NEW BOOK: *Wake Up, You're Liberal: How We Can Take America Back From the Right* (Soft Skull Press, approx. 260 pp., price TBD), is out now, available everywhere cool books are sold. It includes advice to the broad spectrum of the American left from anarchists and socialists to mainline Democrats on everything from personal attitudes to TV campaign ads and choosing candidates, as well as proposes a new kind of Democratic Party based on a platform that I believe would be unbeatable. Based on three years of research and a lifetime of thought, this is my political magnum opus. You can order it directly through Soft Skull (softskull.com) or Amazon, or ask your bookstore to order it. Cover price is $14.95, if you want an autographed copy send $19 (includes Priority Mail within the United States) to Ted Rall, PO Box 1134, New York, NY 10027 and be sure to say how you want me to sign it.

THE PRESIDENT: Good morning. Eight years ago, Congress passed, and President Clinton signed, the Defense of Marriage Act, which defined marriage, for purposes of federal law, as the legal union between one man and one woman as husband and wife. The Act passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 342 to 67, and the Senate by a vote of 85 to 14. Those congressional votes and the passage of similar defensive marriage laws in 38 states express an overwhelming consensus in our country for protecting the institution of marriage.

TONY: Civil rights aren't granted by *consensus*. When they are, the majority denies rights to minorities they don't like. Legislatures can't be allowed to vote on *who's allowed to have civil rights and who isn't*. That's why we have supreme courts in the first place, to protect citizens who'll be deprived of equal rights by unconstitutional laws passed by legislatures. Laws of enforced school segregation weren't eliminated by congressional vote. Neither were laws banning interracial marriage. Those unjust laws were killed by court order. For a president, you sure don't understand much about the United States government, or history, or checks and balances, or equal justice under the law.

THE PRESIDENT: In recent months, however, some activist judges and local officials have made an aggressive attempt to redefine marriage. In Massachusetts, four judges on the highest court have indicated they will order the issuance of marriage licenses to applicants of the same gender in May of this year.

TONY: You use the word "activist" as if it were a crime. Do you think it triggers fear? I suppose it does to *you*, because you want people passive and just blindly following you as if you were king.

You have balls to complain about activist Supreme Court judges, when they're the ones who put you in power! "Marriage" is a word Webster's dictionary defines as *"the institution whereby men and women are joined in a special kind of social and legal dependence for the purpose of founding and maintaining a family."*

Hmm, there's another interesting word, "family." What's the definition of that? *"The basic unit in society having as its nucleus two or more adults living together and cooperating in the care and rearing of their own or adopted children."*

It says nothing about a "sacred" union. It doesn't specify the men and women who are "joined" necessarily need to be *joined to each other* in an opposite sex relationship. It only says they need to be men and women (i.e. adults). Whether the male and female adults are joined to each other or to spouses of the same gender isn't explicitly specified. It even says "two or *more* adults!" (That should please polygamists.)

Mr. Bush, you're the one redefining marriage.

THE PRESIDENT: In San Francisco, city officials have issued thousands of marriage licenses to people of the same gender, contrary to the California family code. That code, which clearly defines marriage as the union of a man and a woman, was approved overwhelmingly by the voters of California.

TONY: All that proves is a heterosexual majority in California tried to deprive the gay minority of equal marriage rights. It's unconstitutional. San Francisco's mayor refused to abide by the unconstitutional code.

THE PRESIDENT: A county in New Mexico has also issued marriage licenses to applicants of the same gender. And unless action is taken, we can expect more arbitrary court decisions, more litigation, more defiance of the law by local officials, all of which adds to uncertainty.

TONY: Uncertainty about what? About whether oppression of gays will continue? It's revealing you mischaracterize these court decisions as "arbitrary," as if courts granting equal protection do so by freak accident.

THE PRESIDENT: After more than two centuries of American jurisprudence, and millennia of human experience, a few judges and local authorities are presuming to change the most fundamental institution of civilization. Their actions have created confusion on an issue that requires clarity.

TONY: What's confusing? If you're allowed to marry whom you love, then so should I be. The concept is called equal rights. Maybe that's confusing—*to you!*

It's true that for centuries, only heterosexuals have been allowed to marry. All *that* proves is that gay people have been oppressed for centuries. There's no reason to continue it forever. If everyone in this nation thought *that* way, we'd still be killing witches as in colonial Massachusetts (are you listening Mr. Kerry?) or still buying and selling slaves as in the pre-Civil War south (pay attention Mr. Edwards). Both witch-killing and slave-owning are condoned in the Bible, by the way. So all you guys who say you 'oppose gay marriage" and use the Bible as an excuse, you might as well say you approve of slavery and witch-killing for the same reason.

We (supposedly) have separation of church and state in this nation. Funny how Al Sharpton knows it, but you guys don't—yet he's a *reverend!* You can't justify the prevention of gay marriage by merely repeating that it's traditionally always been that way! Tradition is never justification. When women didn't have the right to vote, tradition was no justification for it. "Tradition" is just another word for an old habit. In this case, it's a *bad* habit.

THE PRESIDENT: On a matter of such impor-

tance, the voice of the people must be heard. Activist courts have left the people with one recourse.

TONY: *Which* people must be heard? Heterosexual people? Religious zealots? Majority people? Aren't gays part of "the" people? You talk like we're not people, but monsters to be thwarted.

The only *recourse* we need to take is to prevent one group of people from enforcing their hypocritical rules on others. In this case, it means stopping heterosexual *people* from insisting they're a superior race who are uniquely entitled to the special privilege of a marriage license, while gay *people* are inferior sub-humans who don't deserve equal treatment under the law. Heterosexual supremacy, like white supremacy, or *any* supremacist thinking, is un-American and unethical.

THE PRESIDENT: If we are to prevent the meaning of marriage from being changed forever, our nation must enact a constitutional amendment to protect marriage in America. Decisive and democratic action is needed, because attempts to redefine marriage in a single state or city could have serious consequences throughout the country. The Constitution says that full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts and records and judicial proceedings of every other state. Those who want to change the meaning of marriage will claim that this provision requires all states and cities to recognize same-sex marriages performed anywhere in America.

TONY: What you're saying is; treating people without equality is unconstitutional, so you're going to *change* the constitution to get away with it. You claim you'll perform this extreme act to "protect" marriage. You seem to think we same-sex couples are out to destroy your heterosexual marriage, rather than participate in our own. If we got married tomorrow, how would it change the "meaning" of your marriage, Mr. Bush? When you awaken every morning and see Laura sleeping beside you, will just *knowing* I'm married cause your love to diminish? When you look into her eyes from across the breakfast table, will you see the one you love, or your marriage, degrading? As you hold her hand strolling through the rose garden, will the mere fact gays obtained a marriage license provoke her to ask you for a divorce? You claim that the meaning of marriage is going to be changed forever. Explain how your marriage will change. How will it have any impact whatsoever on the "meaning" of your marriage? If you think gays getting married causes your marriage to lack meaning, then your marriage can't mean very much. I'd like to feel sorry for both of you. I'd like to, except it's difficult to feel sorry for people who are really that stupid.

THE PRESIDENT: Congress attempted to address this problem in the Defense of Marriage Act, by declaring that no state must accept another state's definition of marriage. My administration will vigorously defend this act of Congress. Yet there is no assurance that the Defense of Marriage Act will not, itself, be struck down by activist courts. In that event, every state would be forced to recognize any relationship that judges in Boston or officials in San Francisco choose to call a marriage.

TONY: You're admitting a heterosexual majority overstepped its authority in order to trample the rights of gays. Congress didn't care whether the Act they passed was unconstitutional. They wanted to appease the heterosexual majority at my expense. Courts say majority rule can't become a tyranny over minorities. Ethical people say the same.

It's wrong for Congress to "address this problem" as if same-sex marriages were a problem. Gays getting married is no problem for anyone! The only problem is all these buttinski heterosexuals with nothing better to do, thinking they ought to be the ones who control gay relationships. What presumption! Imagine if homosexuals were the vast majority? How'd *you* like it if gays altered the constitution to declare it illegal for you to ever marry the person you love?

THE PRESIDENT: Furthermore, even if the Defense of Marriage Act is upheld, the law does not protect marriage within any state or city. For all these reasons, the Defense of Marriage requires a constitutional amendment. An amendment to the Constitution is never to be undertaken lightly. The amendment process has addressed many serious matters of national concern. And the preservation of marriage rises to this level of national importance.

TONY: To "protect" marriage implies that someone's seeking to obliterate it. If gays were bringing lawsuits to dissolve heterosexual marriages on the grounds that they discriminate against gays, maybe then you could claim that marriage needs to be preserved. I'm not seeking to void your marriage. I'm not trying to take your rights. On the other hand, you're claiming it's of "national concern" to deny *my* rights. Why? You've got countless jobless whose unemployment benefits ran out because *you* refused to extend them, and you've got al-Qaida plotting to kill us. Guess what? There's an easy way to clear your desk of this same sex marriage *problem*. Just say, "All Americans must have equal rights including gay Americans. Period." See how easy that was? Problem all gone.

THE PRESIDENT: The union of a man and woman is the most enduring human institution, honoring—honored and encouraged in all cultures and by every religious faith.

TONY: That's irrelevant, because you don't ban heterosexual *atheists* from getting married, do you? Or is that next on the agenda?

THE PRESIDENT: Ages of experience have taught humanity that the commitment of a husband and wife to love and to serve one another promotes the welfare of children and the stability of society.

TONY: The commitment of a loving same-sex couple does the same.

THE PRESIDENT: Marriage cannot be severed from its cultural, religious and natural roots without weakening the good influence of society.

TONY: You're flat-out wrong. Marriage can be severed from its cultural roots to benefit society. Cultures have claimed a wife is the property of her husband and he may beat her. Eliminating this cultural influence strengthened society. Certain religions command a husband to kill his wife when she's viewed as a disgrace to her family name. Honoring these religious roots wouldn't be a "good influence" on society. I don't even know what sort of "natural" roots you're talking about. Whaddaya mean—organic carrots?

Oh wait a minute, I see. You're saying gays are "unnatural." Aren't you? Tell me, how can anything existing in nature be unnatural? Homosexuality occurs in nearly every species of animal in the world. Homosexual humans are mentioned as far back as the beginning of recorded history. How much longer must we exist before our existence becomes natural? How many homosexual animals do zoologists have to document before you understand it occurs naturally?

Maybe it's a natural genetic trait that originated before the existence of birth control. Perhaps the balance of nature couldn't handle offspring resulting from every sexual act. Homosexuality probably developed as a natural form of population control, because if every living creature were heterosexual, where would natural balance be? Even if you want to argue against the value of homosexuality to humankind because birth control makes it obsolete, you'll have to follow through and ban non-procreative heterosexual marriages too. Would that be just? No. Besides, many gay couples *are* having children now and many straight couples *aren't*. The whole point is moot. Baby-making is not the sole purpose of marriage, and gays don't need to justify their existence.

Mr. Bush, you don't know what it means to be gay. Why do you think you're qualified to make decisions about how "natural" gayness is? Is it because it would be unnatural for you? Then *you* don't have to be in a same-sex marriage. That doesn't mean it's unnatural to me. *You* are not me.

THE PRESIDENT: Government, by recognizing and protecting marriage, serves the interests of all.

TONY: All? It doesn't serve the interest of gays! Does it even serve the interests of heterosexuals? No. The only "all" whose interests are being served are all those right-wing religious fanatics, and your own interests, if you can get them to vote for you.

THE PRESIDENT: Today I call upon the Congress to promptly pass, and to send to the states for ratification, an amendment to our Constitution defining and protecting marriage as a union of man and woman as husband and wife. The amendment should fully protect marriage, while leaving the state legislatures

free to make their own choices in defining legal arrangements other than marriage. America is a free society, which limits the role of government in the lives of our citizens.

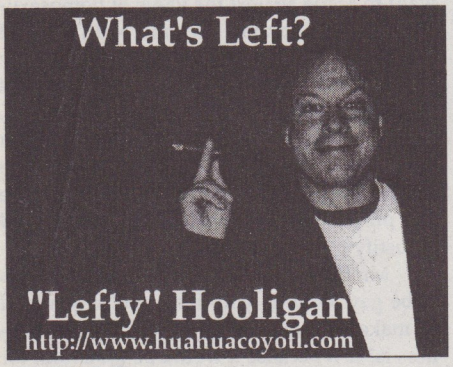
TONY: What's more intrusive than government deciding whom I can marry? Why are you declaring war on my heart? Don't you have enough wars already without declaring a "culture war?" Must you Republicans turn *everything* into war? Even love?

THE PRESIDENT: This commitment of freedom, however, does not require the redefinition of one of our most basic social institutions. Our government should respect every person, and protect the institution of marriage. There is no contradiction between these responsibilities. We should also conduct this difficult debate in a manner worthy of our country, without bitterness or anger.

TONY: What do you think'll happen if this amendment passes? You think gay Americans will just roll over and play dead with no bitterness or anger? If you believe that, if you *really* believe that, then you need to get yourself out of the Oval Office and into a padded room. Do you think gay Americans are angry and bitter now? Wait and see how angry and bitter we can get. Imagine what will happen if heterosexuals are forever granted "special rights" that gay people can never hope to obtain.

THE PRESIDENT: In all that lies ahead, let us match strong convictions with kindness and goodwill and decency. Thank you very much.

TONY: Yeah, fuck you too.



A conservative is a liberal who has been mugged.
Mort Sahl, originally

In 35 years in leftist politics, I have met many ex-Stalinists and Maoists who became Trotskyists and council communists; I have never met anyone who went in the opposite direction. Once you have played grand master chess, you rarely go back to checkers.

Loren Goldner, "Didn't See The Same Movie: Review of Max Elbaum, *Revolution in the Air*"

Theory itself becomes a material force once it takes a hold on the masses. Theory is capable of taking a hold on the masses [...] once it becomes radical.
Karl Marx

I talked in the column before last about doing politics project-by-project these days instead of being involved in some ongoing organization or action, primarily because I'm tired of always having to explain the glaring inconsistencies in my theory, action, lifestyle, diet, taste in music, etc., etc to my more-revolutionary-than-thou comrades. The truth is, there are lots of reasons why I'm just not involved in politics, at least not the way I was. For one, meetings haven't gotten any less boring or easier for me to sit through. At my age I'm leery of spending any more of my life in meetings.

Then, there's the political quality, or lack of it in the local anarchist and left communist milieus. In my 35 years in leftist politics, I went from anarchism to left communism. A number of ex-anarchist comrades did the same, though I know of no one who went in the opposite direction. Once you have played grand master chess, you rarely go back to tic-tac-toe. Of late however, the prospect of playing chess with a bunch of ultraleft Bobby Fischers hasn't been too appealing either.

There's no real point to talking seriously about anarchism, since to paraphrase Gertrude Stein's description of Oakland, there's really no there there. The utter lack of coherence and concern for same among anarchists in general—marked in spades by the emergence of the latest anarcho hyphen travesties, post-left anarchism and national anarchism—is so utterly appalling that I'd rather spend my time discussing how to salvage what I can of something that still has value, that being left communism.

I did work on public transport issues with the Black Bart crew, and was in on the early Mission Yuppie Eradication Project. I was also involved at the beginnings of what went on to be called the Insane Dialectical Posse in the East Bay prior to Junior Bush's Gulf War. These quite different projects shared a basic interventionist style—drawing up clever wall posters to be wheat pasted *en mass* all over the place—that has gotten a bit old. It can be an effective tactic, as the MYEP's first strike poster demonstrated, with its threat to vandalize yuppie cars generating tons of attention to the gentrification of the Mission, yet it has become the highest expression of left communist activity in the Bay Area.

Putting together the initial poster for the IDP was particularly tedious, given that it was a large group of sometimes quite disparate folks. The BB and MYEP work had the advantage of being done in smaller groupings, with meetings conducted in Mission cafes and bars. It was the various pranks we did however which were often far more brilliant and effective than the poster campaigns. There needs to be more to left communist praxis than wall posters and wheat paste.

Frankly, I'm not surprised at anarchism's decay into farce despite the increased prominence of anarchism in political activism around the globe since Seattle 1999. Or rather, should I say, because of. Anarchism has a long time-honored history of snatching defeat from the jaws of victory, even taking a perverse pride in this by claiming: "we never fucked up like the Communists or socialists who took power did." No, anarchism fucked up by never seizing the chance to potentially fuck up. As the Marxist's Marxism, left communism has never had to worry about imminent success. The various revolutionary upsurges from which left communism has drawn inspiration were never consciously left communist, nor did they achieve the communist society made explicit by their revolt. The ultraleft did gain a bit more status and attention after Paris 1968, but that was quickly swept away when the New Left of the day made its turn toward Maoism and Third World Marxism. That's in addition to left communism's slightly punk attitude that success equates to selling out, this being one undertone to the critique of the local Union of Concerned Commies and *Processed World* experiences. The ultraleft has managed to maintain a critical edge despite the insidious post-left, post-modern traps that seem to have snared anarchism.

Left communism can transcend the wall poster/study group/tendency newspaper praxis rut it seems to be stuck in, but only be reexamining the relationship between revolutionary organization and class organization. The revolutionary organization in ultraleft terms can range from something just shy of Lenin's vanguardist party of professional revolutionaries to a bit harder than an anarcho affinity grouping. Whatever its level of formality, the revolutionary organization is kept separate and distinct from any class organization, ostensibly to maintain the theoretical coherence of the former and the capacity for spontaneous self-organization of the latter. Correctly eschewing parliamentary and trade union strategies, the ultraleft has steered clear of the opportunistic mass work of electoral politics and "boring from within" unionism long associated with Leninism, preferring a purer style of intervention where the revolutionary organization intercedes with its revolutionary analysis into already existing mass movements and class struggles.

The Leninist approach has earned accusations of infiltration and manipulation for the purposes of taking over, whereas the left communist approach has been criticized for isolation and sectarianism to the point of inflexible delusion. Leninist vanguard parties like those of a Trotskyist bent who adopt a left communist approach in turn are castigated as sectarian and ultraleft. Left communists of course dismiss the delusional vanguardist hubris of Trotskyists to assume that the masses will naturally turn to them for leadership come the revolution, without recognizing the equally delusional belief among left communists that the masses will spontaneously seize upon their radical theoretical analysis and make it a concrete revolutionary force solely through left communist intervention from on high into the class struggle. Sending the cadres—metaphorically speaking—into the

factories, not to organize and lead the working class but to learn what obstacles and opportunities working folk face for self-organization and self-activity, would do the ultraleft a world of good.

In my own experience, I was able to remain a rather simple minded anarchist through graduate school on my way to becoming a middle-class university professor. It took being homeless for nine months, but especially getting back on my feet and suffering the workday abuse and paycheck muggings of capitalism to make me a Marxist. In a decade, I'd become a left communist, but one with enough perspective to avoid some of the absurdities of ultraleftism. That has meant favoring inconsistency over purity as I mentioned the column before last, of keeping one foot in the world of more mainstream political organizing while the other foot is kicking it with the ultraleft. Heck, I've even precinct walked with Bob Beyerle, Vinyl Communication Records mogul back in the day when it was a punk rock label, in Bob's bid to become the mayor of Chula Vista.

The intervention of the revolutionary left communist organization into mass struggles and mass movements founders then on the rock of an overly optimistic belief in the power of radical theory to take hold of the masses. The revolutionary organization specializes in developing, maintaining, defending and extending its theory, to the exclusion of more concrete working class organizing. Over the history of left communism there have been those who have sought to correct this shortcoming and reconfigure the dialectic between revolutionary organization and class organization by sharply reducing, if not eliminating the role of the revolutionary organization, contending that it is not necessary or that it will arise spontaneously alongside the mass uprising. This suffers from an equally overblown faith in the spontaneous self-activity and self-organization of the working class to solve all problems come the revolution.

The solution of course can be found somewhere between a revolutionary organization entirely separate from the working class and one that has completely dissolved into it. Without getting too serious about the gospel metaphor, the revolutionary organization must be in the mass movement, but not of the mass movement. In short the revolutionary organization needs to do some actual working class organizing in addition to safeguarding and propagating its radical theory. How to do this without becoming yet another version of the common union hack or the leftist social worker is our next issue.

I tried to address this point in a previous column by comparing Food Not Bombs on the one hand with the Black Panther Party and the San Francisco Diggers on the other hand. Food Not Bombs proclaims a revolutionary nonviolent theory, yet pretty much all the organization does is feed people, the Left's equivalent of social work. The Panthers and Diggers also fed people and laid claim to various kinds of revolutionary analysis, yet they managed to take the next step, transcending social work into revolutionary organization. No doubt part of their success had to do with the times. The mass social upsurges of the 1950's and '60's were a far more fertile ground for nurturing revolutionary organization than is our much more conservative present. Yet another factor however involves, for lack of a better term, the programmatic approach of the Panthers and Diggers as compared to Food Not Bombs. I use programmatic quite loosely, to cover both the dogmatic, nationalist Panther 10-Point Program and the much more nebulous Digger Free City program. I also use it to mean the capacity to envision what making a revolution entails and to take action on multiple fronts to instigate that revolution.

Other factors can be sighted as well—the ossified nature of today's leftover Left, the international dimension to the social movements exemplified by 1968, the advances in cooptation and control made by capital and state since the '60's, etc. etc. Unfortunately, I'm pushing my space limits once again, so any more thorough examination of Food Not Bombs vs. the Panthers and Diggers, let alone of how a revolutionary left communist organization can be in the class struggle but not of the class struggle must wait for a future column. Never having been much for nostalgia, I see no point in the lamenting the almost complete absurdity and irrelevance of contemporary anarchism. Why beat a dead horse?

For anyone keeping score, I was wrong about Iraq again. It seems that I overestimated what it would take to wreak havoc on the American occupation when I contended that it would require an uprising by the majority Shia population to make the situation in Iraq untenable for US forces. Only a tiny minority of Shia have joined the Sunnis in their ongoing revolt against the American occupation, but it has pushed the US military to a breaking point. Can anybody at this time doubt that the US is seriously fucked? It's breathtaking how quickly Junior Bush's Iraq adventure has fallen apart with but a small minority of the Iraqi population in open resistance. Almost as breathtaking as the rapidity with which John Kerry has moved to the right in challenging Junior Bush for the presidency.

Next month, a tree grows in San Francisco.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... Still no progress on my website at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. If you can help me get things working again, or if you can recommend some software to automate the process, please contact me at the email address below. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

April Fool's! You're Dead

On the morning of April 1, four Americans drove two SUVs west of Baghdad into downtown Fallujah. What a mistake!

Masked gunmen ran into the road, and shot at them with assault rifles.

Jeffery Gettleman, a reporter for the *The New York Times*, described what happened next.

"After they were shot, the scene turned grisly. A crowd of more than 300 people flooded into the streets. Men swarmed around the riddled vehicles. Some witnesses said the Americans were still alive when one boy ran up with a jug of gasoline. Soon, both vehicles were fireballs.

"Everybody here is happy with this," taxi driver Furhan said. "There is no question."

After the fires cooled, a group of boys tore the corpses out of the vehicles. The crowd of civilians cheered them on. A boy no older than ten ground his heel into a burned head. The boys dragged the blackened bodies to the iron bridge over the Euphrates River, about a mile away.

Townspeople hung the bodies over the water. At sunset, nurses tried to take them away.

Men with guns threatened to kill the nurses. The nurses left. The bodies remained.

Earlier, less than 15 miles away, five US soldiers were killed when a roadside bomb ripped through their armored troop carrier."

Nine more people not coming home!

....

I'm writing this article only two days later, yet this brutal story has already disappeared from the "news." I visited CNN.com, the homepage of one of the largest of the mainstream American "news" sources, and there was nothing about Iraq. As in, *absolutely nothing*. Iraq was not a headline, not even listed under "world news." I even did a word search on the page and the answer from my computer was, "error: "Iraq" not found."

April Fool's, America, there's a war going on!

We heard about this latest bloodshed—if

only for a minute—because reporters made it to the scene, because the carnage and public display of the bodies was so terrible and shocking, and because Americans were the ones who died. I can only imagine the untold stories, each a horror unto itself, regarding the other 16,000 people who have been killed since the invasion last year. That's an estimated 10,000 Iraqi graves (www.iraqbodycount.com) and an official 600 American body bags shipped back and quietly disposed of. There are also the dead "coalition" soldiers who hailed from Britain, Spain, and Central America (how many of these soldiers do you think ever pictured themselves dying in Iraq for US oil?); international reporters; and humanitarian aid workers. That's the loss of life just this past year.

And what of the stories of the people still alive? The maimed and disfigured? The grieving? The soldiers and guerillas fighting in the streets? What horrors would they tell us about what they've lived through? The hell of every day?

Most American media has decided to bury those stories in the sand. An excellent website I strongly suggest you look up is www.independent-media.tv. The site specializes in "under reported" news stories on many important subjects, including the ongoing human toll of the war in Iraq.

I've written several columns now about the US invasion of Iraq, so I'm not going to go on about the politics, lies, and greed of it all. It's all too much! Too fucking unbelievable!

The lies have been bold since the beginning. Remember Secretary of State Colin Powell, serious and confident, testifying before the UN Security Council? He had detailed information from the CIA, and visual aids, to prove that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction. Look here, at this satellite photo. Right here, that black smudge with a red arrow pointing to it. Holy shit! It's a mobile, biological weapons lab! Run for cover! Run for your lives!

As we all know, the evidence has not backed up those claims. No weapons of mass destruction were found in trucks roaming the desert. How embarrassing. Could the glossy posters have been wrong?

Just yesterday, a soon-to-be-retiring Colin Powell told reporters his testimony was based on what he thought was the best intelligence available, but "now it appears not to be the case that it was that solid." The key words here are *not solid.*

No shit. Feeling like you've been had?

At this point, there is only one thing left to do. There has always been one thing left to do, take over the government! Bring the troops home! Dismiss the politicians! Trade in the President for a golden retriever!

Yes...we're fucked. The broken record continues on and on, and I see this war, like the ones before, and the ones to come, going on for a very long time. History is repeating. The madness will continue to crush bones and eat lives until those led to the slaughter refuse to fight, and we refuse to send them.

This bus is going straight to hell. All those who want to get off at the next stop, please ring the bell.

Ding!

Now, time to fill you in on my punk happenings, gossip and travesties for the past month. I wouldn't be a very good *MRR* columnist if I didn't mention punk every once in awhile, would I? So put your boots on! Let's go!

First, a small basement in Allston that's not big enough to do your laundry in. DIY punk! I couldn't even get down the stairs to see KEEP LAUGHING's fast and furious thrash attack, as the place was packed with dancing bodies flying into walls. KEEP LAUGHING is a new band in Boston, with Craig from MELEE on vocals. They're going on a US tour this summer, so watch out!

Next up, I.R.A, from Columbia. They rocked my world! They have been playing since 1986 and are dedicated to solidarity and resistance. All three band members took turns singing, and the music was infectious with melody and energy. Monica's voice was strong, clear, and angry, while she pounded the drums at the same time. Not many drummers can pull off being a lead singer, but Monica kicks ass! They have good music and a strong political message. Hopefully you'll get to see them on the rest of their spring tour. I felt amazed and so lucky to see them in a small basement in Boston.

MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, from NYC, closed out the night, causing an outbreak of circle pits around the ceiling support pillars! They were fun as always, and had new songs that really added to their set. Their songs deal with serious subjects about life in this fucked-up world, but I appreciate their dark, sarcastic sense of humor that often comes through. "It's a good day for nuclear war / but I'm just waiting for the bus..." After the show, Gabby shared a glass jar of homemade, clear liquor from Romania. It tasted like vodka with plums, and was amazingly strong. Hours later, I found myself drinking coffee at IHOP and watching the sun come up with Adam...ah, strange, good times.

Now, forget the hangover and drive to Long Island already!

Yes, Long Island has some really good punk shows; it's true. This was Scene Unity Fest II, held in a large bar that was all ages. There were lots of punks, and over a dozen bands, and someone screaming along to a tape, but I'm only going to mention a few bands due to lack of space. Not to mention that sometimes what was going on in the ladies room was more interesting that who was playing on stage. It was crazy in there! Punk girls on a rampage, a toilet full of bottles and shit, a ridiculous mess and shouting...

I missed EYES OF HATE, but they are definitely one of the best LI bands today. I've mentioned this old-school HC band before, so check them out already! TREASON has improved a lot over the last year, and started a massive circle pit of punks having a good time.

1905, from Washington, DC, were the most unique band of the night. The music, and Jess's voice, goes through a range of emotions and style that is like listening to a poem or a story. It's powerful. "Try / Dance on the ashes of what was / Try / Fall head first into what could be..." (1905@idealpolitik.org)

WITCH HUNT, from New Jersey, was amazing as always! They're definitely one of my favorite bands around today, and their new songs are some of their best. I'm really looking forward to their new LP, which they are in process of recording.

I was so glad HIRETSUKAN is back together. But I missed their set. I was getting my guitar ready, as by that point the owner of the bar was trying to stop the show and kick the punks out. He had enough! Luckily, THE PROFITS got to play, and it was a barrel of fun. Thanks to all of the kick ass grrrls up front!! You rock!

All right, so many shows this month, but I've only room for one more before this column is over.

The Third Punk Rock Olympics at CBGBs!

I walked in as DEATHCYCLE was starting their set. Powerful, hardcore, punk. On bass was Matt from MDC and his riffs were loud as hell and right-on as always. The singer yelled with passion and emotion. The songs were unique crusty/hardcore/punk. I was hooked. They have a demo out, *Religion is Mind Control,* which I enjoyed listening to while writing the above rant about death and war. (Crud69@aol.com)

CZOLGOSZ played a good set, fitting the nature of the absurdo-anarchist beauty that is CZ. They even arrived in absurdo style. Three band members left Boston for New York. Their drummer had to work late, and drove in a separate car, leaving after them. The three members made great time, passing the Profits van on their way. But the drummer arrived first! Why? The rest of the band got lost in Manhattan! But the band finally arrived, then all had to rush on stage. Beautiful.

At one point James explained, "Leon Czolgosz killed President McKinley for the working people..." There was an eerie long silence from the crowd. No shouts, no clapping, not even heckling. I could imagine so many people thinking in their heads, "Is he advocating killing the President? Wha? Are they crazy? Is the CIA following them?" James could only reply, "I guess you're not into assassinations!" And then the music continued! CZOLGOSZ are dear to my heart because they are sincere about their politics, have original music, are funny, and have a message that isn't watered down. Destroy capitalism now.

I was really happy about THE PROFITS

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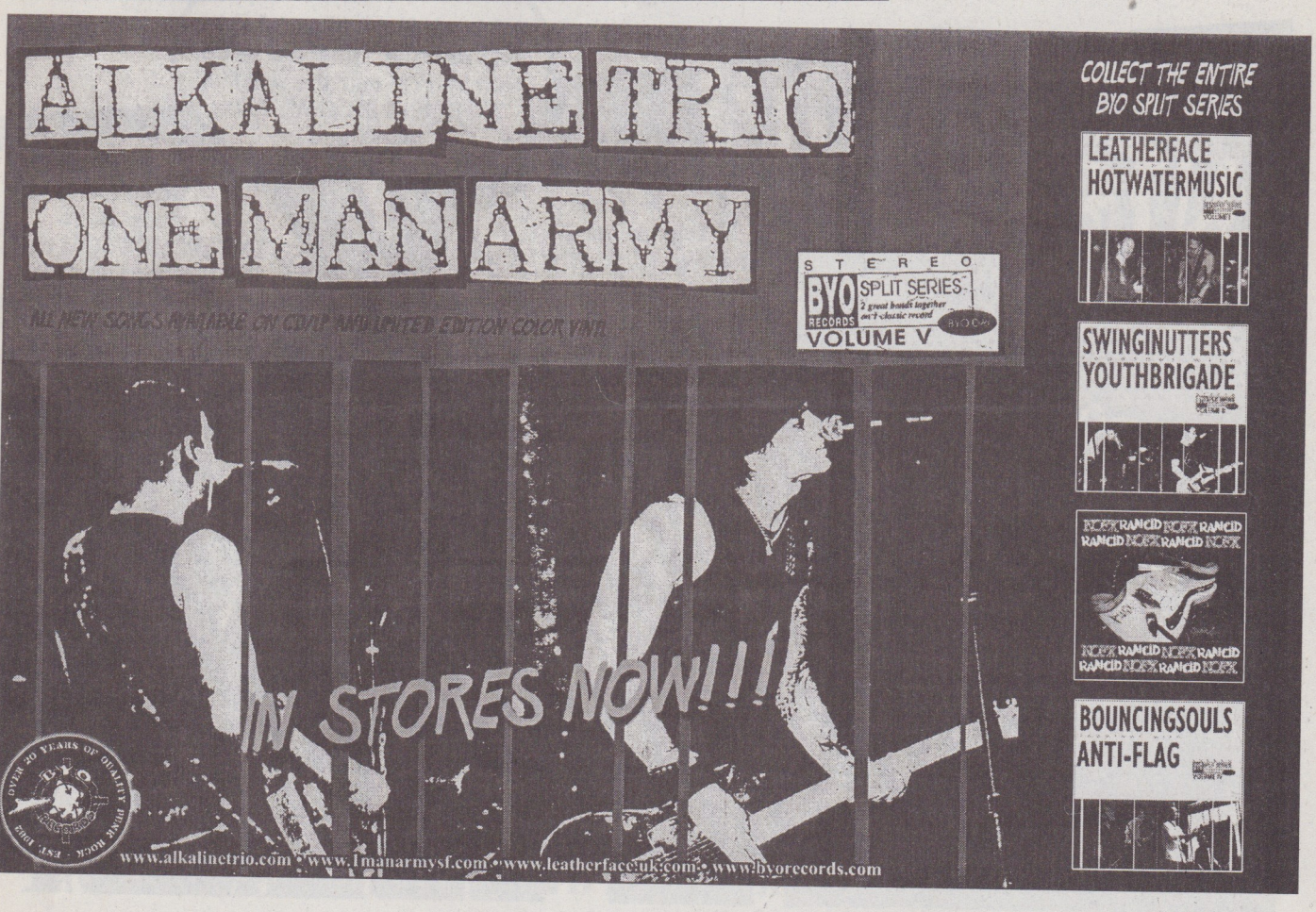

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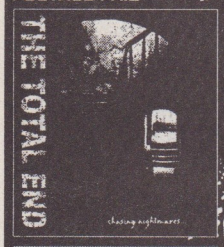

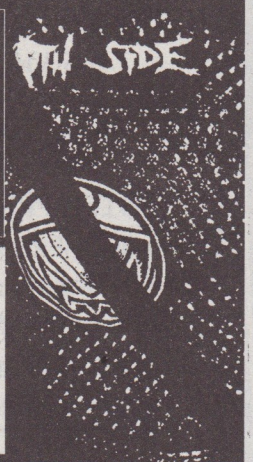

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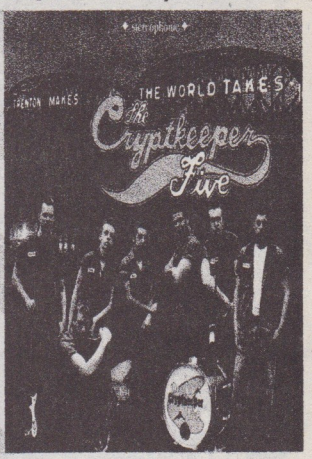

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A friend. She had a cool shirt and i was like, "where'd ya get that shirt?" and she was like "INTERPUNK.COM". I was like "woah"

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set (as this reviewer is in the band. Ha! What bias!) I felt we played our best, and some people connected with what we had to say. That is all I can ever ask for. It is always amazing to hear our music through that enormous sound system, and a real treat to play at the mighty club where punk has a lot of history. Thanks to everyone who danced and supported us!

The mighty VITAMIN X ended the night. This was the first time I've seen them, and I was really impressed. Their songs were mad blasts of hardcore and energy. On stage, they gave the impression of being serious about their beliefs, but also had a wicked sense of humor and a good perspective on things. The circle pit was in full effect, and the hardcore madness raged on!

Is this the end? Never! THE PROFITS woke up the next morning in Brooklyn and headed back to Boston to play yet *another* show. Are we crazy? Yes! It was with SWAT and PLASTIC JESUS from New York at All Asia. PLASTIC JESUS reminded me of SCREECHING WEASEL and played really tight with rockin' guitar. (Hello Josh! Thanks for the cool pins!) SWAT was good as always. I was sick and tired, but who isn't? We played and then I almost puked outside, my body feeling like shit. (And I was designated driver all weekend, sober.) How punk! March madness!

Now, my column is done, and I lay my head down to sleep...I dream of warlords and flags and death on the horizon...the sound of my guitar...

As always, cheers to punks around the world, in solidarity-

Erika Ransom

www.theprofits.org, PO Box 391273, Cambridge, MA 02139 USA

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

This month it's back to our regular programming, with another do-it-yourself recipe to strike fear into the hearts of corporate America. The anarchist cookbook that gathers all these recipes together will be out this summer, we swear! In the meantime, to get a copy of the newest issue of our free propaganda tabloid *Harbinger*, go to www.crimethinc.com, or write to us at CrimethInc. Freedom Fighters and Writers, PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402 USA. Until next issue, have fun smashing capitalism! Now on to the recipe...

de-GAP-itation strikes

Materials:

- At least a dozen helium balloons of your favorite color
- Ribbon
- Banner sized sheets of paper
- Spray paint or thick markers
- Kite rods
- Lots of flyers
- Blank T-shirts
- A GAP employee name badge (if you are a real badass)
- Your winning smile

Action:

This action is a triple-pronged assault on the local Gap or other sweatshop-using, environment-destroying clothing company of your choice. The three separate components of the action work well together or individually, depending on how many people are in your action group. Five to ten is an optimal number to execute all three components simultaneously.

Phase 1: The Balloon Banner

This action only works indoors, optimally inside of a mall where the target store is on the second floor. Prepare ahead of time a large paper banner reinforced with kite rods—for example: "GAP USES CHILD LABOR." Large rolls of paper are usually hidden in high school offices to cover bulletin boards in different colors. If you do not have access to paper, a thin bed-sheet can be found in a thrift store or dumpster.

Next, designate well in advance a good spot in the ceiling of the mall where your banner can hang down with optimum visibility in front of the store you are targeting, but out of reach of security guards. At the time of the action, move quickly to the designated location, tie the balloons firmly on to the upper kite rod and release the banner. Be sure to test beforehand to ensure an adequate number of balloons for the weight of your banner.

Phase 2: Flyers

To complement the balloon banner, or as a separate action, print off as many flyers as possible describing GAP's exploitation of workers and the environment (SEE copy scams). For useful and quotable information, read the reports at www.behindthelabel.org/campaigns/gap. Whenever possible, try to include the testimonies of actual sweatshop workers instead of speaking for them.

To distribute the flyers most effectively, we recommend placing them inside of folded clothing and posting them in dressing rooms (see wheatpasting recipe for tips!) where hopefully customers will read them before they buy anything.

Phase 3: Greet the Customers

This is where the name badge and smile come in handy: prepare for your new job as a GAP greeter! Stand just inside the door, and as customers walk in, smile and say something like, "Welcome to the GAP, where we bring you low prices by destroying the planet. Can I help you find something?" If you prefer a more subtle approach, try writing a slogan on your T-shirt and striking a pose with the mannequins—everyone loves a cute anarchist showing off the latest fashions covered in handwritten slogans like "GAP: made for kids, by kids" or simply modifying the logo to "CRAP."

Account:

Beginning at high noon on a Buy Nothing Day several years ago, we executed all of the above ideas with about ten people. The first part of the plan, which was intentionally omitted from the recommended ideas above, involved banners attached to a 4' long helium remote-controlled blimp. The gleaming silver vessel was powered by twin plastic propellers and said "US Navy" across the sides. For all its beauty, however, it was a poorly thought-out contraption from the beginning. When we taped the banners onto the sides, even though they were made from very thin wrapping paper, they threw off the balance of the blimp so badly that we had to add an oversized party balloon to the top of the blimp just to get it airborne. All of this added weight and air resistance and rendered the once effective remote-controlled propellers totally useless. Regardless, we pressed on with the plan and at precisely 12:00 a close friend and I burst through the doors of the food court and launched the banner blimp upwards. We quickly blended into the huge crowd of day-after-Thanksgiving shoppers and made discreet exits while the remote control was passed of between our team of amateur pilots who were already positioned at tables. The blimp made a few successful laps roughly 3' above the heads of the hungry shoppers. Amazingly, it failed to draw much attention to itself, but its banners "STOP CONSUMING, START LIVING" and "SWEATSHOPS = SLAVERY, BUY NOTHING!" were clearly legible. Then, suddenly caught in a gust from the heating vents, the blimp was pushed into a giant neon fast food sign, where it stuck as its propellers spun powerlessly. A confused employee began beating it with a broomstick, and by the time it was dislodged, it had sustained critical damage. Alas, despite a courageous attempt at relaunching, it was never to fly again and a security officer dragged it through the crowd and into the mall office.

The blimp only lasted about ten minutes, but the sheer hilarious spectacle of it had raised our spirits and we quickly rallied at a meeting point in the parking lot

where we distributed 600 flyers between ourselves and retrieved the balloons and paper banners. We split up and entered through different entrances of the mall, some of us headed to GAP, Abercrombie and Fitch, Sears, JC Penny, and American Eagle to strategically disperse the flyers, and three of us walking quickly towards the designated banner launch point.

I was holding a bundle of six black and red balloons as I hustled through the jewelry department of a JC Penny. I kept nervously glancing down at my watch and arrived under the GAP at precisely the same moment as the other accomplices who were carrying the banner and another six balloons. We quickly tied it all together and let it fly straight up to the vaulted glass ceiling. The long ribbons dangled the banner at a readable level that was totally unreachable by the grappling hooks that were soon thrust at it. Shoppers lined the sides of the walkways and stared up at the banner with open jaws. Many were holding our flyers in their hands!

At this point, the security guards were frantically talking into their two-way radios and looking up at the balloon banner in disbelief. Later, we found out that the balloons hitting the glass had triggered a silent alarm. The banner was up for four hours until a large platform could be raised under it and security was finally able to pull it down. After the last of the flyers had been tucked away in corporate clothing (and some of the extras were thrown off of the second floor balconies) and I had been kicked out of five separate clothing stores (thus ending my career as a greeter) we met back outside and celebrated an afternoon well spent. The consequences were minimal: some of us were banned from the mall for a year, one of us who had been working at a pretzel stand in the mall lost his job, and trespassing/disorderly conduct charges were threatened but never filed.

Lessons learned:

- Mall security cameras can be used effectively to identify participants after the event. The option of facemasks should always be considered, but know the risks of this approach as well.
- Engaging with customers directly can be surprisingly effective. The average shopper doesn't put too much thought into where their clothes are made and will most likely be as outraged as we are once you share the testimonies of sweatshop workers with them.
- Balloon banners fucking rock. Forget blimps: the banners are cost effective, easy to aim, and harder for security to take down.

Please don't kill yourself. We need you.

I was driving back from a caffeinated daybreak in Oakland, California. I'd just dropped my housemate off so she could catch the train down to Ventura to see her family. On the Bay Bridge, awake in a visceral elation that sustained me on that morning when I'd slept too little and drank all that coffee, the San Francisco Bay and Treasure Island looked bright and more sharply focused than they did the week before. The sky was deliriously clear, and I think I was listening to "We're Not Gonna Take It" on the radio station that plays "classic rock that rocks." As Twisted Sister was blaring in the background, I drove one-handed with all the windows in my pick-up all the way down, moving in the warm wind above the Bay. Then the car in front of me, a little white Honda Civic from the 80s, hit its brakes and I realized, fuck, I don't have time to downshift. I went into fourth, popped my truck into neutral, and got myself a little bit closer to a new brake job.

A little red BMW from the 80s was stopped three cars ahead of me, ahead of the pack. The driver motioned for us to just go around him, and I figured his engine had died. But really, that didn't make sense; he had stopped so suddenly but not run into anything. That's not how a car usually breaks down, in the fast lane of a bridge, with a sudden transition from fifty to zero mph. I tried to move into traffic, but everyone was going too fast. I thought hell, I'm gonna just stay here, sitting stationary in the fast lane, or I'll crash. I was thinking about the traffic cops that used to get run over at the side of the freeway when I was growing up. I couldn't tell if it was better to just remain stopped or to try to move into the high-speed oncoming traffic.

The driver got out of his car and he walked over towards the callbox on the side of the bridge. The cars moved so close to him, and his car was so red and perfectly parallel-parked in front of me. I held the steering wheel and looked at the water; we were suspended above the world. I checked the rearview mirror, but it was still too dangerous to pull out.

When I looked back out at the Bay, I saw the driver of the BMW shimmying up the side of the bridge. I was thinking you couldn't possibly have to go up there to get to the callbox. My mind tried to find an explanation for why this man was tangling himself around the supports of the bridge.

Five hours later, I was leaving Downtown Oakland again, returning from the last day of my temp job putting up signs in dive bars and suburban chain stores for the National AIDS Marathon. As I returned to the city, the man was still balancing on the bridge. Traffic was backed up for hours.

I'd been thinking about suicide a lot. My mother called me a couple of weeks ago to let me know that a woman whom I used to baby-sit for had killed herself. Also recently, a friend of mine's stepdaughter jumped in front of a BART train during rush hour at Civic Center station. She was a 22-year-old punk who'd missed a few days of her psych drugs and flipped out. Suicide is the third leading cause of death among 15-24-year-olds, according to the FDA. That population is more likely to kill themselves than they are to die from a stroke, cancer, heart or lung disease, AIDS, and birth defects *all put together*. Queer kids are even more likely to commit suicide, with some reports citing a 30-40% percent suicide attempt rate among certain queer youth populations.

It feels like a lot of death, so I am trying to get closer to some sort of understanding about how we can better support each other, communicate more honestly, and make people avoid suffering so badly that they get to that level of desperation.

The DIY ethic is pervasive in punk communities, and for some people that means making your own bread or creating your own culture. For a lot of punks, it also means providing your own healthcare. Last week I stopped by a friend's house, only to find him taking a pair of pliers to a rotten molar in the back of his mouth. Self-care often includes self-medication—alcohol, coffee, and drugs—as we attempt to even out, or, more likely, powerfully shift, our fucked-up meddlesome emotions.

Cuz what's so crazy about being depressed when there is so much tragic shit going on around us? Why is it weird to be anxious when we live in a culture of violence? Often those of us who have been offered psych drugs are really just alive in the terror of being a sensitive person in a horrifying world.

I want us all to get some better ideas on how to deal with it. Talking to my friends gives me a lot of perspective. What makes us fucking kill ourselves or totally give it all up to addiction is our inability to ask each other for help before we've been defeated, until it's almost too hard for people to take care of us. We can't support each other if we're not honest, and we can't be honest if we think we have to be strong all the time.

Cuz I don't want to be subdued, I just want to live through it. I love that I yell for 20 minutes straight and then zone out for an hour, that I can never lose an old thread I want to integrate into a conversation. And I love my friends' drunken bluntness, their ability to cry for eight hours straight cuz

things really are that bad; I love our general emotional excessiveness. But I want us to be better at helping each other out of it when it gets to be too much, and for us all to learn how to ask our friends for support in a way that won't drain them, that won't disrupt the fragile stability they've tried to make for themselves. In a world where people often don't have healthcare, where psychiatric medication is generally only available without a doctor monitoring its effects, and where self-medication reigns absolute, we have to get a little better at keeping an eye out for each other and offering uncomfortable advice that just may piss someone we really care about off. We must challenge each other. On the other end, we also need to learn how to ask for support in a way that respects what people are able to give us. So much of people's energy in this scene seems to be spent either writing overly self-exposed songs about every humiliating crush we've suffered through, or hiding the severity of our abusive relationships or our addictions from our friends. We need to find a balance that encompasses our eccentricities, our passion, even our fuckin' nihilism. Cuz I'm not saying forget punk rock, with its dead-on acceptance of the dark hideousness that is the human condition the world over. I'm just saying let's tell each other what's going on, and not wait to be asked. Let's find a way to support ourselves and each other well enough to not just get through what's wrong in the world, but to totally thrive in our resistance to the eradication of what is beautiful and human here.

A major way to achieve this is through telling our stories and really listening to each other. I can't explain the genuine sweetness I have with people who were just acquaintances, but who I have come to know intimately though the sharing of experience, through our mutual ability to discuss what is really going on with us. This drive to communicate, to understand each other's lives through honest discussion of our struggles with "chemical imbalances"—the ways we've been taught to believe that we were born wrong—has brought us closer to a tangible stability in a hostile world. I love the other freaks the most, all us overgrown fucked-up kids. I even love the way we hurt ourselves because this place is just too fuckin' much and the serotonin does what it wants. I think our sickness and our methods of coping with it are hot. That said, when we indulge in nihilistic self-destruction we fuck ourselves and not the institutions—yeah, man, the church, the state and the money that makes us hate!—that ruin our lives, and this doesn't really work long term.

And, of course, the solutions are always more difficult to conceive of than an analysis of what's wrong. We know we live in a community full of survivors of abuse and individuals who have endured substandard psychiatric "care." We know that we need to help each other cope and we know that the world sometimes makes us feel totally fucking desperate. We have lost too many people, in a variety of ways, because we didn't know how to get through this. This is not a simple issue, but I do know that the people around me who have managed it have built a support system with their friends based on taking care of each other, letting people know what's really going on, and understanding what they can ask for from whom.

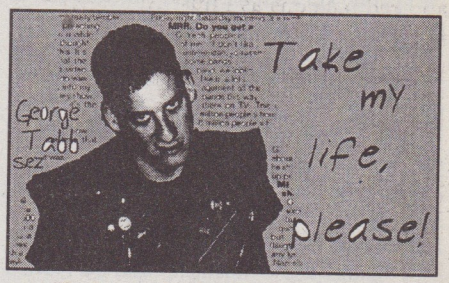
A lot of us have tried to give too much to our lovers and friends, so much that we don't remember to figure out what the hell is going on with us. This makes you feel resentful in the end; love has to be mutual to survive, otherwise it becomes corroded with bitterness. This ruins community just as much as silence. You have to give support back, or you are repeating the same cycles that lead to suffering and alienation in the first place. This doesn't mean you have to make a checklist of who's gotten your back on what occasion so much as you need to pay attention to when you are just drained too much by certain people, and why. Conversely, it is important to be honest with yourself about what you are really asking of your community—do you expect to be saved by people without taking care of yourself, too? This attentiveness will allow us to continue to support each other in a consistent way that we can live with.

I can't say that I have any exhaustive answers. But I am convinced that our ultimate goal is to foster hope in each other's lives, to accept the despair inside of us but to continue to view the world as a place worth sticking out. By maintaining a willingness to listen, and also, a dedication to real communication, we can avoid feeling like our depression is permanent, unavoidable, and irrefutable.

BONUS TRACKS:

1. Mia Zapata's killer was convicted of first-degree murder on March 25, 2004. There's information about the case on www.thegits.com.
2. For some information on natural ways of treating mental illness, check out *Prescriptions for Nutritional Healing*. Although alternative medicine may be helpful, I gotta say that they are *not* a substitute for meds, and you should never go off your meds without consulting a doctor. Some of those psych drugs are serious shit, they have very long half-lives and that means you need to wean yourself off of them or you could get seriously bummed out and even hurt yourself.
3. I wish I had the space to talk about the relationship between meds and suicide, but if you are on any of the SSRI's (AKA Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors) that are presently used to treat everything from bipolar disorder to PMS, such as Paxil, Prozac, or Zoloft, do some research on their side effects. There is some serious concern that there is a correlation between these drugs, particularly Paxil, and suicide, definitely in teenagers and possibly in adults. I have been on all three of these drugs at different points in my life. So if you wanna discuss how it feels to be a guinea pig, please feel free to write.
4. Check out the *Doris DIY Anti-Depression Guide* just for the hell of it.
5. Send me info on other punk resources on mental health!

Sources: http://www.drugintel.com/drugs/paxil.htm, http://www.qrd.org/qrd/www/youth/tremblay/otheryouth.html



"So," says this hot chick at The Emerald Lounge here in Phoenix, "of all the places you could have moved to in the world, why the Arizona desert?"

I look at her and her natural boobs, which are rare in these parts. "I dunno," I answer.

"I mean, you could have moved to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, or even better, Europe!" she exclaims.

As she speaks, I find myself starting to sweat from the heat. And it's only early March. I start to wonder myself why the fuck I moved here.

"George likes it here," says my pal, Brian, the bartender, "that's why he's here!"

"Oh yeah," I say to the girl in the jeans with the waistline two inches below her belly button.

"Well," she says, as she sips her Jack & Coke that she's nice enough to share with me, "what do you like about it?"

"Actually, I lost my Sheriff's badge," I mumble under my alcohol soaked breath.

"You're a cop?" she screams as she grabs her drink from my hands.

"While I'd like to tell you I am," I explain, sort of slurring my words, "cause they get to drive around real fast and carry guns, and the uniforms are almost better than the ones The Ramones used to wear, I'm not."

"Explain," says Ms. Belly-Button.

So I tell her. And the others, who gather around to listen, as well.

"A few years back I was on this plane....."

•

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the pilot of America West's doomed flight 2681 from Phoenix to Newark, "sorry to stop so abruptly."

"Abruptly" was an understatement. The plane's front end was already airborne, and when the brakes where slammed on, the only thing that kept me from splattering against the cockpit's window was my seat belt, and about forty people.

"Our control panel tells us that the engine is overheating," the pilot went on to explain as we taxied back to the gate. Everyone remained

calm. Everyone from Arizona, that is. All the blonde haired, blue eyed, shorts and sandal wearing people. Everyone else, meaning the normal people, were scared.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the pilot again as the plane rolled to an abrupt halt, "Please exit the cabin as quickly as possible."

The Blonde haired, blue eyed, shorts and sandal wearing people slowly got up and started to gather up their belongings. Like their backpacks, kid's strollers, and suitcases full of more shorts and sandals.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the pilot with a fairly calm voice, and then I knew something bad was going on. Pilots are never "fairly" calm. They are always totally calm. It's all the downers and booze they consume. If they are uptight, you know something is wrong. Like you're gonna crash, or a missile is gonna hit you over Long Island.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the harried pilot of doomed flight 2681, "Please leave your belongings and exit the cabin now. There seems to be a small fire in our engine."

I stood up quickly, and was suddenly bowled over by the fumes.

"Shit," I thought, "This is just like my dreams."

And it was. In my dreams I'm always trying to get out of some place quickly. And usually I have to lug all my stuff with me, like my amp, my guitar, my car, my computer, and my PlayStation, before something bad happens. And this was pre-9/11. But this time I only had my carry-on suitcase, Powerbook, and leather vest. And, oh yeah, Wendy.

People started pushing forward and panic hit most of the fourth Reich on board the plane. The others, were pretty shaken up too. I looked behind me and saw a long line of people waiting to exit. There was some screaming, and lots of swearing. Or cussing, as they call it out west. Outside the window to the plane's right, I could see smoke, and I thought I glimpsed the side of a fire truck.

"Cool," I thought, "just like an Irwin Allen disaster movie." Then I remembered that would make me like the star. The guy who is traveling to see his fiancee, or the guy who was gonna become a priest, but is tempted by the hooker, or the guy who joined the National Guard and goes postal, or the guy who is secretly a cop, or the guy who has a heart of gold that dies, but his dog is given to the kid who survives and everyone cries. One of those guys.

"Everyone remain calm," yelled the woman behind me. Shorts. Sandals Fake boobs. Figures.

I again looked at the line of people and realized that I had only milliseconds to decide whether to grab my computer and leather vest from under the seat and bolt, or leave them. Like in my dreams. As I looked into a blonde mother, and her child's face, the decision I was forced to make was clear. As fumes rushed up my nose, and panic swept the cabin, I knew what I had to do.

•

It really wasn't my idea to go to Arizona. It was July. It was hot. And the thought of one hundred and fifteen degree weather reminded me too much of my beloved state of Floriduh.

But I went anyway. Cause Wendy said I needed a vacation. I didn't think I needed one at the time, but looking back on it, it was probably a good idea. I judge this on the fact that one day, as my smoke alarm was going off from burning freshly made sourdough toast, I stood on a stool and went to cover the alarm with a Tower Records bag. As I was up there, on the stool, I wished there was a hook on the ceiling, and I wished I had a rope. It seemed so easy just to tie the damn thing around my neck and kick the stool away. Then I wouldn't have to hear the phone ring anymore. Or have to listen to my hunch-backed neighbor, Quasimodo, and her daughter, the anti-Christ. I wouldn't have to go outside and get bumped into by people who weren't looking where I was going, or have to pay my over-due bills. And most importantly, I wouldn't have to go out and buy a gun so I could walk into the Post Office and make those *slow* people move fucking faster. Actually, if I had the gun, I wouldn't need the hook and rope. Whatever.

So Phoenix it was.

We arrived on a particularly cool day. Only a hundred and eight. Not bad. As I left the airport, the heat hit me like a blast furnace. But it wasn't so bad. Really. Cause it was so fucking dry. When I started to sweat, it just dried up. Like that. I tried to spit, and before my gob of saliva hit the ground, poof! Evaporation. It was fucking amazing. Of course the dryness did have it's downsides. My hair turned to brillo and my contacts felt like Elvis commemorative plates in my eyes.

We wound up renting a car from Ugly Duckling rentals and staying at Wendy's mom's place, which was cool. We had our own room, and our own television with a built in VCR. The first night I turned on the thing, I was amazed by the amount of channels.

The next day, while taking my Ugly Duckling rental for a spin, a white Dodge Shadow convertible that was so dusty when we got it, that it took them almost an hour to clean, the rear view mirror fell off. I guess I got what I paid for. What I also paid for were windows that didn't go up and down, a cassette deck that ate tapes, a passenger seat that wouldn't slide backward, and pieces of the car literally falling in our laps. After a while, it became cool to see what part of the car would fall off next.

The first few days spent in Phoenix were mellow. I'd wake up at around eight-thirty in the morning, which was like eleven-thirty real people's time, have coffee, watch cable, do my eight minute abs and eight minute buns, and then get some sun. I'd last about twenty minutes out by the pool, and then I'd begin to feel my skin actually sizzle. When I could smell my flesh burning, I knew it was time to get inside.

My afternoons were spent shopping. At all sorts of cool places. Like Target. Cost Plus, and other huge discount stores. I purchased the coolest black stretch jeans from one of these places. And for only seventeen bucks. Of course they are women's pants, and when I tried them on in the dressing room, and walked out in front of the mirrors, everyone looked at me funny. Fuck them. Pussies. I'm a real man. Even if I do wear girlie pants.

The afternoons were also spent seeing movie matinees. Unlike New York, you can see a first run film for the price of a movie you'd see at the cheapie theater on 50th Street. So the preview channel, a car that melted in my hands, not in my mouth, Melanoma, and mostly lame movies were it. Until my old college pal, Aaron, called me on the Fourth of July and told me he was in the area, and we should hang out. Then things changed.

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On our way to Tombstone, Arizona, in Aaron's Jeep thing, we watched what he called "dust devils" tear up the desert on both sides of I-10. I call them tornadoes. They were these huge funnels of dust, going all the way to the sky. The base of some of these things was like twenty feet or more, and they made a sound like that of a passing train. Dust Devils my ass. Helen Hunt's shirt woulda flown off.

"You know why we are going to Tombstone?" asked my pal Aaron, with his deep California tan, and the Ramones playing on his really expensive car stereo.

"Um, to get out of Phoenix?" I answered as we passed an Ostrich farm surrounded by Dust Devils.

"Yes, and so I can get a Sheriff's badge," answered Aaron as the Dust Devils approached the farm and the big dumb birds started sticking their heads in the ground.

"A what?" I asked. What the fuck was he talking about.

"Last time I was in Arizona I went to Tombstone," explained Aaron, an old punk rocker and now electronics and computer whiz, "and I saw these badges that said 'Sheriff', and your name on it. I wanted to get one that said 'Sheriff Aaron', but I never did. I wanted to get one to put on my leather jacket. It would have looked so cool. But I was too cheap. So this is the reason I am in Arizona now. To get a 'Sheriff Aaron' badge."

It made total sense to me. In fact, it sounded so cool that I wanted one too. Sheriff George. Now that'd rule. I'd tell everyone to ride the hell out of town. Punk Rock.

One hundred and thirty Dust Devils, and about one million cactuses later, we arrived in Tombstone. It was a one road town. Well, maybe two, but I only saw one. Before even going to the cemetery , we hit the gift shops looking for the badges. We found them right away. On a rack that said "Lil' Sheriff Badges." We each got two. One that says "Sheriff" and our names, and another that says "Tombstone Marshall" and our names. I put mine on my black t-shirt right away. Aaron said he'd wait and put his on his jacket when he got back to California. Pussy.

About four o'clock we found ourselves wondering around the Tombstone Cemetery. It's called "Boothill Graveyard." Tombstone is the town where they had the battle of the Okay Corral. With Doc Holiday, and all them other cowboys. I know, because I saw it on Star Trek.

We saw lots of cool graves. Well, they weren't really graves. They were more like piles of rocks, with tombstones, or wooden crosses at the tip. Some of the tombstones were funny. Really funny. They said things like "here lays George Johnson, hanged by mistake, he was right, and we was wrong, hung by the neck, until he was gone." Also lots of the tombstones read "Murdered" or "Killed by Indians" or "Suicide." I like that one the best. "Suicide." If I lived out in the fucking desert in the 1890's, you bet I'd kill myself too. Especially, if people around me had names like "Red River Tom," "Kansas Kid" and "Chink Smiley." Chink was buried in the Chinese section. Next to Tong Kee, Sing Wan, and Quong Kee, who ran the Can Can Restaurant. Chinese food.

As I looked at Quong Kee's grave, I had to wonder about who ate at The Can Can. It was at that exact second that Aaron pointed out a sign with an arrow that said "Boothill Jewish Cemetery and Memorial This Way." Of course. Jews.

We went to the back of the graveyard and found the Jewish memorial. It was the nicest part of the cemetery. All fenced in with a gate that locked and everything. Inside the little area, there was a huge metal object that read "This site was built in 1985, put here by the Jews who made it out west, and their Indian friends." Or something like that. And there were rocks all over it, and a little stone bench you could sit on. I looked at all the rocks on top of the Jewish memorial thing. Basically a large tombstone, which explained why there were rocks on it. And one of the rocks looked exactly like a circumcised penis.

"Hey Aaron," I said, holding up the rock I picked off the pile, "this rock looks like a dick."

"Cool," said Aaron.

So I took it and put it in my pocket. Later that night I think I had dreams of guys with yamachas and tomahawks trying to scalp me, then sell the top of my head on Hester Street.

After the graveyard Aaron and I made our way to the "City" of Tombstone. The other street. It was set up like an old town from the Wild West. There were horses going up and down the street, guys dressed like cowboys, and girls dressed like prostitutes. Just like Phoenix. We walked around a bit, and the only cool thing I saw was a homeless cowboy. He was all dirty and stuff, and his gun looked like shit. He was holding out his hat asking for spare change. I gave him a buck. He smiled and I saw he had no teeth.

"Where do ya wanna go next?" asked Aaron as we got back in his Jeep, which was parked right across from the gallows. We could see the nooses and the platforms.

"Tucson?" I asked.

"Ever been to Bisbee?" he asked me.

"Yeah, right," I told him.

"No, Bisbee's cool," he said. Then he went on to explain that Bisbee was one of the first mining towns ever, and that it was in the middle of nowhere, and that it was nine miles from the Mexican border.

As we drove toward Bisbee, we saw lots of Border Patrol cars and desert. Lots of desert. Finally, after forty five miles of nothing, we hit Bisbee. And it was the coolest looking town I have ever seen.

The whole town faces this giant, well, rock. And the rock has mining holes in it, and you can still see some of the old mining carts. The town itself is built into, well, a large rock. Or several rocks. They are too small to be mountains, and too large to be hills. And they are complete stone. Rocks.

The houses just jet out of the stone, and the one main street in the town has all these little shops straight out of the 1890's or something. What a place.

"Hey, is there any punk rock here?" I ask some kid in a Misfits shirt and black pants who is skateboarding up and down the main street over and over.

He points to the large rock with the mining holes in it and says, "That's about the only punk rock we have here." I like this kid.

We get to talking some more and he gives us a brief history of the town, and the punk scene. He explains that the next town over and Bisbee should join together, like some of the city councilmen want, and become one town. I tell him I didn't see any towns nearby. He tells me that the town that should join them is only forty five miles away. Doh.

We talk some more and he tells us that they may re-open the mines, and that if they do, they'll have an influx of people, and therefore he can meet more chicks. I ask him how many people would come to the town, and he tells me at least three thousand. That's a lot of copper miner's daughters.

Aaron and I make our way into the center of town where they are holding their annual Fourth of July celebration. We see hundreds of people surrounding a small area, and wonder what the fuck is going on. There are cheers, and jeers, and lots of laughter. We figure a couple of cowboys are shooting it out, or something.

"Next up we got Bubba and Johnny Joe," explains the guy with the microphone, as he stands over two guys with shovels, a pile of rocks, and an empty mining cart.

"What's going on?" I ask the most normal person I see. Some guy in a Budweiser t-shirt, Nike Sneakers, and a gun in a holster on his hip.

"Rock shoveling contest," he says as he looks at my chest, and badge, "Sheriff George."

I kinda laugh. Politely.

"Ya know," says the guy with the Budweiser t-shirt's wife or girlfriend says, "I wouldn't wear that badge around here much. Someone might take you seriously and want your job."

"Ready, set, go!" exclaims the announcer, and Aaron and I watch Bubba and Johnny Joe, two really huge guys, shovel all these damn rocks into the cart. As they do, they grunt and groan, and the audience goes nuts. They cheer wildly and I start to get jealous. There is more reaction at a rock shoveling contest than at a Furious George show. Maybe I'm in the wrong business.

Bubba and Johnny Joe fill the cart in under one minute, and that places them in a close second to a couple of other guys. We watch the next guys start, then get bored, and leave. We find a bar called "The Grand" and go in for a couple of drinks.

"What'll it be, gentlemen?" says the bartender.

"I'll have a beer," says Aaron.

"And you, Sheriff George," asks the overly large bartender with arms that are the size of my thighs.

"I'll have a pussy drink," I say to him. That's what I say when I'm at The Mars Bar back in New York City.

"Anything you drink is gonna be a pussy drink," says the guy. I agree with him, of course, who am I to argue with a guy who could kill me, even without the guns on his hips.

"Malibu and Cranberry," I say.

The guy laughs and pours us our drinks.

•

Later that night we find ourselves in Tucson. It's the Fourth of July, and after watching the fireworks from our motel, we make our way into town to look for some action. We drive along the main drag where all the college students hang out. Called "University Avenue," of course. All the girls are wearing tight little dresses, all have blonde hair, and all are like beautiful. All the guys they are with are wearing shorts, sandals, and look like weight lifters. We consider the odds of keeping our faces intact, and head out toward that part of town where all the car dealerships and tittie bars are.

"Welcome to Tens," says the blonde woman standing next to a bouncer guy at the first tittie bar we hit, "the cover is five dollars, and you automatically become a member, and get a card that gets you into our other fine establishments for free."

Aaron pays our way in, and we get neat little cards with a girl's ass on it. I put it in my pocket, and save it for the bathroom for later.

"Hey handsome," says some blonde haired, big boobed girl to me as we walk in, "wanna buy the shirt off my back?"

I look at her shirt, and it is an ad for the "Fourth Of July Extravaganza" taking place at Tens. I look around. Maybe thirty other guys. And twenty strippers. Big extravaganza.

"No thanks," I say. She looks disappointed.

We find seats, order beers, and watch a parade of breast enlargements light up the stage. Great jobs. No scars, and more bounce to the ounce. Some of the girls wear American Flag bikinis for the holiday.

As Aaron and I watch these girls do their thing, we start to get bored. All the breasts and blonde hair begin to look the same. Also we get tired of them pushing drinks on us, and sitting on our laps. It's hard to say no to another beer when a large booby is looking you right in the face.

After leaving Tens, we cruise up and down the car dealership road, looking for more action. We see lots of tittie bars, but decide we are tired of that. Then we see a place with a sign that says, "Theater." Just that. "Theater."

"That's the place," I yell at Aaron. He slams his brakes on in the middle of traffic and asks me what the hell I am talking about.

"That place that says "theater," I drool and spit, "that's the place we have to go."

"Say it," remarks Aaron, "Don't spray it."

We park in front of the place with the sign that says "Theater," and walk inside. It is an adult book store. Woo-hoo! We walk around a bit and look at all the porno tapes. Then we hear music coming from the back.

"What's back there?" I ask the guy selling smut next to the cash register.

"That's an all nude revue," he tells me, "It's seven bucks to get in, and a one drink minimum."

"Aaron," I say, "we must go back there."

He rolls his eyes, coughs up the dough, and we make our way to the back of the place.

Behind stacks and stacks of porno magazines, some featuring animals, we find a big bouncer guy blocking a door.

"Can we come in," I ask, handing the guy the two tickets.

"Hands up over your head, turn around slowly," replies the guy.

We do as we are told. As we spin around, the guy pats us down.

"What are you looking for? I ask.

"Guns," is his reply.

"Oh."

We enter a room that's about thirty feet by thirty feet. There are two stages with chairs around them, and naked girls on each stage. In the chairs are a bunch of excited guys. Some are cowboys. Some are college students. All are screaming and yelling, "Yeah, Woo, well all right," just like the singer of the Dwarves.

"Would you like a drink?" asks a girl with large breasts, and nothing covering them.

"A couple of beers," Aaron answers.

She tells us that since this is a totally nude club, they can't serve alcohol, but they can let in eighteen year olds. And that is about the age of the girls who are dancing. I can smell them. That eighteen year old smell. We order two diet cokes, and watch a blonde gyrate in front of us. She smiles as she puts her vagina two inches from my nose, then Aaron's. Nice view.

The next girl comes out and starts dancing to Metallica. It seems that Metallica must be the stripper girl's favorite music. At Tens, that's all they played. Anyway, the next girl is also blonde, and has a tattoo of the sun around her belly button. She can't be a day over eighteen, and also gyrates right in front of us. Then she leans down and begins to whisper in my ear.

"Are you the Sheriff of this town?" she says as I feel her warm breath rush against my neck.

"Um, err, umm," I reply.

"Are you into playing cops and robbers? Would you like to tie me up, or put me in handcuffs and have your way with me?" she moans.

"Actually, " I reply, "I just got back from Tombstone and purchased this tin star, and another. My friend Aaron got one too. We are gonna put them on our leather jackets. Isn't that cool?"

"Dork," she purrs in my ear, then dances away.

Women.

The next girl that comes out is so beautiful I cough up a buck, and put it out for her as a tip. She snatches it with her big leather boots, and gives me a full look at her insides. I think I see her tonsils. Then I look up at her boobs, and beyond. I look at the ceiling. There are holes in it. Lots of them.

I excuse myself from Aaron, and Elsa, She-Wolf of the SS, and walk over to the big bouncer guy who let us in.

"Why are there holes in the ceiling?" I ask, knowing the answer.

"Well," says the big guy, with a slightly feminine voice, "sometimes the guys around here get excited," I hear lots of "woo-hoos and "whoa yeahs" behind me, "like now," he continues, "and they like to shoot their guns up in the air. We almost lost a girl that way. Bullet grazed her tit. Damn near took off her head."

"Punk Rock," I reply.

"Yeah," he says, "now we make everyone check their guns in at the front desk."

"Good idea," I tell him.

I make my way back over to Aaron, who has a brunette vagina attached to a blonde girl, hovering over him.

"Ready to go?" he asks. I can tell he really wants to leave. I take one more look the brunette vagina before we leave.

The next day Aaron and I drive back to Phoenix. When we arrive, we decide that I should buy a gun. Or try. For some reason, just the thought of handling one gives me a hard-on.

We find a pawn shop with a bunch of them. That's not hard to do. Every other store in Phoenix sells guns. Even fucking Walmart. But Walmart won't sell Nirvana albums with the words "Rape Me" on them. Smart place. Wouldn't wanna hurt the kids.

"I'd like to see the Luger," I tell the guy behind the desk, as I point to a large gun with a big handle, and a nice long steel neck.

"The Luger?" he asks.

I tell him that is the one. I liked the Walther PPK, the James Bond gun, and the semi-automatic Terminator gun, and even the cowboy six-shooter, but the Nazi gun really turned me on.

"That is one fine gun, Sheriff George, " the guy tells me, "It holds a shit load of rounds and really does the trick."

"Hey," I say to him, I think half seriously, "if I were to buy this gun, how long would it take for me to take it home. What with the revisions to the Brady bill and stuff."

"Oh," he says, then thinks a bit, "about twenty minutes. If your name clears." Twenty minutes. I didn't know if I could wait that long.

"Can I touch it?" I say, pointing to the gun. I really wanna feel the hard steel thing in my hand. Caress the handle. Stroke the chamber.

"Sure can, Sheriff George," says the guy, "Just let me see some Arizona I.D., and that gun can be yours."

Doh.

"I'm from New York City," I tell the guy, "I don't have an Arizona I.D."

Suddenly the guys face goes from happy death dealer to nasty salesman.

"If you don't have a valid I.D. from Arizona, you can't touch the guns. Sorry." Then he walks away.

I feel like I'm about to cry. The Luger was so handsome and pretty and cool. And all I wanted to do was touch it.

Aaron and I went to a few more gun stores, but it was the same thing. No I.D., no gun. I hate being carded.

•

A few days later, in Phoenix, after Aaron left back for California, Wendy and I are driving around in my Ugly Duckling Rent-a-Crap. It's night, so we have the roof down, and are enjoying the cool ninety-five degree breezes blowing through our hair. We are listening to a talk radio show at 620 am, just about the best station ever.

"Tonight's topic is the lights over Phoenix," says the DJ, and Wendy and I listen. We are not that far from Roswell, and everyone in Phoenix talks about UFO's. It seems that everyone has seen them. Except us. The caller on the radio has seen a good one.

"It was huge," explains the guy on the phone on the radio, "I couldn't tell how huge, because it was up in the air, but I would say it was maybe the size of a football field."

"Where was this UFO?" asks the DJ

"Oh, I done seen it over by Baseline and 24th. It was big. As I looked at it, it had lights blinking all over it, and I thought it was amazing."

"What did you do?" asks the DJ

"Well, there was a bunch of women on the corner, and they was watching it too. It just hovered there. So I walked back toward my pick-up to get may camera."

"Uh-huh," says the bored DJ Obviously he's heard this a lot.

"And when I got to my truck, I turned around, and the damn thing just flew away. Like real fast. Zoom. It was gone."

"Well that seems to be what they generally do in most cases," explains the DJ

"Yeah, I suppose so," says the guy, "But ya know what?"

"What?" says the DJ, Wendy, and I.

"Ya know, I wish I had had my gun with me."

"Why's that?" asks the DJ

"Cause then I would have shot it. You know? Just shot it to see what it would have done."

The DJ tells the guy that probably wouldn't be such a good idea, and could be dangerous, or the aliens could be friendly.

"Ya know, maybe they all ain't like ET" says the guy on the phone. Then he's hung up on.

*

Eventually our trip to Arizona comes to an end, after staying like an extra half a week, and we go to the airport in Wendy's mom's car. A Mazda Miata. A circus clown car. The thing is so small I can feel it every time we run over a pebble. I hurt my back getting in and out of the thing from having to bend down so low. I tell Wendy I like my Ugly Duckling better.

We get to gate B-4, and wait for our flight, 2681, to board. We are eventually told that the plane we are supposed to board isn't working right, so we should move to gate B-12. We do so, and an hour later, we board a different plane.

Just as we are taking off, the pilot hits the brakes, and if we hadn't been wearing our seat belts, we'd have been splattered like a frog against a baseball bat.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," says the pilot of doomed flight 2681, "sorry to stop so abruptly."

Then he goes on to tell us that the indicator light on his console tells him the engine is overheated. As we taxi back to the gate, he tells us that the engine is on fire, and to leave our stuff, and get off the plane as quick as possible. The fumes from the fire tell me the same exact thing.

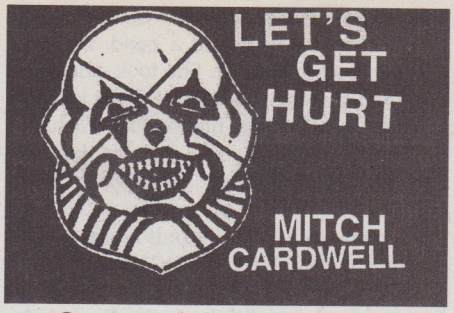
So there I am, people screaming, trying to get off the plane as quick as possible, and I'm wondering if I should grab my leather vest with my "Sheriff George" badge on it, and my Powerbook. It might take up a few extra milliseconds that could cost someone their life.

I look behind me into the face of a baby, and it's mother. She's wearing sandals, and I know what I have to do. I grab my vest and computer, and then leave. I take the extra time, and risk their lives, but it's worth it. Just like Aaron, I don't know when the next time I'm gonna be in Tombstone is. And that Sheriff badge sure is cool.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Got some great CDs this month including ones from The Neurotic Swingers outta France, Meatwhistle's *Genital Accident* from Phoneix, and ones from The HatePinks, Kevin K & The Real Kool Kats, Jerry Spider Gang, and lots more. Also got a cool mini-fanzine thing from a great writer named Tim. It's called *The Fellowship Of Tim*. Duh. email him at cockmastervirgil@yahoo.com and tell him I sent ya. His stuff is excellent.
2. *Playing Right Field, A Jew Grows in Greenwich* by yours truly is out now. Please go out and get it as my Yorkshire Terrier wants a new black leather collar with spikes.
3. www.georgetabb.com.



Greeting assholes. I've skimmed things down to what I'd like to call "moderately essential" this month, which means there isn't a stinker in the bunch. I'm gonna start with what has to be the strongest batch of bootlegs and reissues we've had in months. Enjoy!

I went into this whole column business expecting to be buried underneath a pile of *Killed By Death* comps. What happens? Not a single fucking volume is released in the 18 months I've been doing this shit! Just as I was about to call it quits, some shattered soul decided to resurrect the madness. Blame the person responsible for *Killed By Death #50* and *#51*, the latest entries in the most infamous compilation series in the history of punk rock (besides *Sing Along With Mitch*, of course). These new volumes are comprised entirely of Swedish unknowns from "The Compable Era" (1977-1983) and boast a ton of bands that are totally new to me. I'd love to be the guy that makes you feel stupid for not already knowing about ZEPPO AND THE ZEPP-ZEPPS, ARSENIK, or DESPERATE LIVIN', but I'm not...yet. A quick bit of research will show that the overlap from previous comps is incredibly low, so these are sure to turn the heads of scum across the world. The sick need their medicine! My guess is they are already gone. Hopefully you can score one, as there really is some worthwhile stuff here.

One of my favorite bands from the *Killed By Death* clan would have to be THE KIDS from Belgium. I was pretty excited to see a boot reissue of their 3rd LP, *Living In the 20th Century*, pop up on some distro lists last month. I ordered a copy of the CD-only excavation because I *needed* to have the original versions of "Do You Wanna Know" and "Dance The Night Away," having grown tired of only hearing Japanese bands cover these songs. At least the cover versions I have don't skip! This boot is a horrible vinyl-to-CD transfer, complete with pops and skips throughout. Even a record this thrashed would've been better! Hardcore fans of their first two albums will notice a big move towards power-pop (which continued, with even less power, on their 4th LP, *Black-Out*), but this album is still great. This is definitely a 'buyer beware" situation, but if you really wanna know...

Fans of *Hate Your Neighbours* and New Zealand punk in general will want to check out the new releases on Raw Power Records. The first is a mammoth 2xLP compilation entitled *Move To Riot*, featuring absolute killers like PROUD SCUM, DUM DUM BOYS and SCAVENGERS. As great as the comp is, Raw Power's true treat might be the 7"EP (featuring unreleased material) by SUBURBAN REPTILES! As with most stuff of this nature, act quickly and be prepared to pay.

Few boot singles impressed me as much as the Dangerhouse Records replicas from a couple years back. Although I believe we're dealing with a different culprit this time, we return to well-done boot land with THE ALLEYCATS' Dangerhouse single, "Nothing Means Nothing Anymore" b/w "Give Me A Little Pain" 45. This edition features both picture sleeves from the original issue and sound taken directly from the master tapes. Sold yet? If only all of them were this good. If *someone* boots the BLACK RANDY singles, please tell me in advance. You will be compensated.

Moving on to newer material, Chicago's TYRADES have returned with a follow-up to their much-praised debut LP. Did you see MRR's "Best of 2003" special? They were all over it! The *I Am Homicide* 7"EP, released on Shit Sandwich, proves that they have plenty left to shout about. At the time of this column's drafting, the single has only been out a week and the colored copies are already been sold out! Maybe I should've mentioned it sooner? Who am I kidding...I missed it too!

The air of ridiculousness surrounding the vinyl release of *Ready To Go*, the final part of THE LEG HOUNDS' "Bulge Trilogy", is exactly the sort of news item I eat up. Alien Snatch Records committed to releasing the LP on vinyl, but various pressing problems and poor sound had the label thinking that the project was doomed. Not wanting to back out on it all together, Alien Snatch barfed up around 350 copies of the thing, screened some sleeves and released it guerilla style, warts and all! So if pressing oddities and tiny pressings get your mouth watering, you know where to look this month. Moreover, *Ready To Go* features some of the finest DEVIL DOGS worship ever, so it's not exactly a novelty release (although it's pretty close).

Johnny Cat Records has finally released the debut album from DEADLY WEAPONS! *Get Right In There* picks up right where the singles left off, featuring 13 short, tough and snotty tunes. Bonus points for a great, highly punked-up PLEASURE SEEKERS cover.

NIGHT TERRORS are a Wisconsin super-group of sorts, featuring members of SAGGER and THE MISTREATERS. I suppose it helps to have a KILL-A-WATTS member twisting the knobs too. They come of as a perfect mix of Sagger's punk damage and The Mistreaters' swampy blues-punk. Their debut 45 is out now on Goodbye Boozy, which means you should act quickly.

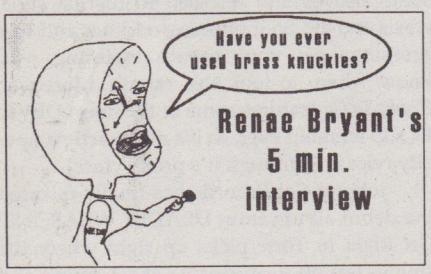
Big Black Hole Records is a new label out of Madrid. They've just released their

first two 7"EPs by DIXIE BUZZARDS (members of BLACKS and LOCOMOTIONS and STACK O'LEES (another SCAT RAG BOOSTERS side-project). May take a while for them to trickle over here, but I'm anxious to snatch them up.

Meet THE KRUNCHIES! Weren't there like 9 mediocre pop-punk bands with some variation of this name around 7 or so years ago? Pay that no mind. Immediately reminiscent of various Rip Off Records boy/girl combos, The Krunchies' *Interrobang* 7"EP features 6 burners, cooked up in a trash can and served to you on a steaming vinyl platter. Tip your waiters at Criminal IQ Records!

Speaking of trash, virtually everyone is up in arms about THE REAL LOSERS, and for good reason. This UK lot sniffs the same glue made famous by bands like SUPERCHARGER and TEENGENERATE, with a production value comparable to their greatest/worst moments. The latest example of their genius is the *Go Nutzoid!* 7"EP on Wrench Records. They are apparently touring the states on their way to *Horizontal Action's* "Chicago Blackout". If I can find enough drugs to sedate me for a trip to Chicago, I'll hopefully lose some IQ points watching them play. Maybe I'll pose nude too!

Assuming you care, expect a rundown of the new Solid Sex Lovie Doll releases and another new Japanese punk special in some upcoming columns. I'm donating blood to finance these international orders, so it may take a while. If you can't wait, I suggest visiting www.terminal-boredom.com, a new webzine from some of old *Blank Generation* folks, myself (unfortunately) included. I don't think you need one of those porn ID password things to access the site, but don't quote me. We are selling Oxycontin and Viagra though... <<Mitch Cardwell>> P.O. Box 23882, Oakland, CA 94623 U.S.A. <<letsgethurt@yahoo.com>>



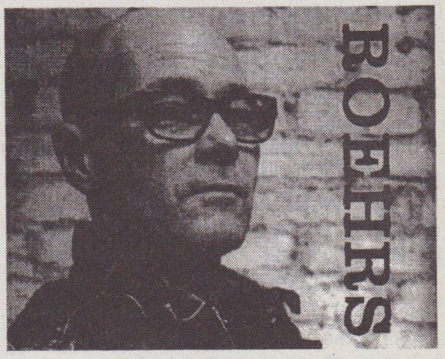
Saturday I hosted Alicia's bachelorette party. Alicia was the first person in my honors' classes in junior high to talk to me. I was new. I was thirteen and had just bought the U2 *War* album and had to write it on my book cover. (I know this ages me, but that's OK. I already admitted some time ago that my first punk show was 7 Seconds, Uniform Choice, and White Flag at some park in Riverside. That tells you something right there.) Anyway, U2 was her favorite band, and because of them we became friends, and then best friends. It was with her that I decided that I wanted to sing for a band. She was going to be a drummer. She took drum lessons, and I took guitar lessons. Then we took the same AP classes in high school. We had a propensity for getting lost. For my sixteenth birthday we were going to go see Gang Green at Fender's Ballroom. We got lost and had to come home so I could make it home in time for my curfew, which was at 11pm. She took me to my first punk shows—or I should say, her mom and dad did. I saw the Circle Jerks and Mad Parade in 1985 with Alicia. Alicia's mom was the only reason I ever got out of Norco as a teen. When I ran away from home, I ran to Alicia's house (the sheriff pulled me out of my business law class the next day...I was such a nerdy punk I couldn't miss school). Her mom took me to both a Billy Graham crusade and the musical *Hair*. It was Alicia who started *On the Rag* zine with me. It was Alicia who went to Berkeley with my first real band, He's Dead Jim, when we played with Tilt and AFI at 924 Gilman in 1994. Alicia rules. She went to UC Berkeley and got a degree in journalism. She has two children now. They are gorgeous, mixed Mexican, Irish, and African-American. She's marrying an awesome guy named Joey. I wanted to make sure she had a memorable bachelorette party.

I bought a book of games. We played four. You know the ones: unscramble the words that spell slang terms for a penis, in three minutes carve a cucumber into a penis, a jumping-windup penis race, and my favorite...the most embarrassing sexual experience you ever had. The last game was one which Alicia had to guess who the experience belonged to. I knew she'd know mine because when it happened we were still publishing *On the Rag* together. She started laughing immediately. She knew it was me. The other women had the breast milk incident, forgetting about the tampon, breaking the stairs, and squirting piss in someone's face. Mine stood alone as the most embarrassing moment.

This, my dear reader, is my most embarrassing sexual experience: I was 24 and dating this heavily pierced guy. He had an amphline (I'm not sure how to spell this word) piercing through the head of his cock. A Prince Albert is a vertical piercing and an amphline is a horizontal piercing. Well, I thought I was so super Linda Lovelace. I went down on his cock and deep-throated it. Unfortunately, when I tried to remove myself, I found that the piercing was lodged in my throat. I immediately had visions of paramedics wheeling me, with my head stuck on this guy's dick, into a hospital. I was horrified. So I did what any self-respecting woman would do. I stuck my finger down my throat and pried that piercing, along with his dick, out. I sat back stunned and finally asked the guy why he didn't warn me. He just replied that no one had ever tried that before. Several years later it is still not only my most embarrassing sexual experience, but also one of the funniest stories to tell.

Alicia's party ended as all good bachelorette parties should end, with the soon to be bride puking in front of her house. It was a ritualistic, but fun evening.

By the time this column is published I will be on tour. Come and see All or Nothing HC when we come to your neighborhood. The new record will be out too. I'm really proud of it musically and lyrically. When you hear it, you'll know why. Check out www.ontherag.net for more information on aonhc, or write PO box 251, Norco, CA 92860-0251. Send all constructive criticism to webmistress@ontherag.net. Just so you know...not all my columns are serious. Some are ridiculous like this one. For those who are not familiar with my column: I have written for *MRR* since 1995. I teach fifth grade (structured English Emersion) at a year-round school and have a MA in Educational Administration. I am an activist/feminist/humanist (if that means anything). I serve on the board of directors for CCAEJ. I sing for All or Nothing HC and do On the Rag Records. I think about publishing another issue of *On the Rag* zine (established 1994) often. I contribute writings to a few different zines/magazines. I am a retired dominatrix (having spent my early 20s as a substitute teacher, dominatrix, singer of He's Dead Jim, and zinester of *On the Rag*). Punk rock changed my life, helped to empower me with a DIY ethic, and has introduced me to the most interesting people and ideas. For those reasons, the belief I have in the potential of punk rock and my love for the music, I stick around the scene.



HATE GENERATOR

TKO Records has a great CD out for you punks and skins! The CD is called *Hate Generator* from ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS. This CD contains material recorded between December 1999 and April 2002 with Chet Knight (guitars, vocals), Stuart S.O.B. (bass), and Warren Bailey (guitar) supplying the core membership. This popular Atlanta, Georgia punk band blazed through the southeast and beyond from 1997 to 2002. Now Mr. Knight has a new punk band called simply APA. The materi-

al on this *Hate Generator* CD documents just how powerful ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS were. There are punk hits galore on this CD! You get "Tomorrow's Empire" and "Kill or Incarcerate", live from Georgia State University in April 2002. Read the words to "Kill or Incarcerate": "So you preside with an open mind/ But I know you don't like my kind/ Yeah, you hate the fucking living sight of me / I'm a hate generator, let's go/ You better kill or incarcerate I know/ You look down on me/ You think I'm gonna do nothing/ You think I'll run, but you got it wrong/ The badge says that you run this town/ But don't talk so big when your gang's not around/ When there ain't no crew, no it's just you and me/ You wanna throw your hate on me/ I'll show how ugly the world can be/ A side of life that you never see". Great punk rock!!.

ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS plow through "Fire Another Round", "This Is Your Law", and arrive at "We Don't Pose" – an excellent song! Next you get "White Flag" and "Skunx". Now you're ready for "All He Ever Wanted"- here are the words to this song: "Just home from the frontiers/ Three years since he went away/ Back home to this family/ Back home in the USA/ No parades, no proclamations/ He walks through the crowd alone/ A broken bottle to his head/ Yeah, thanks and welcome home/ All he ever wanted is a place to call his own/ With the fate of a nation/ On the ranks of the working poor/ He's just another hero/ From the fields and the factory floors/ He fights for everyday/ And the future that waits at home/ He prays for safe deliverance/ To the land he calls his own/ So here we come America/ To claim what they are owed/ For our generation to/ Fulfill what they were told/ It's not reparations/ It's the right of sacrifice/ A little honor and respect/ For the ones who paid your price/ It's all he ever wanted". Very powerful lyrics!!

Next up you get "For Adolf's Only"—first rate punk rock !! Chet and the boys finish you off with two live cuts from the Masquerade in Atlanta; "March of the Piss Artists' and "Abrasive Punk". Very good!

TKO has a great compilation of eighteen non-LP tracks by New Jersey's famous Oi! band, THE WRETCHED ONES. The *Less is More* CD has some high quality tunes, many of which you probably know from singles or live shows. Check out these rocking skinhead songs:" Nice Guys Finish Last"; "Killing for Fame"; "America's Most Wanted";"Cell Block 66"; "The End"; "Life for a Life"; "Hey Old Man"; "Wretched Girl"; "Choke"; "Legal Violations"; "Brag Brag"; "Destination"; "Don't Need No Love";and "Why Do You Lie?". Give this great collection a spin!!

TKO Records also has a nice package containing two SMOGTOWN seven inch Eps. This SMOGTOWN *All Wiped Out* double-pack has material recorded from 6/8/02 to 2/7/03. This band not only rocks, but they write cutting lyrics. Included are "You'll Be Observed"; "Bourgeois Bohemian"; "I Don't Know"; "Enough with the Psychosis"; "Bobby Brickface"; and "You'll Be Disturbed", among others – excellent.

Last up this month from TKO is *Punch Drunk V*. Check out this unsavory bunch of humans and the songs they play:" THE STITCHES "Better Looks (When You Were Dead)"; ADOLF & THE PISS ARTISTS "This is Your Law"; TERMINUS CITY "Here We Go Again"; TOMMY & THE TERRORS "On The Run"; REDUCERS SF "Joke's On Me"; THE WRETCHED ONES"Nice Guys Finish Last"; ANTiSEEN "I Just Want to Have Something To Do"; LIMECELL "Rage"; BONECRUSHER "The Good Life"; and THE BUTCHERS "Hard Lovin' Woman"; Good shit! Write to TKO Records, 3126 W. Cary St., #303, Richmond, VA 23221; www.tkorecords.com.

Sonoma's Radio Records in collaboration with Ben Coleman has put out a top notch CD by THE MUGGERS. The new self-titled CD is a showcase for Ben's fine singing and songwriting. The punk rock starts with "Turn-Coat-Kid" and then THE MUGGERS leap right into "Standing Back". Contemplate this: "Standing back after your attack / And you wonder "What have I done" / A man's sitting there dead cuz of something you said / Don't know where you're anger came from / Is the judge gonna care bout your childhood / Is he gonna take pity on you? / No you'll be rotting in jail cuz the system has failed / Wonder "What can I do?" / No you don't take any shit from any one / Five feet tall but you're a giant with your gun / Scratch and you pace like a rat in a cage / But no one hears you scream / Locked away in some cold dank place / This must be a bad dream / Could be sitting at home like a king on his throne / Nursing a black eye / Good times are gone, life goes on / And you're a real tough guy". That is a very intelligent song!

Next Ben, John ,Scott, and Johnny rip through "Wrong Side"-a great tune-; "Gonna Make You"; "Raise Your Fist"; "American"; "Harley's Song"; "Not High Anymore"; "Rock and Roll"; and finally "Tax Revolution". This is first rate Sonoma style punk rock! Read the timely lyrics to "American": "There's a war in the desert, we're fighting the sand/ Now Johnny's got to go / Can't say that I can feel his pain / Can't say what I don't know / Bodies in the desert clashing in the night / Young men die for what they know is right / Keep the fire burning cuz the end is in sight / And I'm an American / Freedom is why I fight / Don't know what is wrong or right / Tell me that I have the right / Cause I'm an American / Well I'm just 18, ain't even lived yet / I wanna get a job / I'm a disabled vet, can't do it if I ain't done it yet / And I'm an American". Those are frightening lyrics for these disturbing times. Order your CD from Radio Records, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476.

KNIFE FIGHT has a great EP out on My War Records the *Burning Bridges* EP has gruff singing and full-hammer guitar bass and drum. KNIFE FIGHT pound on your head right away with "Burning Bridges Part One". This great rough rock and roll has the same conviction as Canada's FUCKED UP. KNIFE FIGHT crash through "Nothing Left" to finish up side one. Great!

Side two is more violent yet! "Destruction" screams into your skull showing no mercy. The last song is "Burning Bridges Part Two" and this shit kicks ass! Read the words to " "Burning Bridges Part Two."

"You're all fucking useless / You serve no purpose here / My only reassurance is that / You'll all be gone next year / Spewing empty lyrics / From mediocre bands / You mean about as much to me / As those X's on your hands / Burning the bridge... / There's nothing you can do / Burning the bridge... / We will outlast all of you / Run your mouth incessantly / That's all you ever do / You don't know shit about anything / Go get a fucking clue / So go ahead, keep up the talk / Your opinions don't mean shit / You're not fooling anyone / Here one day, gone the next". Very good!!

Gav from the BLOODY MUTANTS has started a new band with Nick and Andy from THE GOOD LADS This new group of Irish punks is called THE BACKHANDERS and the new CD is called *Drinking the Profits*. This is accomplished street punk with Oi! flavour and rough hewn vocals. The BACKHANDERS start off with a bang with "Good Thing". Read the words to this optimistic song "If you feel like a good thing / Do what you want to do / Don't listen to the others, no matter what they say to you / Have a few drinks and make the most / Raise your glass and raise a toast / Cause it won't be long 'til you're six feet under too / Give it a shot, you know you can do it / Life's too short to wear a frown / You'll get some stick and you know it / But you can't keep a good thing down".

Song number two is about a drunk owning a brewery—surrounded by his friends—there's never a closing time. But, they are "Drinking the Profits". Song number three is about the way times change and some people do not. Read "Trapped (In the

80s)': "Things move on as they always do / It seems like time stood still for you / Ronnie's gone, Maggie's gone, Gorby's gone too / The papers told me, did they not tell you? / Time's been marching on / But you never moved along / That's 20 years ago / It's been a long time since the Berlin Wall / Brought a tide of change as the bricks did fall / You've got to take the chance / On living your life in the present tense". A very good song!

Next up the BACKHANDERS slash through "That's What They Told Me", and then finish with "The Last Supper" – excellent!

If you are a fan of well-crafted UK Oi! and punk, you will be impressed with these journeyman Irish punks! The *Drinking The Profits* CD is five dollars, post paid. Contact the BACKHANDERS, c/o Gav Beattie, 71 Seaview Ave, East Wall, Dublin 3 Ireland; email: back_handers@yahoo.co.uk.

FUCKED UP has a storming new seven-inch for you punks! *Litany* continues the fine punk rock that FUCKED UP created with "Police"; "Circling the Drain" and others. The New Test Pattern record contains "Litany"; "What Could Have Been"; "Colour Removal" and "Reset the Ride". FUCKED UP play great churning guitar punk with gruff vocals and amazing lyrics! Get your new FUCKED UP *Litany* EP from Test Pattern Records, 74 Irving St., #2, New Haven, CT 06551.

HAMMER from Japan has new product for you called *More Hammer* on Ugly Pop Records. HAMMER had an excellent EP out last year on Deranged Records called *Hammer Raw Tracks 2000* – those were demos from four years ago. The *More Hammer* EP continues the mayhem. This unrelenting hardcore crew screams their way through four numbers. The last of which has an English title as well as a Japanese one. It's called "No Way Out" – very good shit! Contact HAMMER at www.interg.or.jp/great/hammer. Contact Ugly Pop Hardcore Vinyl at www.ugly-pop.com.

Noma Beach records has a new LP for you skins and punks! The single *Red, White and Boots* by Oil! was so well received last year that Noma Beach has decided to release the rest of the recording session as an LP called *The Glory of Honour*. This record is good fun from the minute the needle touches down! This is good street punk with a sense of humor and a touch of the BODIES or THE MUGGERS thrown in. Look at this partial list of songs: "Red, White and Boots"; "Clockwork Violence"; "Shave for Battle"; "Crucified Hammerskin"; "77 Clockwork Boot Justice"; "On the Streets"; "Proud of My Pride"; "Fuck You"; "Oil! Theme Song"; and "Under the Boot", by OXBLOOD. Good shit! Get your LP today ! Write Noma Beach Records, PO Box 735, Sonoma, CA 95476; www.nomabeach.com.

Until next month.-
See you at the bar

As for Spring and the death it brings, maybe they've got it all wrong in the myth of Demeter. The darkness of winter brings a chance for reflection, recuperation, hibernation and change. It is only when the ice melts away, when the ground is muddy and sprouts spring that the pain of life and death are felt. That motion that takes place leads to action. That promise of relief thought to come with sunshine disappoints; it is in Spring that the suicides begin.

And with the news coming out that anti-depressants are linked with increased suicidality, I am led to wonder if it's not better to just make peace with our pain, or in the case of heroin addiction, to stay strung out if the relief it brings us enables us to sustain, however mind-numbingly. I don't know. The jury is out. (Clearly being strung out is no fun either and not a sustainable way to live). I just know that March 11th, 1998 & 1999, two folks died of an overdose (Thad and Argile, respectively), and here in 2004 a beautiful young woman, two years "clean and sober" stepped in front of a train despite having changed her life for all that objective assessments would describe as better. It wasn't enough. Just like my friend Dante three years ago. But it was his death, and my subsequent freakout—plus some healthy doses of the warm Pacific Ocean and a Diego Rivera painting of a scene at El Xocalo in Mexico city with La Calavera in the middle of it all cackling, "You *putas* and politicians, intellectuals and artistes, you think you are so clever now but in the end you will all look like me: (dead)"—that made me finally get it.

I was swimming in the ocean in Chacahua, Mexico, when it came to me in a vision. I just heard a quiet voice say, "It is okay that Dante died." Just like my Chicana friend Monica said when I got the initial phone call. "Death is a part of life, Rachel." Yes, but *Dante* is dead, I argued. He was so young (only 21). Had so much going for him. Had gone through so much. Kicked his addiction, played in a rock band. Had the guitars, the computers, the things he wanted. But it wasn't enough (and that it not to say that materialism ever is). He was still miserable with manic depression. He still had to call on friends every night at three in the morning just to make it through to the next day without losing it. He tried and went away for a break and came back having made his decision. And as someone that cared about him deeply, I would never take that away from him. He made his choice. The pain was just too overwhelming so he executed his plan, just as he told us he would years before: two grams of heroin, one in each arm, and he was dead.

And so I am led to wonder if the work I do in overdose prevention isn't somehow tampering with fate. Perhaps it is. And yet, I cannot help believing that it is still worthwhile to keep people alive, not even "long enough to change," as I tell hardliners who would rather see junkies dead, but just so that when people go it can be either with time and old age, as is natural and to be expected, or by choice, but not by accident.

Not because they fear eviction and judgment so use alone, behind closed doors, and then are discovered three days later by the stink. Not because someone witnesses them overdose and doesn't know what to do or employs ineffective remedies based on street myths (shoot them up with milk, saltwater; put ice down their pants; throw them in a cold shower.) Not because someone wants to help but fears arrest and its repercussions in their own lives (like a six month automatic violation for probationers/parolees for any police contact.) Not because they don't know that, at least in San Francisco, the police are unlikely to arrest them and come to the scene to protect the paramedics.

When people go, it need not be tragic. Like harm reduction activist Rod Sorge said in his article in the Harm Reduction Communication many years ago: His death from overdose would not be tragic. The sun would be beaming in through the tall windows of his Lower East Side apartment. He would have music playing. He would do his shot, feel the rush, and gently fall into a deep sleep, never to awaken. I didn't know him but know that when he died it was a terrible loss to his friends and to his community. I had to believe on some level that he had made the choice to go, and respect his decision. But with my friends who contemplate suicide, I implore them always to re-consider. Not because I want them to live miserably, but because I hope for them to find the joy of living through whatever means necessary and available to them. Maybe in the Stevie Wonder album *Songs in the Key of Life*, or Spitboy, or Dave Brubeck, or dancing, or playing the drums, or digging out weeds in the garden. Whatever it takes to feel alive. (It works. I know it. I have seen things shift and change, life become less painful, people feel more alive.)

I know that when I was a teenager and contemplated suicide, I would make a list of people that would be sad without me and

think, well, I'll just take them with me too. Then the list of those who would mourn *them* would get even longer and I would come to understand the ways that we are all connected and that we create joy by living. Saying that, I may experience my own brand of anxiety and depression that I self-medicate with ceaseless activity, but I have no idea what it feels like to think of suicide all the time, as I know some people do. I can only strive to empathize, provide support and distraction, and make myself available when things are especially hard. And when they die, I cannot be so surprised but instead mourn their loss and memory, and celebrate the end of their pain. That, and add their names to the nametag quilt that I have created. Or as I am considering with Dante, get their names tattooed on my ass with love and reverence.

And now for the overdose prevention info. I started the DOPE Project two and half years ago in response to having lost so many people in my life to overdose. Since then I've had the absolute honor to train thousands of people, and most recently, to get the drug Narcan (naloxone) to heroin injectors, so that if they see a friend overdose they can bring them back with an opiate blocker (kind of like Pulp Fiction but not in the heart but the shoulder, and not adrenalin but naloxone.) San Francisco is one of a few cities in the U.S. doing this (along with Chicago & Espanola, New Mexico). Folks are trying to get similar programs started in Baltimore and New York City. If you're interested in doing the same in your area, please feel free to write me: Rachel McLean Cookiesrnice42@hotmail.com or contact Dan Bigg at Chicago Recovery Alliance; www.anypositivechange.org

The Drug Overdose Prevention & Education (DOPE) Project

What is an overdose?

An overdose happens when a toxic amount of a drug, or a combination of drugs, overwhelms the body and causes it to shut down. With downers like heroin, alcohol and pills, breathing slows and stops, and then eventually the heart stops. With stimulants, the heart speeds up, the person can go into seizures, have a heart attack or a stroke. No matter what, if someone dies of a heroin overdose it's because they stopped breathing.

Who is more likely to die from an overdose?

Younger users overdose more often, however older, heroin-dependent male users that are not in drug treatment, are most likely to *die* from overdose due to the cumulative effects of drugs and aging.

Why does an overdose happen?

Mixing Drugs (poly-drug use):

Mixing drugs with similar effects increases the chances of overdose. Especially dangerous combinations include alcohol with pills (Klonopin, Valium and Xanax) or heroin and cocaine with other stimulants like speed and ecstasy.

Tolerance (the body's ability to process a certain amount of a drug):

Tolerance changes over time, so that the amount of a drug that a long-term user takes to feel the drug's effects is far greater than that for a first time user. People getting out of jail, hospital, abstinence-based programs or treatment are more likely to overdose because their tolerance has gone down and their body cannot handle what it used to.

Quality (purity levels):

The content and purity of street drugs is always unpredictable. They are often "cut" with contaminants. In the past decade, quality has risen while price has dropped, increasing availability and overdoses.

Using alone:

People that overdose alone are more likely to die because no one is there to see it happen. This is especially true for SRO hotels, which is why Safety Monitors are so important.

What does an overdose look like?

Heroin overdoses often happen slowly, over the course of several hours. An overdose may begin by someone just looking super high, but then slipping into slower and slower breathing until it stops altogether. If someone seems super high but is still awake and able to walk you want to get them up, walk them around, and keep them talking to you. This may be enough to keep them from going into a full-scale OD. If they do become unconscious then you'll need to respond right away.

What should I do if I see someone overdose?

Try to wake them up by calling their name. If unresponsive to noise, try pain by raking their sternum with your knuckles. If you are alone when you find the person, put them on their side in the *recovery position* before you go to call 9-1-1. This way if they vomit, they will not choke. To do this:

Lift their left arm up
Put their right fist under their chin
Lift their right knee up
Roll them over, using the hip and shoulder as leverage

Call 9-1-1 if the person is:
—unresponsive to noise or pain
—blue, grayish, pale,
—making snoring/gurgling sounds,
—vomiting
—having seizures or a stroke (weakness on one side of face/body)
—breathing very shallowly (less than once every five or six seconds) or not at all
—without a pulse

Calling 9-1-1

When you call 9-1-1 you do not need to mention drugs or overdose. You can tell the paramedics what drugs the person is on when they get there. All you have to do is tell them where you are and that someone is unconscious and not breathing. This puts them at the top of the response priority list. Many people fear arrest but in San Francisco the police treat overdoses as medical emergencies and come to protect the paramedics. (This may not be true in other locations, check with your local first responders.) You can reduce the likelihood that the police will come by remaining calm when you make the call. If the dispatcher hears a chaotic background, they will likely send police backup.

ABC's: Airway, Breathing, Circulation

When you get back from calling 9-1-1, check to see if the person is breathing. To do this:

Look Listen & Feel: Look to see if the chest rises and falls, Listen with your ear, and Feel with your cheek to see if any air is coming out of their mouth. If none.

Head tilt chin-lift: Place your hand on their forehead, and your fingers under their chin. Lift the head back. This opens the airway and will sometimes allow them to breathe on their own.

Provide two rescue-breaths, watch chest rise and fall.

Check for circulation.

Re-adjust head.

Give one breath every five seconds. (Count out loud, "one, one-thousand, two one-thousand, three one-thousand, four one-thousand, breathe.")

After two minutes, re-check pulse and breathing. If there is a pulse or signs of circulation, continue rescue breathing until paramedics arrive. If no pulse, begin chest compressions (two breaths, fifteen compressions) only if you know how.

8) Continue doing rescue breathing until the paramedics arrive. This is very important because the brain dies after five minutes without oxygen, which is sometimes shorter than it takes for paramedics to get to the scene.

What NOT to do if someone overdoses:

—Do not put the person in a cold bath, it could put them into shock or make them drown. Don't let anyone inject them with speed, saline or milk.

—Do not leave the person alone, even after you call the ambulance!

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS... WITH ARWEN CURRY

Just a brief note, this month, to let everyone know that I'll still be writing a monthly column for *MRR* (as well as other, less glamorous shitwork). Extenuating circumstances are like opinions (or assholes, whichever you prefer). Mine have to do with new things, lots of them at once: new house, new job, new bike, etc., etc. My new city is not really new—I moved back to Oakland—but I haven't lived in my native East Bay for about ten years. Also, my (new) band, Hue & Cry, is gearing up to record a demo this weekend, which, as you surely know, means practice, practice,

practice. I work at home, practice at work, and sleep on the train.

It's all working out pretty well so far, but I haven't had a minute to sit and collect my thoughts, much less write them down. I'll see you next month, and again, thanks for everything.

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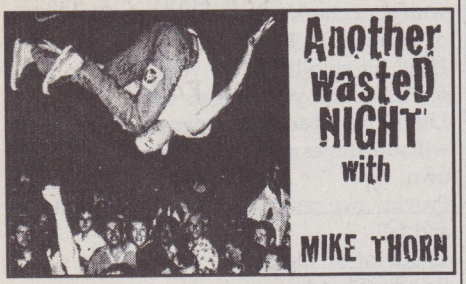


So anyone following this controversy regarding Tami Silicio's photographs of flag draped coffins? Tami was fired by an American contractor (Maytag Aircraft) for taking and releasing photographs of coffins filled with American casualties in the War on Terror. In case you didn't know, the Pentagon has had a standard policy since 1991, against releasing such images and the media, up until now, has been seemingly more than happy to oblige them. Tami along with her husband David Landry were both fired from Maytag for violating this Defense department policy. According to the Bush administration this policy is in place to protect the sensitivities of families of dead soldiers, though, given the lessons of Vietnam, it reads more like an attempt to sanitize the American war effort. In a move to counter the stark images that Ms. Silicio took of coffins packed in a cargo plane amongst other random crates, with only the flags draped over them to distinguish them from the other piles of freight, the US Air Force released photos showing the flag draped caskets with soldiers at attention and with no other cargo anywhere to be seen. One gives you the reality; the other the friendly noble nature of war that has been trotted out over and over again—an image that Bush administration *needs* to push right now.

The tide of support for the war seems to be turning on the Bush administration, and these images like these being released right now couldn't seem to come at a worse time. I mean, just look at the mess that they are in regarding the 9-11 commission hearings. Watching this charade makes my blood boil. One after one, Clinton and Bush administration officials are trotted out, bickering back and forth, placing the blame on each other for what happened on September 11th 2001. While I'm not one to think Richard Clark is a good, noble human being, it seems like he's been the only one with the decency and the guts to say, "Hey, we fucked up, in a big way, sorry" which stands in brilliant opposition to the political maneuvering both the Democrats and Republicans have being doing.

Speaking of the elephant and the jackass, let's talk voting for a moment. So everyone is running around screaming "Vote! Vote! Vote! We must get Bush out office!!" I mean, you know times are bad here in the old USA when NOFX are leading the political rallying cry, spearheading the Punkvoter.com tour, website, t-shirt, collectable doll, etc. But really, we get Bush out, then what? The one thing I greatly fear is a repeat of the 90s, where all the pressure on the ubiquitous "system" is seemingly off because there's a Democrat in the White House and the only thing to fear is an inappropriately placed cigar. Truth be told, I'm not so certain that had Gore been elected (er… chosen to be) President (by the Supreme Court) that things would be too much different. While we probably wouldn't have invaded Iraq, I can guarantee you that we have maintained the sanctions, and daily bombing raids. In addition the US would have most certainly bombed Afghanistan to that era right before the Stone Age, before engaging it in a full-blown ground war. All in all things probably wouldn't be that much different, and that is my fear.

Face it; we're going to have a military presence in Iraq for probably the rest of our lives. Get used to it. This we have to thank Bush for, this is his legacy. Voting Kerry into office isn't going to change this. Kerry's not going to get in office and pull the troops out the next day. Nader's not going get in office and… well he's just not going to get in to office. We can't leave the region. Pulling the troops out now would create an insane power vacuum in the Middle East, which any first year Political Science student can tell you is bad Geo-Politics and would potentially lead to a far worse regime taking hold in Iraq, rivers of blood from the subsequent strife between varying tribal and religious groups, and the possibility of a nuclear armed Middle Eastern super-state forming out of the anarchy (not the good kind) that would result of an immediate American pullout. What will more than likely occur is the first option, a fundamentalist Islamic which will be strongly opposed to the USA. Kerry knows this, Nader (not that it matters) knows this, and Bush relishes in this fact. It's our mess and now we have to clean it up.

This is not to say that I suddenly support this war, or any war for that matter. It's more of a way of stating that we are fucked no matter which way we vote. My issue with the big voting push is that it seems to over simplify very complex issues, in addition to reducing "politics" to simply being about your two or three minutes of decision making in a booth every four years, as opposed to what you do on a daily, weekly, monthly basis. The bodies will continue to come home in increasing numbers. Fear driven security measures will continue to be put in place. The majority of the Patriot Act will remain in place and hell, I wouldn't be surprised if I turned on the news one morning to find a giant wall being built between the USA, Canada and Mexico… oh wait there's already a wall between here and Mexico. What matters most, to me, is what we're doing to oppose all of this nonsense, and what we're building as an alternative to it.

I've mentioned it before, but local heroes Allergic To Bullshit have this brilliant song entitled "If This Is What We're For, This Is What We'll Get," and I like the thought behind that. This world is ours if we want it. I'm not someone who generally believes in the pie-in-the-sky ideas of revolution (though I don't stand in opposition to pie, nor the idea of revolution), much to the chagrin of many of my associates. I do, however, believe that we can work to make this life a little saner.

There's too much cynicism floating around these days, and too many dogmatic anarchists. I really don't care too much for bloated discussions of theory and who has more of a right to circle the letter A. What I care about is what you're doing, what I'm doing, what we're doing to transform our world, our town, our lives into the one we want to live in. Voting doesn't accomplish this, if that's where your politics end.

But then again not voting doesn't either, if that too is where it all ends for you. Complaining doesn't accomplish anything, yes the "system" is fucked, duh. Create something new, inspire us and be inspired. Maybe tomorrow we'll wake up and the dream of this world smoldering and a new one being built in its place will come true, but how are you going to make it happen if you can't even open up a show space today? Don't like the music industry? Do something about it. Don't like them making 500 pound bombs in your town? Do something about it. I don't know if you read the paper or not, but this world is in a horrible mess, and there's plenty that needs to be said about it, and sadly, not enough punks are saying something about. Don't give me vague rhetoric about the "system" sucking, take a look around, get pissed, say something relevant. Do something.

Despite all that, I will probably end up marching into that voting booth in November and putting my mark next to Kerry's name, all the while holding my head in shame. However, I don't want to resign myself to that being the end-all be-all, and nor should you.

•••

Roach Motel had this song on the *Barricaded Suspects* comp called "Frenzy" that started off with "I'm just a chicken with it's head cut…" and it pretty much sums up how I've been feeling lately. Putting together *MRR* by oneself is a monumental and difficult task, and honestly it feels like I haven't had a moment to stop and catch my breathe all month long, but as I write this, mere hours before having to take it to the printer I feel like a giant weight is being lifted off my shoulders. Just this sense of total relief. Of course this sensation will probably only last a few days, but its nice while it lasts.

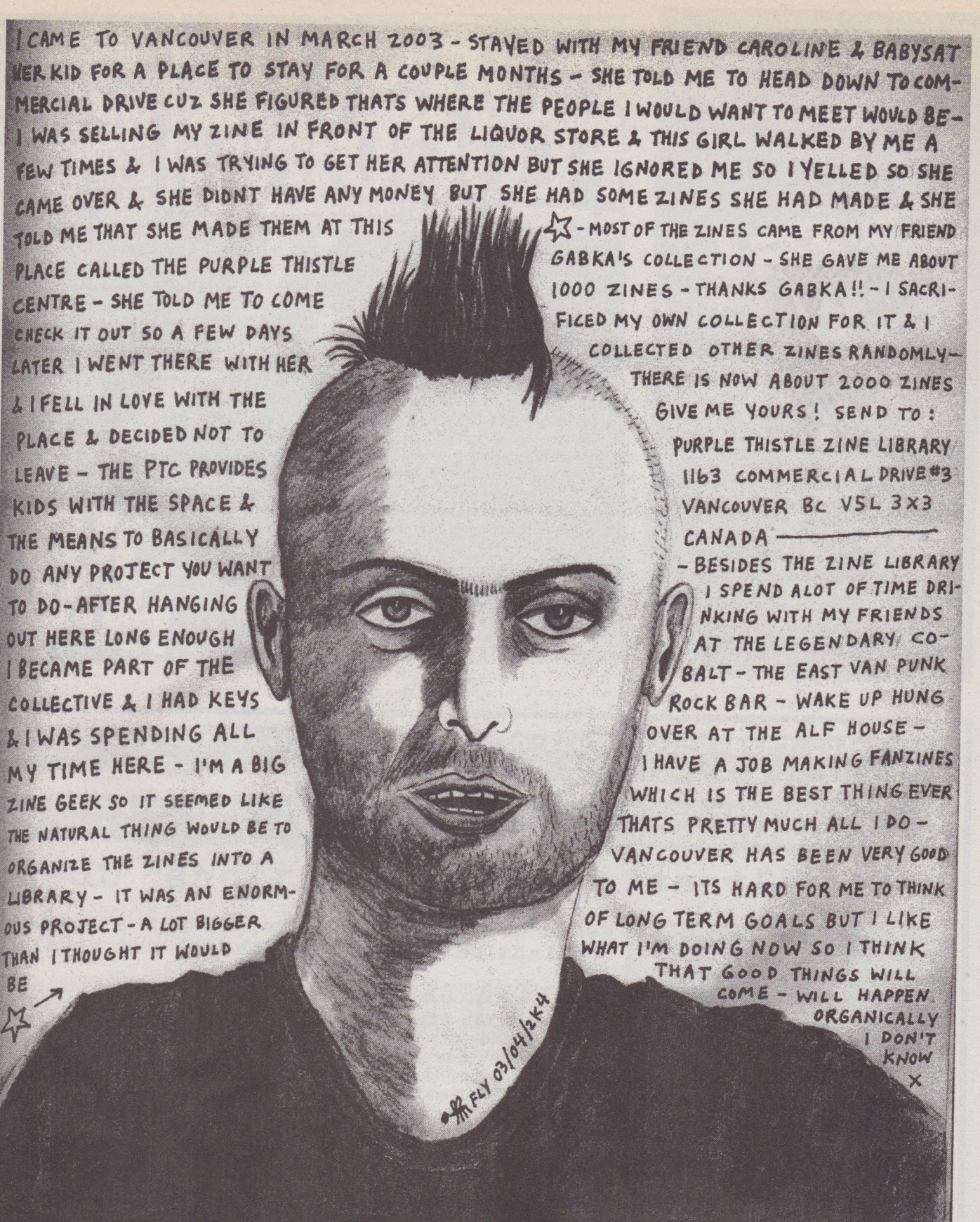
So speaking of coordinating the zine, I just wanted to let everyone know that the selection process is coming along nicely. We've had some really amazing people apply and I would like to publicly thank all of them for doing so. For all of you hanging on the edge of your seat wondering whom the new person will be, you're just going to have to hang on a little longer.

Endnotes:

1) I cannot reccomend enough to you the new EPs by The Observers, The Regulations, anything by Fucked Up, and of course the reissue of The Big Boys Where's My Towel LP.

2) Once again, I'm not quitting *MRR* to become a spoken word artist.

4) You can write me via the *MRR* PO Box or via mikethorn@maximumrocknroll.com



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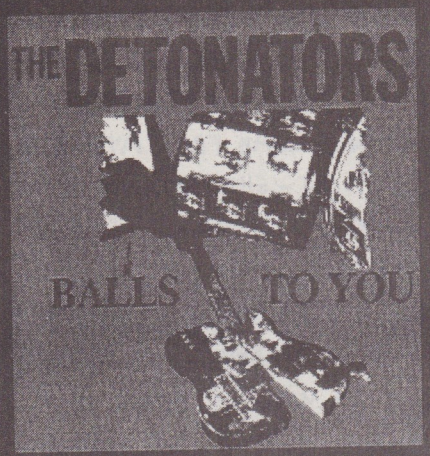

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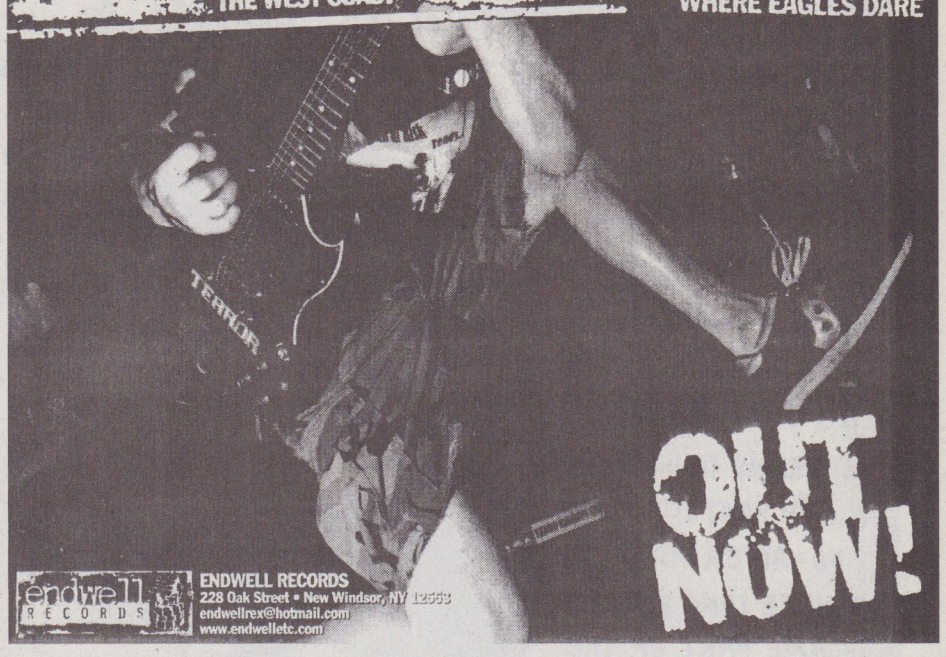

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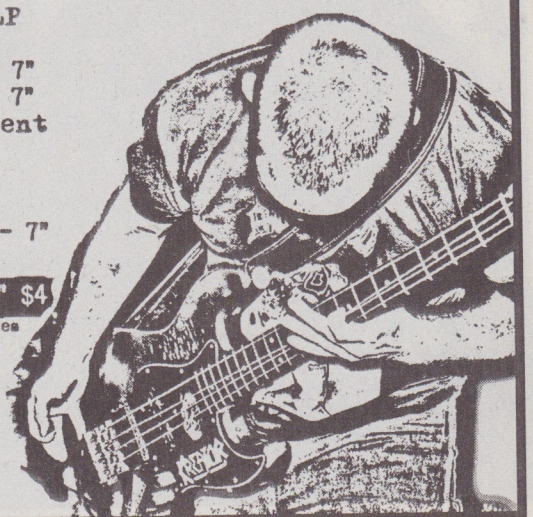

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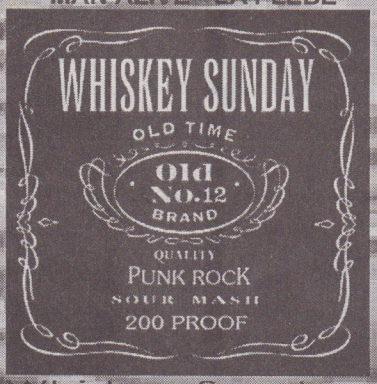

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INFEZIONE
"OPPRESSIONE QUOT.." LP
(their first demo tape recorded back in 1986 finally put out on vinyl! This is raw, fast and aggressive: crazy guitar alla Wretched tupa tupa drum and out of control vocals + anarchist lyrics that are malatesta-inspired!)

L'A.D.M. EP
(110% Italian 84 circa hardcore that make you dancing and jumping comparable to indigesti impact ecc.!)

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA

"aistien juhlaa" LP
(members of amen, uuuus, forca macabra and wasted!!
'82 style finnish hardcorepunk, short, fast and simple,23 tracks of finnish hardcore perfection influenced by the early terveet kädet!!!)

EU'S ARSE
discography LP
(everything!!!...:EU'S ARSE / IMPACT "Split EP , EU'S ARSE "Lo Stato ha Bisogno di Te? Bene, Fottilo" EP plus a full live and 3 unrelease song!!)

DISGUSTING LIES "don't ask..."10"
(D-beat monument!! polish crustcore with an heavy sound and so much more Swedish roots than before ..definetly for fans of state of fear, doom, ENT ecc!)

FORCAMACABRA "nos tumulos ab.." LP
(Repress of the first 12" of the finland legend Forca Macabra just in time to celebrate their 10 year anniversary of HC-thrash! The record is repress with the band license and it have the same kind gatefold jacket of the first press, get it now!)

CONTRASTO "Statico senso"LP
20 songs of 110% HC!!!! with the fast of the 90ies and the riff with bit of melody classic of the end of 80ies [chorus!!]...

SHIKABANE "ego & desire"EP
[japan crust attack with a dark edge alla Warhead or Nightmare!]

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MAY 8TH (SAT) - PORTLAND, OR @ SOLID STATE w/ THE ESCAPED *EARLY MATINEE SHOW*
MAY 9TH (SUN) - BEND, OR @ DOMINO ROOM w/ THE ESCAPED AND GUESTS
MAY 10TH (MON) - BOISE, ID @ JD AND FRIENDS
MAY 11TH (TUE) - SALT LAKE CITY, UT @ ALBEE SQUARE
MAY 12TH (WED) - DENVER, CO @ VENUE TBA!!!
MAY 13TH (THUR) - KANSAS CITY, MO @ SPITFIRE CLUB
MAY 14TH (FRI) - DES MOINES, IA @ SCOTT FOUR MILE COMMUNITY CENTER *ALL AGES*
MAY 20TH (THUR) - CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OH @ RHYTHM ROOM
MAY 22ND (SAT) - ALBANY, NY @ VALENTINES w/ NY REL-X
MAY 23RD (SUN) - QUINCY, MA @ DEE DEE'S LOUNGE w/ NY REL-X
MAY 24TH (MON) - PROVIDENCE, RI @ LIVING ROOM
MAY 26TH (WED) - PASSAIC, NJ @ CONNECTIONS ("PUNKNITE WEDNESDAYS")
MAY 27TH (THUR) - UPPER DARBY, PA @ UPPER DARBY AMERICAN LEGION HALL
MAY 28TH (FRI) - HANOVER, PA @ THE EAGLE'S DEN
MAY 30TH (SUN) - NYC @ CBGB'S w/ THE KRAYS, NIBLICK HENBANE, CRIME IN STEREO AND MORE
MAY 31ST (MON) - RICHMOND, VA @ NANCI RAYGUN w/ THE KRAYS

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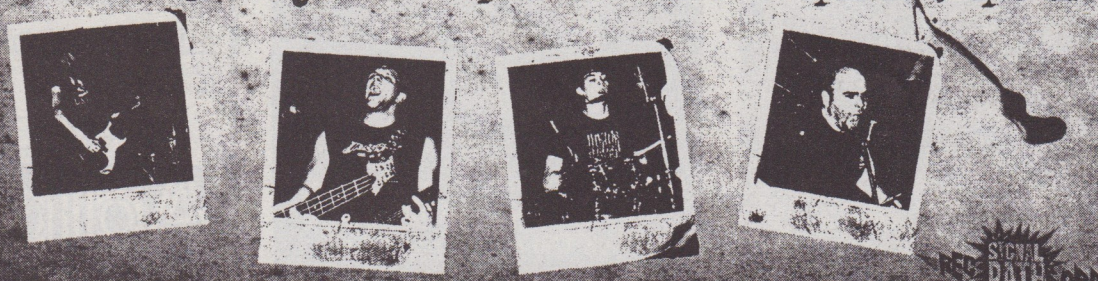

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MRR NEWS

NEPAL BURNS AS MOVEMENT FOR DEMOCRACY GAINS MOMENTUM.

Web India
April 20

Nepalese police, trying to quell a wave of protests against the king and for democracy, broke up a massive demonstration on in Kathmandu, detaining hundreds who defied a ban on public gatherings.

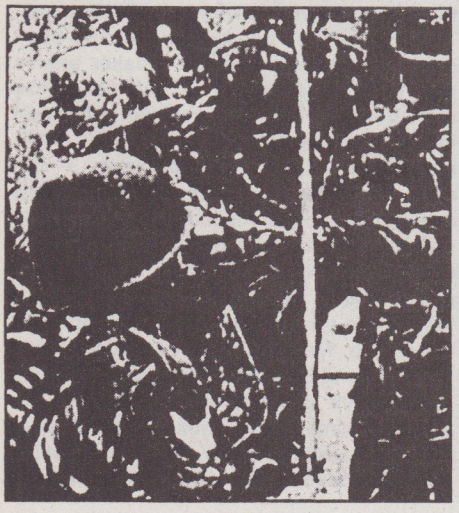
Last week the government banned protests by five or more people in a bid to defuse the wave of rallies critical of King Gyanendra, who has ignored demands for a more democratic administration.

Dozens of human rights activists have also been detained but defiant protesters have vowed to continue with their struggle. "This autocracy should end at all costs, it is bound to end. There is nothing in front of the will of the people, everybody should bow down to the people's wish," Rajendra Mahato, general secretary of the Nepal Sadbhavana Party, fighting for democracy, said.

So far more than 3,500 people have been held, though many have been freed a couple of hours after being detained.

King Gyanendra has faced sustained protests since he postponed elections and fired the prime minister in October 2002, accusing him of incompetence in his efforts to contain a Maoist revolt in which more than 9,300 people have died.

The king appointed a royalist prime minister, but he too has been unable to defeat or make peace with the rebels, who have been fighting since 1996 to replace the monarchy with a communist state.



NEPAL'S KING GIVES POLICE SWEEPING POWERS.

Asia Pacific News

King Gyanendra of Nepal gave security forces sweeping powers of arrest, as riot police rounded up hundreds more pro-democracy protesters outside his palace.

State radio said on Saturday that the king renewed an ordinance that gives police and troops the right to detain people and search homes on suspicion of "terrorist" activities.

The ordinance had just expired after being imposed by parliament for two years in April 2002. King Gyanendra, who dismissed the elected government six months later, extended it in the absence of a parliament.

The measure was designed to help troops battle Maoist rebels, who have been fighting since 1996 to overthrow the monarchy.

But its renewal comes after a week of massive demonstrations in Kathmandu demanding the restoration of democracy. The protests are sponsored by the main parties in the dissolved parliament, which are not linked to the Maoists.

At least 1,500 protesters gathered on Saturday in a park outside the palace but were promptly rounded up by police enforcing a two-day-old ban on public gatherings in the capital, witnesses said.

Tens of thousands had rallied on Friday outside the palace but their threats to cross the barbed-wire barricades and storm the sprawling palace compound were thwarted when police detained them en masse.

"Most of the protesters have been released soon after Friday's events but nearly 1,600 of them remain in custody," a police officer said on condition of anonymity before the latest detentions.

Opposition parties charged that the government did not supply food, water or beds for the detained protesters who spent the night crammed in three public buildings.

Opposition leaders played down their failure to make good on threats to storm the palace, saying they already defied the ban on public assembly.

The government indefinitely banned demonstrations, saying the rallies would be infiltrated by the Maoists, who have offered moral support to the protests in Kathmandu.

But the Maoists also have a tense relationship with the parties dating from the crackdowns launched on them by democratically elected governments.

Madhav Kumar Nepal, meeting a delegation of rights activists from Bangladesh, Hong Kong, India and Thailand, said: "Our fight is directly with the king."

"We are fighting to restore sovereignty to the people and we will fight for this until we succeed," Nepal said.

Report From Bosnia.

By the Free Krajina Anarchist Collective.

During the 1990s, the economic situation changed all around the world. An alteration in many people's lifestyles reflects this fact. Some of the most difficult and visible changes occurred in ex-Yugoslavia, while the world was busy celebrating the beginning of a "new beautiful era," with the fall of the Berlin wall, the beginning of the process of European unification, and the downfall of USSR. A short time later the real face of all those changes has been shown. Corporations that were already powerful became more powerful, as did the media, which they sponsor.

Neo-liberalism was presented like a new religion, and it wants everything under its iron boot. For its realization, it requires that the tools of production be privatized (like factories, public transportation and services, etc.)

In the beginning of '90s, 80% of the Yugoslavian economy was publicly owned. It had been especially prosperous because Yugoslavia was very rich with natural resources, such as forests, clean water, and unpolluted soil. The climate was perfect for growing a wide variety of fruits and vegetables. At that time, the Yugoslavian army was also quite strong.

Leaders of the new world order didn't like this situation. They used the power of the media and pro-nationalist/fascist forces in Yugoslavia to start bloodshed, pitting republics against each other, as they dangled the carrots of independence and power.

Now more then eight years since the end of the war (the Dayton Peace Accord took place in November 1995), the situation has not improved, especially in the most devastated ex-Yugoslavian republic, Bosnia and Herzegovina. Nationalism is stronger than it was in wartime. Today it is accepted by all three sides—Muslim, Croat, and Serb—as something very positive; a desirable and progressive thing. According to official statistics, more then half of the population is unemployed, and unofficial statistics are reaching an even scarier number. Unemployment is partially the result of both markets lost during the war and destroyed or outdated machinery. However, certainly the biggest cause of unemployment has been privatization. Bosnia and Herzegovina is still in the so-called "process of structural adjustment," which means that the state must adopt a mass of new laws. At the same time new power structures are appearing in the form of managers, the NGO sector, etc. They are all controlled by multinational corporations and rich foreign governments, with the physical and martial support of NATO troops (in Bosnia called SFOR). Soon after the process of privatization is complete, the real dark days and crisis will begin for inhabitants of Bosnia. The current abolishment of human services—free education, pension funds, free health care—is just the beginning of the real nightmare that will come.

The media is controlled by the "International Commission for Media," which is ruled by the rich foreign governments. A good example of the "democratic" functioning of this commission is the case of the TV station St. George in Banja Luka. (Banja Luka is the capital city of republic of Srpska, in the northwestern part of Bosnia. Bosnia consists of two parts—the Muslim-Croat part called Federation and the Serb part called Republic of Serpska). The St. George TV station was spreading around bad pro-Serbian, nationalistic propaganda, which also happened to be anti-American and even anti-corporate. (It is like Iraqi nationalist propaganda—simultaneously anti-imperialist, but based on a Hitler-style slogan—"Germany for Germans". Here it is "Serbia for Serbs.") It was in opposition to the interests of NATO and its allies. So first the "Media Commission" fined St. George TV a few times, and then ultimately they forbade it and closed it down. There are many similar examples all around Bosnia and Herzegovina. The same situation occurred with other electronic or printed media, which didn't work by the rules of the "commission".

The most absurd development is the "Office of High Representative" in Bosnia and Herzegovina. This official represents the interests of rich governments and corporations. All new law proposals come out of the office of High Representative. All of these new laws serve solely to enable Western corporate penetration and to decrease local control. A good example of the High Representative's power was the 1998 elections. At that time the majority of the Serbian population voted for the right wing pro-fascist leader of Serb's radical party, whose position was similar to the propaganda of the St. George TV station. His attitude was in some ways oppositional towards the interests of Western elite in Bosnia and Herzegovina. He was, after only a short time as president of Republic of Srpska, replaced at the direction of Wolfgang Petrich, High Representative during that period. Until now the Office of High Representative has always been held by a man. However, the outside forces are switching people every few years and the High Representative is just a puppet on a string to foreign interests. At some point, a woman may also be appointed to fill the position, acting in the same capacity to serve those who placed her in power.

At the same time, a new elite class has been created. They are mainly war profiteers who work with state; primarily profiting off of fuel, cigarettes, prostitution, or they are representatives of big foreign companies. These bosses rule all of society. For example, Prijedor, a small town near Banja Luka, is controlled by the criminal Milakovic, who received support from a war criminal and mafia man from Serbia named Arkan. He is famous and popular, an idol for the youth who are defending him. He started a kick-boxing club just to ensure the creation of these defenders. The police, who are usually from poor families, are cooperating with such criminals because they may receive threats against their families or of losing their jobs. Those pigs who are not poor and are in power work together with the criminals as well. There are dozens of such bosses in the territory of Krajina (the northwestern part of Bosnia.)

In addition, the borders are totally closed for people, but of course not for profit and capital. One of the most lucrative jobs is working in the border patrol, where millions of marks** are stolen every day. Citizens of Bosnia and Herzegovina need visas to enter every country in the world except Serbia, Montenegro, Croatia and Macedonia. To get a visa is extremely difficult, as tons of papers are required (insurance, job, health records, police files, etc.) The bastards in the embassies are constantly refusing people who have applied for visas. Also, you must pay up front to apply for a visa. The cost depends on the duration of your stay and is at the discretion of the embassy, but it is often around 50 Euros (or more.) If they refuse you, the embassy will still keep the money. Approximately 250 people here apply for German visas everyday. Almost all of these people are refused and the embassy then profits accordingly. It is really big business. Meanwhile, Bosnia and Herzegovina has established visas for some countries, such as Czech Republic and Poland. This policy has the same impact on the poor population of those countries who also cannot afford it. Therefore their movement is limited and one more border is closed.

In the territory of Bosnia and Herzegovina there are 11,000 imperialist NATO soldiers. The once strong Yugoslavian army has been separated into many small, weaker armies who can't resist. However, the police are more powerful then they ever were. Support for the police comes straight from the West, and they have the most up-to-date equipment, much like police in the US—brand new cars, armor, and telecommunications. Police stations are the best buildings in the city. On my block there is already a fairly new police station, yet across the street from it, they are in the process of building an even newer one. Meanwhile, all over Krajina and other parts of Bosnia, refugees are still living in collective centers, school gymnasiums, and basements. The simultaneous weakening of the National Army and strengthening of the police force is a deliberate imperialist

tactic, which serves to pacify the local population, while removing its ability to defend itself against outside interests.

Social revolt has increased, but the occupiers and local rich elite easily push this energy and hatred back towards the people, offering them nationalism as the solution.

Since the beginning of the war, all sides have involved religion in primary schools. They invest in churches and mosques all around Bosnia and Herzegovina. Even the smallest village has one or more of them. People are accepting any solution, and drowning even more in shit. They do not realize how the guilt rests with the rich men, and not the poor, regardless of whether they are from Ireland, Pakistan, England or Poland. While people are fighting amongst themselves, the rich are taking away all the wealth. While people are finding church and god (one more of the system's tactics) as solutions, NATO soldiers are testing new weapons in Kupres valley and multinational corporations are buying our factories (after they first destroyed their economic competition and power) for a minimal amount of money.

When multinationals enter, sometimes they do not even have to pay—they receive local capital for free from home grown traitors. In exchange the corporations must only make empty promises that they will create new jobs or reconstruct machines or start production. It is rare that this actually happens and when it does, workers receive little pay, with no health care, insurance or right to start trade unions. Banja Luka's Crystal Bank is an obvious example of how this works. The bank was sold for the "symbolic price of one convertible mark," according to then Minster of Finance Milenko Vracar. His reward in this transaction was a new position: he became director of that bank, now known as "Hypo Alpe Adria Bank".

While people follow blindly what the media is telling them, a multi-national company from Slovakia and Italy is buying the "Incel" factory, once known as one of the best factories for paper production, for a miserable amount of money and spilling who knows what chemicals and poisons into our Vrbas. Such pollution is forbidden in Slovakia and Italy. My friend's neighbor is working there; he says that workers do not have any rights or protection on job. They have no breaks and their salary is around one hundred Euros per month.

The only way out of this situation is to fight for the abolition of patriotism and nationalism. To do so, we need our own media; we used to have a radio show, for more then two years, but it no longer exists. The final step will be to expel foreign imperialist troops. For such actions, we need help from within our local community and from abroad.

Any assistance is welcome. Anarchist Collective Free Krajina. Contact— ab_useyu@yahoo.co.uk

Note: this has been information connected with the situation in Banja Luka and Krajina. We have chosen this focus because we know best the situation here where we live. For sure all around Bosnia there are thousands of similar examples. Act locally-think globally!!!

**(It is also absurd that the state money in Bosnia is the convertible mark. It is a new post-war currency that was created in Western banks; it was based on the German mark until the Euro took over there. However it is still equivalent—one Deutchmark=one convertible mark!)

SLOVAKIAN GYPSIES RIOT FOR FOOD, WELFARE.

Compiled from UPI and RomNews Network

Slovakian army troops have been deployed to put down rioting and looting by Roma gypsies protesting unemployment in the impoverished eastern regions. Thousands of police backed by 2,000 soldiers in the towns around Trebisov appeared to have temporarily ended attacks by mobs forcing their way into food shops.

The unrest is rooted in nearly 100 percent unemployment in the region, and the Jan. 1 cuts in welfare. The troop deployment was the first since the fall of communism in 1989.

At least 70 gypsies have been arrested and some were injured, the newspaper said. Border guards in the neighboring Czech Republic were put on increased alert in case the unrest encouraged gypsies to flee, but there were no signs of an exodus.

Bratislava says the welfare reforms are a necessary part of its economic program to prepare for joining the EU and increasing Slovakia's appeal to foreign investors.

The Roma in Eastern Europe face entrenched prejudice, frequently expressing itself in vicious displays of violence—a phenomenon referred to as "the tip of the iceberg" by the Commissioner for Human Rights.

The Czech government notes that "many policemen—like quite a substantial portion of the general public—perceive Roma as a criminal subculture, whose members are *a priori* to be distrusted." This is the background to the extreme racist manifestations that have become commonplace. These are generally perpetrated by white supremacist skinheads, whose activities range from public rallies, marked by anti-Semitic and anti-Romany proclamations to arbitrary violent assaults on members of ethnic minorities. In 2000, membership of such groups grew by about 25 percent to approximately 6,200, according to the Interior Ministry; "extremist" crimes directed against Roma and others increased by 15 percent in 2000.

SWEDEN: AFFIRMATIVE ACTION SOUGHT FOR ROMA.

Agence France-Presse

Sweden should introduce affirmative action for Roma, or Gypsies, to help them integrate into society, a discrimination investigator recommended to the government. Affirmative action is against the law in Sweden, but the official, Margareta Wadstein, said temporary measures in education and the labor market "could be a possible future strategy" to help Roma. Her study of 150 Roma showed that "90 percent of those questioned said Sweden was either a somewhat or very racist country" and that the country had "an either somewhat or very hostile attitude to Gypsies," who number about 50,000 in Sweden.

BARCELONA AN ANTI-BULLFIGHT CITY.

Barcelona City Council took a historic vote last week when it officially declared the Catalonian capital an anti-bullfight city. This follows an announcement by the city's Deputy Mayor, Jordi Portabella, two weeks ago, when he declared his opposition to bullfighting in front of hundreds of protesters, saying, "Barcelona must act like a capital and be a pioneer in the abolition of bullfighting."

Animal rights groups had collected 250,000 signatures from around Europe which they handed in to Barcelona's city hall last month.

An opinion poll conducted in 2003 found that 63% of Barcelona's residents do not want bullfights to continue in their city, with more than half (55%) agreeing that Barcelona should declare itself an anti-bullfight city. Bullfights are viewed as cruel and non-educational by 76%. The overwhelming majority of those surveyed agree that animals suffer when mistreated (98%) and that the suffering of animals for entertainment should be banned (96%)

Mercenaries 'R' U.S.

Bill Berkowitz—WorkingForChange

On March 31, four retired Special Operations forces employed by the private security firm Blackwater Security Consulting were ambushed, killed, and their bodies mutilated in Fallujah. According to the San Francisco Chronicle, an estimated 15,000 "private security agents" are currently operating in Iraq.

With the U.S. casualty toll ticking ever upward, and its troops stretched thin on the ground, the Bush administration is looking to mercenaries to help control Iraq. These soldiers-for-hire are veterans of some of the most repressive military forces in the world, including that of the former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet and South Africa's apartheid regime.

In February, Blackwater USA, a North Carolina-based Pentagon contractor, began recruiting "former commandos, other soldiers and seamen" from Chile, offering them up to $4,000 a month "to guard oil wells against attack by insurgents," the Guardian reported. The company "flew a first group of about 60 former commandos, many of who had trained under the military government of Augusto Pinochet, from Santiago to a... [large] training camp in North Carolina," wrote Jonathan Franklin, reporting from Santiago, Chile.

These recruits will eventually wind up in Iraq, where they will spend six months to a year: "We scour the ends of the earth to find professionals—the Chilean commandos are very, very professional and they fit within the Blackwater system," Gary Jackson, the president of Blackwater USA, told the Guardian.

Michelle Bachelet, Chile's defense minister, told Franklin that she was concerned about "whether paramilitary training by Blackwater violated Chilean laws on the use of weapons by private citizens," and she "ordered an investigation." Bachelet also was troubled by stories that "people on active duty were involved." According to Franklin, "Many soldiers are said to be leaving the army to join the private companies."

While Blackwater USA is not nearly as well known as Halliburton or Bechtel—two mega-corporations making a killing off the reconstruction of Iraq—it nevertheless is doing quite well financially, Gary Jackson said. "We have grown 300% over each of the past three years and we are small compared to the big ones. We have a very small niche market, we work towards putting out the cream of the crop, the best."

The company was founded in 1998, and at the time, it was like playing "roulette, [it was] a crapshoot," Jackson, the former Navy seal, told Mother Jones reporter Barry Yeoman.

"Their investment paid off," Yeoman wrote. "Since the attacks of September 11, the company has seen its business boom—enough to warrant a major expansion of its training facility this year. 'To contemplate outsourcing tactical, strategic, firearms-type training—high-risk training—is thinking outside the box,' Jackson said. 'Is this happening? Yes, this is happening.'"

Blackwater USA specializes in firearm, tactics and security training and is comprised of five companies; Blackwater Training Center, Blackwater Target Systems, Blackwater Security Consulting, Blackwater Canine, and Blackwater Air (AWS), and has been doing business with the Department of Defense, Department of State, and Department of Transportation, in addition to local and state entities from around the country, multi-national corporations, and countries from all over the globe.

According to an April 2003 PRWeb press release, "Blackwater's 5,200 square acre facility located in Moyock, NC... is the largest privately-owned firearms training facility in the nation and contains state of the art firearms ranges and training apparatus." Yeoman described the facilities as "a remote tactical training camp, [located] in a swamp 25 miles from the world's largest naval base."

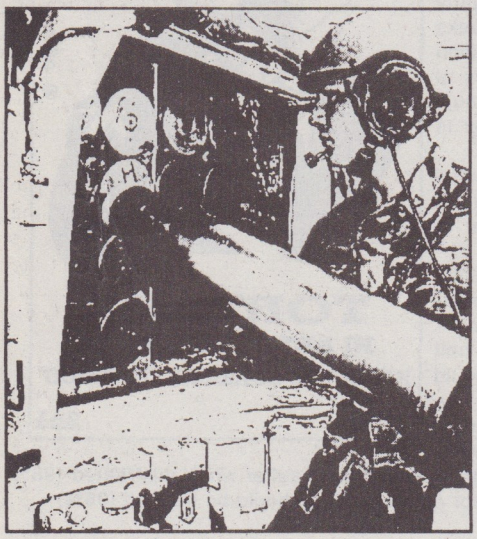
In October 2003, the company inked an estimated $35.7 million contract "to train more than 10,000 sailors from Virginia, Texas, and California each year in 'force protection,'" Yeoman reported.

While there are always a number of high-profile events on Blackwater's schedule, this year's World SWAT Challenge & Conference—scheduled for mid-May—is being touted as "The One SWAT Event You Can't Afford to Miss." The conference, which will be held at the company's training facility in Moyock, is being organized by law enforcement "special ops experts who have been there themselves."

According to the Web blog Spark, "In recent years, the presence of military contractors in U.S. wars and military operations has increased significantly. During the Persian Gulf War of 1991, one in every 50 people on the battlefield was an American mercenary, fighting under a contract. In Bosnia in 1996, that ratio was one in 10."

Currently there are thousands of soldiers under contract with private companies serving in Iraq. "Squads of Bosnians, Filipinos and Americans with special forces experience have been hired for tasks ranging from airport security to protecting Paul Bremer, the head of the Coalition Provisional Authority," The Guardian's Franklin reported.

Chile isn't the only country from which



WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION IN IRAQ.

By Neil Mackay/ *The Sunday Herald*

British and American coalition forces are using depleted uranium (DU) shells in the war against Iraq and deliberately flouting a United Nations resolution, which classifies the munitions as illegal weapons of mass destruction.

DU contaminates land, causes ill health and cancers among the soldiers using the weapons, the armies they target and civilians, leading to birth defects in children.

Professor Doug Rokke, ex-director of the Pentagon's depleted uranium project—a former professor of environmental science at Jacksonville University and onetime US army colonel who was tasked by the US department of defense with the post-first Gulf war depleted uranium desert clean-up—said use of DU was a "war crime."

Rokke said, "There is a moral point to be made here. This war was about Iraq possessing illegal weapons of mass destruction—yet we are using weapons of mass destruction ourselves." He added, "Such double-standards are repellent."

According to a August 2002 report by the UN sub-commission, laws which are breached by the use of DU shells include: the Universal Declaration of Human Rights; the Charter of the United Nations; the Genocide Convention; the Convention Against Torture; the four Geneva Conventions of 1949; the Conventional Weapons Convention of 1980; and the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, which expressly forbid employing "poison or poisoned weapons" and "arms, projectiles or materials calculated to cause unnec-

private companies have recruited mercenaries for Iraq. According to the South Africa newspaper, The Cape Times, "More than 1,500 South Africans are believed to be in Iraq under contract to various private military companies." The United Nations recently reported that South Africa "is already among the top three suppliers of personnel for private military companies, along with the UK and the US."

The Cape Times' Beauregard Tromp writes that "The Regulation of Foreign Military Assistance Act, passed in July 1998, prohibits South African citizens from direct participation as a combatant in armed conflict for private gain. Such engagement includes recruitment, training, or financing and applies to South Africans acting outside the country as well."

Institute for Security Studies military analyst Henri Boshoff told Tromp that it appeared most of the South Africans in Iraq were former members of the South African Defense Force and South African Police. "The guys over there are walking a thin line, close to contravening the Foreign Military Assistance Act," he added.

According to the Web site of the South African-based Democratic Alliance, the private companies appear to be working in Iraq "in contravention of South African law." South African law states that all security companies working outside the country must register with the National Conventional Arms Control Committee (NCACC), headed by Minister of Education Kader Asmal. "So far," according to Tromp, "two companies, Meteoric Tactical Solutions and Grand Lake Trading 46 (Pty) Ltd, have submitted applications to operate in Iraq."

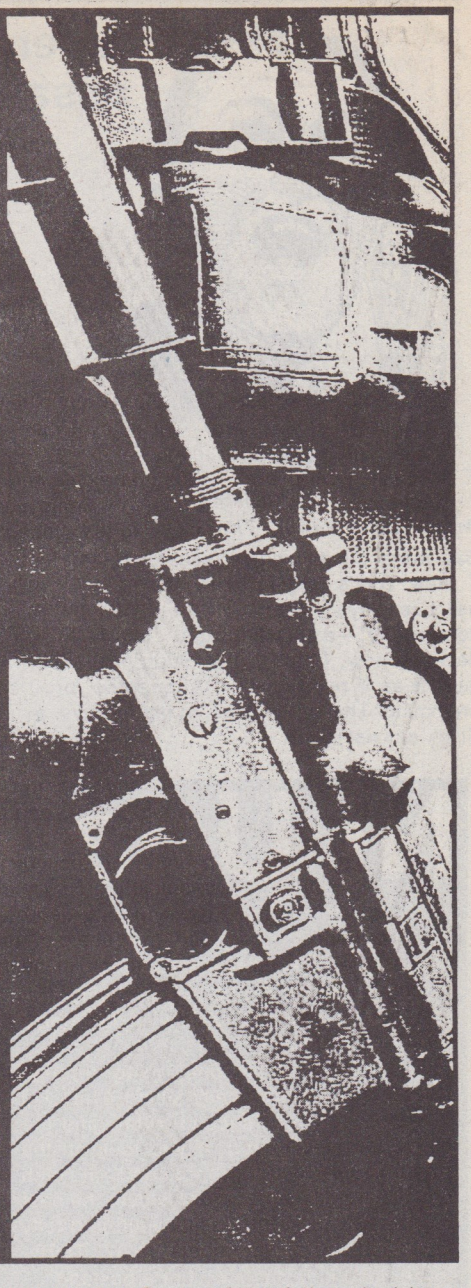
Meteoric Tactical Solutions "is providing protection and is also training new Iraqi police and security units," while another company, Erinys, a joint South African-British company, which has failed to register with the government, "has received a multimillion-dollar contract to protect Iraq's oil industry," the Cape Times reported. Earlier this year, an Erinys employee was killed when a car bomb exploded at a hotel where South Africans have been staying.

Raenette Taljaard, a member of the South African Parliament, recently wrote in YaleGlobal Online that this new "booming cottage industry" of private security companies—which includes companies like Kroll, Armor, Control Risks, Rubicon and Global Risk—"boast of a whole range of specializations and hail from a range of countries but, together, they provide all the services normally carried out by national military forces, including intelligence, military training, logistics and security.

"In addition to becoming an integral part of the machinery of war, they are emerging as cogs in the infrastructure of peace. US-allied military officials and civilians in Iraq and Afghanistan are quickly becoming familiar with the 'brand services' provided by companies.

"But the battlefield is not merely another arena for business, and the profit motive may distort security strategy decisions. The expansion of services performed by civilian entities raises several concerns: the lack of transparency and oversight common to their operations; the performance of companies motivated by profit, not national foreign policy or security interest; and revolving-door-style nepotism and conflicts of interest. All these are concerns that grow ever more urgent as mega-corporation-style military companies diversify even further."

The high salaries and shorter terms of employment that private companies are offering mercenaries could cause the U.S. military and the militaries of other countries to face severe personnel shortages. "If they are going to outsource tasks that were once held by active-duty military and are now using private contractors, those guys [on active duty] are looking and asking, 'Where is the money?'" Gary Jackson told Franklin.



essary suffering." All of these laws are designed to spare civilians from unwarranted suffering in armed conflicts.

DU has been blamed for the effects of Gulf war syndrome—typified by chronic muscle and joint pain, fatigue and memory loss—among 200,000 US soldiers after the 1991 conflict. It is also cited as the most likely cause of the increased number of birth deformities and cancer in Iraq following the first Gulf war. "Cancer appears to have increased between seven and 10 times and deformities between four and six times," according to the UN sub-commission.

The Pentagon has admitted that 320 metric tons of DU was left on the battlefield after the first Gulf war, although Russian military experts say 1000 metric tons is a more accurate figure. In 1991, the Allies fired 944,000 DU rounds or some 2700 tons of DU tipped bombs. A UK Atomic Energy Authority report said that some 500,000 people would die before the end of this century, due to radioactive debris left in the desert.

The use of DU has also led to birth defects in the children of Allied veterans and is believed to be the cause of the "worrying number of anophthalmos cases—babies born without eyes" in Iraq. Only one in 50 million births should be anophthalmic, yet one Baghdad hospital had eight cases in just two years. Seven of the fathers had been exposed to American DU anti-tank rounds in 1991. There have also been cases of Iraqi babies born without the crowns of their skulls, a deformity also linked to DU shelling.

A study of Gulf war veterans showed that 67% had children with severe illnesses, missing eyes, blood infections, respiratory problems and fused fingers.

Rokke; "A nation's military personnel cannot willfully contaminate any other nation, cause harm to persons and the environment and then ignore the consequences of their actions. To do so is a crime against humanity. We must do what is right for the citizens of the world — ban DU." He called on the US and UK to "recognize the immoral consequences of their actions and assume responsibility for medical care and thorough environmental remediation."

He added: "We can't just use munitions which leave a toxic wasteland behind them and kill indiscriminately. It is equivalent to a war crime."

Rokke said that coalition troops were currently fighting in the Gulf without adequate respiratory protection against DU contamination.

Liberal *Air America Radio*'s not so progressive assault on commmunity radio.

Compiled from *The Amsterdam News, The San Francisco Bayview* and independent research by MRR.

New York's radio station WLIB-1190 AM has been loyally "serving New York's Black community"—as its logo states—for decades now. In the early '90s, WLIB was lauded as a resource for "Afrocentric" programming. The station was, in many ways, a Black activist outlet.

But, at the end of March, WLIB took on a different hue, as it joined the launch of Progress Media's "Air America Radio," the new, predominately White, liberal talk-radio network

"That's what you call high-class B.S.!" one former WLIB staffer said when told that Mr. Sutton said the station's changes were necessary because Blacks had just stopped listening to WLIB.

Air America Radio plans on using what it terms a roundup of "progressive activists" and "celebrities" as part of the activist left's efforts to counter the national popularity of White, right-wing, conservative talk shows and radio personalities. The network began broadcasting shows from across the country on March 31 over WLIB and radio stations WNTD in Chicago and Los Angeles' KBLA.

"All of the talk should be organic, from within the Black community," he insisted. "How can they think about coming into New York with a package program like this? We have people here already who know radio, who can do shows. And they want to come in with a program from other people trying to talk to Black people in New York City? [WLIB] is just a station that has been stripped of what it's supposed to be!"

Air America Radio's featured on-air personality is Al Franken, a comedian who helped create *NBC's Saturday Night Live* and who recently wrote the book *Lies and the Lying Liars Who Tell Them: A Fair and Balanced Look at the Right*, which became a best-seller. Other shows include Janeane Garofalo and formerly outspoken anti-"white liberals such as yourself" Chuck D of Public Enemy.

Nationally the new network is entering other markets in a similar way, eliminating Spanish language programming in Chicago, and reportedly preparing to displace Chinese language programming in its next market, San Francisco.

Ni Una Mas! The Dead of Juraez Demand Justice

By Jeremy P Bushnell

Imagine a school bus, packed with kids. Picture it. That school bus that you're picturing, the common yellow kind, holds about 50 students.

Now imagine someone going through that bus and methodically killing every kid on it. Just try for a second to imagine the horror of such a thing. If you took all the shootings that have happened at high schools or elementary schools over the past decade, if you were to go through and tally up all the corpses, you'd have 37. Thirty-seven dead kids; just short of a busload.

Now imagine seven buses.

Those buses are full of girls, mostly around 16 years of age. Three hundred and fifty sixteen-year old girls. That's how many have been murdered in Juarez, Mexico over the past decade. Nearly ten times the number of kids who have been killed in American school shootings have been killed in one city alone.

And that staggering figure may actually be a low estimate. That's the official number offered by the government and the authorities—Juarez residents, in their open letter to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, put the number at 450. Really nobody knows. Even the Juarez newspapers don't have reliable figures—journalist Charles Bowden, who wrote a powerful piece on Juarez for Harper's in 1996, says that the list of dead girls he read in one of the Juarez dailies did not include the name of a girl whose death he had read about in the same paper only a short time beforehand.

Criminologists will tell you that numbers much lower than these signal the work of a serial killer. Sure, any big city will have its share of random homicides—and anywhere firearms are available, women will die in domestic violence episodes. But the women of Juarez aren't being shot. They're dying from multiple stab wounds or strangulation. Most of them show signs of having been tortured. Over a third of them were raped. The sheer sadism of the crimes suggests something at work that goes beyond just everyday urban violence. The most damning fact is that the victims fit a profile. The average age is 16, and almost all of them are slim and attractive, with long, dark hair.

If a serial killer is responsible for even a quarter of the total murders—and most people studying the murders think that the proportion is actually substantially higher—then we're talking about a killer who has killed more women than John Wayne Gacy, Ted Bundy, and Jeffrey Dahmer. Combined. He's been at work for ten years now. The authorities have made a few perfunctory arrests and tried to declare the cases "resolved", but the evidence doesn't stand up to inspection, and more importantly, the murders haven't stopped. A serial killer has been at work for ten years now, and still the Mexican authorities have not taken up offers of assistance from the F.B.I., who first visited Juarez in 1999, believing the crimes to be of international importance, only to have their findings rejected by Chihuahua state authorities. A serial killer has been at work for ten years now, and still investigators have no DNA evidence or fingerprints, according to Esther Chavez Cano, director of Casa Amiga, the city's only women's shelter. Which might lead one to ask: exactly what is going on down there, in Juarez?

Like many border cities, Juarez first began to grow substantially as a settlement after World War I, its economy boosted substantially by soldiers stationed in El Paso who would venture over the border looking for sex and drugs. Servicemen still cross the border into Juarez looking for these things today, but since 1992, this stuff has been small potatoes economically-speaking: since 1992 Juarez has been the little city that NAFTA built.

NAFTA enabled US corporations to set up factories just over the border to take advantage of the low-wage workers there. Today there are over 350 foreign-owned factories in Juarez, the highest concentrations to be found anywhere in Mexico, and they employ over 150,000 workers. Better

known as maquiladoras, these sweatshops employ mostly women, who are paid from 50 cents to $2.50 an hour—depending on whose figures you believe. (Even the higher figures, of course, are skimpy, especially when you consider that the cost of living in Juarez is only about ten percent cheaper than of the cost of living in the US).

Management jobs at the maquiladoras are largely held by US citizens who commute in daily from El Paso, and union activity is rarely found. People work these jobs because little other legal employment is available. Fifty thousand Mexicans migrate to Juarez every year, desperate for work, having been driven out of southern Mexico by the droughts that have ravaged the agriculturally based economies there. Many of the new migrants end up lured to Juarez by unscrupulous entrepreneurs, who justify the exorbitant fees they charge for transporting families northward by promising that Juarez holds lucrative employment opportunities. These opportunities, naturally, are nonexistent. Even employment in the maquiladoras is getting harder to come by these days—some US corporations have closed up their Mexican operations and moved to China, where they can pay an even lower wage.

Crowding more people into a culture of immense poverty inevitably causes an increase in violent crime, and Juarez is no exception. In a poll, nearly 20 percent of Juarez residents identified "violence" as the city's "defining characteristic". Violence commonly breaks out in the form of drug murders, between the 200 gangs in Juarez who vie for a share of the lucrative narcotics trade, or in real estate skirmishes between members of warring colonias popularas, neighborhoods with little or no sanitation, running water, or electricity. In addition to the violence, and the high suicide rate, there is one other result of a widespread culture of poverty: it gives birth to a corresponding culture of corruption. If local officials and police are badly paid, then bribery and graft becomes practically built into the justice process.

Is this part of the reason why the Juarez murders remain unsolved? Due to the fact that most of the victims are poor, and the killer or killers are rumored to be wealthy? (Diana Washington Valdez, an investigative reporter and author of *Harvest of Women*, a book about the Juarez murders to be published next year, claims that the women are being murdered by a group of "prominent men with important political connections—untouchables.")

At best, the authorities involved in the case appear to be incompetent. Local activist group Voces sin Eco (Voices without Echo), who search the desert twice a month for the bodies of missing women, claim that members of the PGJE, the State Attorney General's Office, which is in charge of the murder investigations, have failed to accompany them on their searches despite promises to do so. Mothers who have investigated the sites where their daughters' bodies have been found have come across pieces of evidence (undergarments, hair) that authorities have overlooked. Furthermore, both Amnesty International, Mexico's national Human Rights Commission, and the Inter-American Commission for Human Rights (an arm for the Organization of American States) have issued statements questioning the competence of the authorities (the scathing Amnesty report goes so far as to suggest that the sexual homicide department has undermined the credibility of the entire justice system).

But what if it's more than mere incompetence? There is no proven cover-up, but the experiences of some of the people who have questioned the official version of events are instructive here. We have Mario Lee Lopez, a father whose daughter and granddaughter are among the missing. Dissatisfied with the official investigation, he began to conduct his own independent inquiry into the murders and he claims that he was approached by a high-ranking government minister who threatened him with electric torture. We have the case of radio host Samira Izaguirre who used her radio show to defend two bus drivers arrested in 2001 in conjunction with the murders (the drivers claim that they were scapegoats and that their confessions were extracted through police torture). Shortly thereafter, smear advertisements, which suggested that Izaguirre had been romantically involved with one of the drivers, began to appear in local newspapers. When questioned, the newspapers revealed that the smear ads were paid for by government officials. Finally, and most ominously, we have the case of Mario Excobedo Jr., the defense lawyer for one of those same bus drivers, who was killed by police in 2002; the police claimed that they mistook him for a fugitive.

Recently I visited www.politicalgraphics.com, where there is an archive of over 60 posters designed by graphic designers from Mexico about the Jaurez situation. There are an enormous variety of approaches in the posters there, but most of them feature the same single line: Las Muertas de Juarez Demanden Justicia. The Dead of Juarez Demand Justice.

To this I would only amend that we must remember to demand justice for those in Juarez who remain alive, as well.

Mexico—Zapatista demonstration attacked by gunmen.

Indymedia UK

Easter Saturday, the 10th of April, a peaceful demonstration of Zapatistas was attacked with stones, guns and fireworks in the highlands of Chiapas near San Cristobal de las Casas. As a result of the ambush 29 Zapatistas were injured, three seriously, and two killed.

The Zapatistas in the hospital in San Cristobal de Las Casas are suffering poor medical attention, and even worse are being harassed constantly by the police. 125 Zapatista families have fled their homes in the municipality of Zinacantan, Los Altos, Chiapas, fearing attack by militants of the PRD (Revolutionary Democratic Party).

The demonstrations did not only commemorate the 85th anniversary of the murder of general Emilio Zapata in the year 1919, they also came to support a group of Zapatista sympathizers, who are cut off from any drinking water supply of their local community because of their political believes.

At the time of the attack the demonstrators were returning to their villages. In the morning about 5000 women and men, masked up with their black balaclavas, drove in a convoy of about 200 vehicles to the mayor of Zinacantán to read out a declaration. In the declaration to the mayor of Zinacantán and his supporters the Zapatistas demanded not to deny access to the vital water because of party political reasons.

Most of the inhabitants of Zinacantán showed sympathy for the demonstration of the thousands of Zapatistas who shouted slogans, but did not leave their vehicles. Afterward the caravan continued to Jechvò, one of the three communidades which are affected by the lack of drinking water and belong to the community. There the demonstrators delivered a speech and distributed thousands of liters of drinking waters in bottles and containers to the inhabitants. When the convoy returned, the convoy was suddenly stopped with a road blockade of boulders, by a small group of men, apparently paramilitaries of the PRD.

For about three quarters of an hour the thousands of Zapatistas waited to see if the people who blocked the road and who were accompanied by two police cars of the local police would change their mind. Then they approached and started to clear the road. The PRD supporters withdrew but started throwing stones at the Zapatistas. The local police then blocked the road with their cars and withdrew with the PRD people. The police cars were cleared off the road by the Zapatistas, and demolished and thrown into the ditch. The Zapatistas defended themselves by throwing stones back and by deploying and surprising the attackers from behind. When two thirds of the convoy has passed the point of conflict, the first shots were fired. Fireworks were thrown at the Zapatistas, but they were also shot at with live ammunition. Whilst the back of the convoy tried to find cover behind other vehicles because of this escalation, the front of the convoy had to clear further obstructions. Three trees were cut down and blocked the road.

They were cleared off by the EZLN supporters with the help of motor saws.

Meanwhile local eyewitnesses report that the Zapatista inhabitants left in Jechvó are threatened by paramilitaries of the PRD. The inhabitants are said to have gathered in a house and barricaded themselves in, whilst attackers destroyed several houses and emptied out the drinking water supplies delivered by the convoy.

Murderer of The Gits' lead singer Mia Zapata convicted of premeditated first-degree murder.

Jesus Mezquia, a 49-year-old Cuban-born man living in Florida, pled not guilty to the charges of first-degree murder for the 1993 death of Seattle based punk band The Gits' lead singer Mia Zapata. But, on Thursday, March 25, '04, after a three day deliberation, the jury delivered the guilty verdict before King County Superior Court Judge Sharon Armstrong. Mezquia now faces 20 years to life in prison for his crimes. Sentencing will begin in April.

The trial began March 8, '04. Mezquia, through DNA evidence, was linked to the murder of Zapata, who was sexually assaulted and strangled to death with the cord of her sweatshirt on July 7, '93, on her way home from a show. Her body was found around 3:00am in the streets of Seattle's Central District.

Mezquia was arrested in Florida in January '03 after DNA evidence linked him to Zapata's death. He was charged in February '03 with first-degree murder and brought to Seattle from Miami in March. He has been held, without bail, in a King County Corrections Facility since March '03.

Today, Zapata's friend and former band mate, Steve Moriarty, issued a statement: "I was in The Gits. We formed in '86 and moved to Seattle from Ohio in '89. We released some singles and an album, "Frenching the Bully" in '92. We had just returned to Seattle from a West Coast tour and were finishing our second album, "Enter: the Conquering Chicken" in July of '93 when our singer, Mia Zapata was abducted and murdered.

In addition to the police investigation, we hired a private investigator. Every band from Nirvana to Hootie and the Blowfish played benefit shows to help us fund the investigation. The years passed by and few clues were revealed. We never gave up hope that we would find the bastard who killed our friend, plunged our community into fear and ended The Gits.

Unknown to us, the medical examiner who examined Mia's body saved a skin sample surrounding Mia's wounds. In '93 DNA science was just starting to be used in forensics. The M.E. showed incredible foresight to know that technology would advance to be capable of identifying the man who created the wounds. This DNA sample was put in a national database of violent felons and matched a guy in Florida. Miami police picked him up and he was extradited to Seattle to face murder charges.

On March 1st the trial began. On March 25th he was convicted of the premeditated rape and murder of Mia. Sentencing will be in April. He faces 20 to life in prison."

RICE COOKER

—John Stewert

National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice. The 9/11 panel wanted her to testify in public. She said, "I can't do it." They said, "Come on!" She said, "Ohhh ...alright." Yes, Condoleezza Rice finally appeared before the Commission to clarify many questions about the Bush administration's preparations or lack thereof for the attacks of 9/11.

Rice began with an opening statement, in which she outlined the complex origins of the 9/11 attacks, stating, "Our Taliban policy wasn't working because our Afghanistan policy wasn't working. And our Afghanistan policy wasn't working because of our Pakistan policy." Unfortunately, due to time constraints, Rice was unable to then elaborate on the connection between our Pakistan policy and the "jaw bone."

Richard Clarke reared his head again and again in her testimony concerning the intelligence leading up to the attacks, leading Rice to say, "Dick Clarke was shaking the trees, the CIA was shaking the trees, the FBI was shaking the trees. We had a structural problem." That particular structural problem? The trees. They seem very shaky.

Again and again, Dr. Rice insisted that all the warnings were vague, and that there was no "silver bullet" to stop the attacks. And she only realized that was what she needed after trying the crosses and wooden stakes.

However, she would have appreciated a silver bullet concerning the panel's hostility over an only recently-declassified Presidential Daily Briefing, or PDB, whose title was *Bin Laden determined to attack inside the United States*. Sadly, she didn't read today's PDB either, entitled *The 9/11 Commission is determined to tear you a new one*.

In addition to the expected spin and evasions, Dr. Rice did have some alarmingly candid things to tell the Commission about the war on terrorism, saying, "We're not going to see success on our watch." Rice then corrected herself, adding, "I mean, unless we're given, let's say, a second watch from now until 2008."

So according to Rice there was nothing the administration could have done to prevent the attacks, and "I do not believe that there was a lack of high-level attention. The President was paying attention to this. How much higher level can you get"" Fair point. Beyond the President, one can escalate to Cheney, but you want to save that for extreme situations.

Though he's not doing so in public, President Bush himself is also set to appear before the 9/11 panel at some point in the coming weeks. Bush only agreed to do so, however, with Vice President Dick Cheney by his side, leading many Democrats to insist that Cheney at least drink a glass of water while Bush is speaking.

Graphic by Randy-monium

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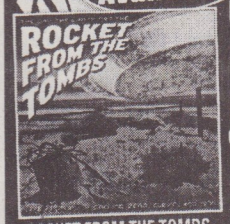

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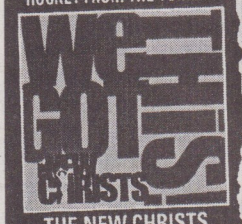

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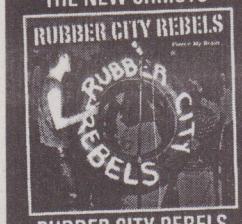

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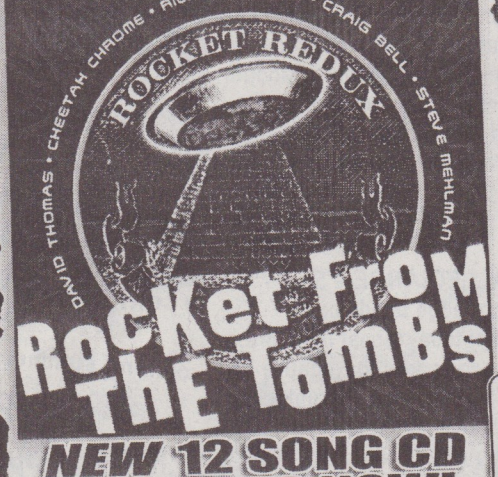

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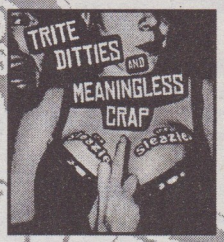

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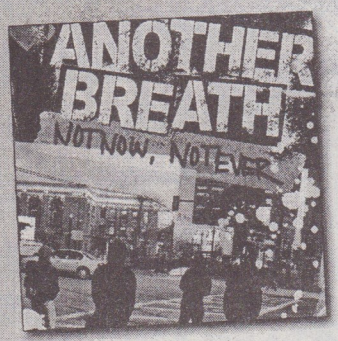

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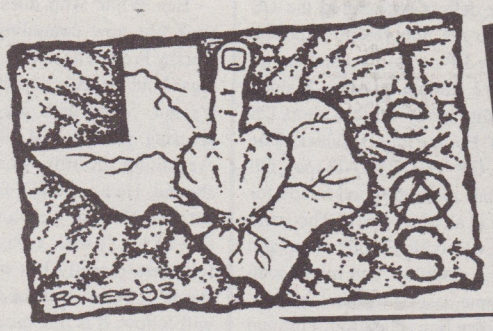


Okay, finally another Austin scene report for all you kind folks who liked the last one (not a single complaint by anyone.... not a peep, nor murmur of violence). Most of this will be dated as I am writting this in late March but you know…

As I write this South by South West music and film festival is currently taking place which doesn't mean much of anything really besides hordes of dweebs with badges and bands who shouldn't be allowed to play music trying to get signed. Maybe there is some other reason all of this film and music from around the world comes here to fester in the sun but I can not see it. Overall labels like Fat, Jade Tree, and much larger ominous ones set up package shows where their bands play and unless it is during the day, you usually have to have a mighty expensive badge ($100 or more) to entertain yourself. So, on to what's important; the bands and food!

Last time I wrote of a new band, **SIGNAL LOST**, who had just started playing. Since then they have played a shitload of gigs with just about every band coming through. They recorded a demo, which has sold about 500 copies and is now out of print. From there they got a deal with Prank Records and just finished recording for the lp and playing some west coast shows. All seems to have gone well, the shows were fun and the recording sounds great. Other than those shows and Texas, they haven't played anywhere else in the US, yet, however, they did do a 10 day tour of Mexico and word has it the kind folks there loved it. What do they sound like you ask?? I think some peace punk and melodic overtones with Husker Du and Leatherface moments but really, they do have something original going (hint hint for those bands who use the three word combination of heavy, melodic hardcore). Be sure to look out for them when they tour the US sometime next fall/autumn possibly with Manifesto Jukebox! Also, be sure to pickup their LP and see them at Prank Fest.

SIGNAL LOST

Crusty faves **S'BITCH** recorded three new songs that should show up on some comps here and there. I believe one is for Six Weeks, another for the Texas compilation, bassist Cvok is working on, and the other we'll just have to wait and see. If you liked their other stuff then you'll like the new songs even better. They have a new drummer again and are down to just one guitar player but it hasn't affected their sound too much and all seems to be working out great for them. As I mentioned, Cvok is doing a Texas comp that should have lots of great bands like **S'BITCH**, **SIGNAL LOST**, **WORLD BURNS TO DEATH** and **STORM THE TOWER**. He of course is just waiting for everyone to give him the music to get it done.

STORM THE TOWER did a tour with **J CHURCH** over the summer. They have since parted ways with their singer. I know sometimes when singers leave it might make the band worse but no offense to Mark, they have carried on without fault. I dare say they have even gotten better since their new songs are shorter and more hardcore. They are soon to record for a split with the Phoenix Foundation from Finland. Also, their split LP with **J CHURCH** is still available from Broken Rekids so hurry and pick it up. Over all a great fucking band!

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH… what can be said? They played Pointless Fest, toured Brazil, and put out three seven-inches last year. They are set to do upcoming tours with Forca Macabra and Disclose. Also, they're recording for a split with Disclose that'll be out on Dan Doh and most likely Hardcore Holocaust. You like Anti-Cimex and Riistetyt? They like Anti-Cimex and Riistetyt... we all like Anti-Cimex and Riistetyt. You better go see them on these upcoming tours because who knows if you'll ever get the chance again!

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE toured Europe this past summer and recorded 8 new songs that should be coming out soon. I think it's the best stuff they have done yet... sorta Motorhead/ Deathside/ Finnish styled plus an Appendix cover that becomes all to surreal for them. It might be printed in the record, so I will leave it at that.

Okay, the O.C. is coming on which means I must get on the phone three way with my friends, so here's some quick band info. **COLD ERA** put out a seven inch that had a limited cover with cool art and a regular version. It has gotten

rave reviews but I haven't heard it yet (duh, rumor has it that I only buy Japanese crust records and whatever is *G.O.T.A.* approved like the rest of you). I heard they have recorded for an LP as well. **KEGCHARGE** did a cd demo and are doing an LP on Hardcore Holocaust... why? I have no idea "the more I see" the "realties of war" "decontrol" "state violence" makes me want to "fight back"....whatever. **The STRAP-ONZ** are now called **COMPLETE CONTROL** and have a limited to 200 tape that has ended up on seven-inchon Slab O Wax records from San Antonio. Plus, they landed a record deal with TKO… brassknuckles and punk rock, what more would you need... a d-beat? **J CHURCH** toured Japan much to their delight and toured the US last summer much to the nonpresent audience. They are doing a new LP on No Idea and are no longer on Fat... this J Church has Iron Maiden solos. They are getting ready to do a short US tour soon and then Europe this summer. **The SWORD** and **SEA OF THOUSAND** may fall out of *MRR* range but are both good bands for the more stoner side in all of us. Sea of Thousand are doing a song on a Robotic Empire comp and The Sword have a cd demo out and might soon have a record on some east coast label, maybe. While in Mexico, some fine folks from Portland and **SIGNAL LOST** did a fast hardcore band that played twice in the US called **CUERPO DE PERRO**. Also, look for spikey hair punks **The KRUMBUMS** to do a short part of the tour with Uncurbed this summer. And finally, for bands not from Austin but much better than your band, checkout **The RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS** from Denton. They put on an amazing live show and have an awesome LP out on Gearhead Records recorded by Tim Kerr... get it...duh. And, Far From Breaking weren't too far and broke up.... So did **BREAD & WATER**, **GARUDA** and Austin's own **FUCK WORK** has either broken up or are on hiatus due to one of the band members having moved away. **SPAZM 151** are not really playing shows anymore but have split into a couple of bands; **DAMAGE CASE, WAKING TERROR**, and of course, **Kegcharge**. And that's all for band updates...

We have some places not doing shows anymore and some new places doing shows like Rounders Pizza (although I heard they might stop as well). The sound there is really great and they have cheap food and beer. I haven't seen anything or been to Monkeywrench Books in along time. Guerilla type shows have been going on every now and then on a pedestrian bridge here and they are real fun. Just word of mouth and lots of people turn out, just ask Street Trash. I don't know how long these will last since word is spreading outside the lil' punk community and some fancy pants columnist wrote about it in the Austin American Statesman.

Ben White who does *Snake Pit* zine has a book out now compiling all of his issues on Gorsky Press. The zine is comprised of his drawings about his daily activities... sound trite? Well, it's not. Some days are boring and some are amusing, just like real life is. Unfortunately, like everything in this world there are leeches abound. He has quite a few wannabe type zines out there that don't even make good toilet paper. One of his "I wish I was as interesting as Ben" followers recently just quit doing his Amazing Waste of Paper, least of all we can hope the rest will follow. It is like this: shows, beer, girls, and work make up Bens' comics and if you have a pulse one of these should hit home for you. The *Snake Pit* Book, get it!

As I write this, Austin now finally has a proper record store again, thanks Jug! Sound on Sound records located on North Loop, just a couple of doors down from Monkeywrench Books just opened it's doors this past weekend. **The SWORD** and **STORM THE TOWER** played the grand opening and it was awesome. There were lots of good finds at great prices and a keg. Be sure to check this store out whenever you're in town. It's already off to a great start and I'm sure will be a great success.

Oh yeah, Prank Fest is happening here at Emo's June 5-6th (with a pre-show on the 4th) thanks to hard working party animal Timmy, Control, and **SIGNAL LOST**. Shitloads are playing but all you really need to know is PAINTBOX!!! And, for you out of towners, **WORLD BURNS TO DEATH.** It is going to be amazing. I sure am glad it's not being held in Arizona Bay. Everyone knows the South produces better bands anyway. I have heard some flak on it for being held here which I think is absurd. Poor, spoiled coasters will have to travel inland I guess, but Paintbox is playing California, too so I don't see why the twerps are complaining anyway. For more information contact www.prankrecords.com

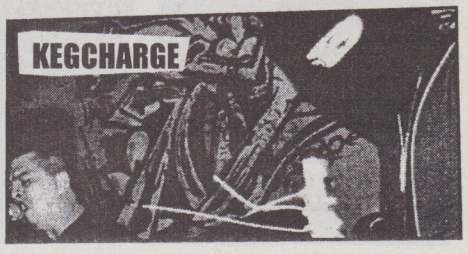
Finally, much love goes out to Jack Barfield who works his ass off and does awesome screen printed posters for lots of shows here (DIY shows suckas). You may have seen some of his posters at Pointless Fest and the east coast DSB shows Wherever Texas folk travel in packs you are sure to find something of his. Prank Fest will feature his stuff and online, checkout gig-posters.com for more of his stuff, some with a foulmouth, shitty Blinko/Squeal ripoff artist. But, besides that he does an awesome job and hopefully will keep doing them and land some out of state projects for you fuckers.

I cannot go without mentioning Java Noodles again (Hyde recommended and approved) and the wise Barney. And before I forget these pictures are all taken and/or provided by Ashely "Smash" Marshall who has taken lots of photos that end up on records but never seems to get the credit (uhhumm **WORLD BURNS TO DEATH** take note)

There are some bands who fall out of my range but hopefully someone will write about these bands. If you're not satisfied then do your own! And remember, Melodic + dark + heavy + hardcore = a giant pile of shit that fortunately has not grasped the Texas scenes. And remember everytime a church window gets broken, an angel gets its wings. Mike Robinson here, reporting from Babylon.

Contact information to the best of my knowledge (writers note: I hate email only info for bands but I am gonna do everything for y'all now):

World Burns to Death/ Severed Head of State/ Storm the Tower: 1012 Brodie St.Austin, TX 78704
Complete Control: PO Box 300572, Austin, TX 78703
Ben Snakepit: PO Box 49447, Austin, TX 78765
Jack Barfield: jackisthebarfield@yahoo.com
Cold Era: 1600A Wheless, Austin, TX 78752
Kegcharge: disrupt23@yahoo.com
J Church: honeybearrecords@hotmail.com
Sea of Thousand: seaofthousand.com
Riverboat Gamblers: theriverboatgamblers.com
Sound on Sound: 106 north loop
Signal Lost: Stanyergrnd@yahoo.com



NEW HAMPSHIRE

OK, I know exactly what you guys are thinking: "New Hampshire!? Scene!? What?! Does that place really exist?" The answer to all those is … yeah. We've been here for a while, but sadly our most notable exports are the Queers and GG Allin. Argh! The truth of the matter is that we have a pretty strong, diverse scene growing within the Granite State, so hopefully this will serve as a positive way to promote our hard work!

First off, New Hampshire is split up into a few different folds: punk rock, tough guy hardcore, metalcore and weirdo noise/rock. It is, sadly, very separated in certain areas but we've been booking plenty of shows lately that are diverse and varied to bring people together, and it seems to be working if I may say so myself. I think it's a shame to admit this, but there are bands that mainly strive off DIY shows and then there are bands who exist mainly in bars. Most notably, in terms of DIY hardcore punk, is the long-lasting **BACKSTABBERS INC**. These guys have had some of the worst luck in the past four or so years they've been a band. Despite numerous releases on well-known labels, their inability to keep a solid line-up has kind of hindered their ability to play out as often as I'm sure they'd all like. Regardless, **BACKSTABBERS INC** play some fucking intense and fierce hardcore punk dealing with both political and personal topics. Whether you love them or hate them, they are one of the most important bands we have showing us that determination, hard work and just overall love for the music is strong enough to keep anyone going. Hopefully they will get things solid ASAP, since they've recruited Brady of defunct screamy hardcore quartet the **WESTERN SKY** into the fold and have just released the *Kamikaze Missions* LP on Providence, RI label Trash Art.

BACKSTABBERS INC.

The GUTS hail from Portsmouth, NH and play what I'd consider pop punk akin to early Green Day. They have two or three CD's out and play a lot of local shows. They seem to have a decent following too. Another band from that area is **SATAN'S TEARDROPS**, who do the whole rockabilly thing. I've heard they put on some pretty crazy shows, but I'd be lying if I told you that type of noise was my thing. Both of these bands are more of the bar type, though.

BRAVO FUCKING BRAVO who hail from Derry, NH are a recently reduced four-piece band that do the whole Orchid/Saetia screamy hardcore thing. They have a 7" coming out on Ab.stract Records and a split with **The CRITIC** as well. They are also really nice kids.

TRANSISTOR TRANSISTOR are still together. They just went through a pretty big line-up change. I believe they feature Brad from the newly defunct **WOLVES** (and Orchid) on guitar. Their split 12" with Wolves is still available on Level Plane and I think they are back to playing shows finally. It's still the same kids yelling so I don't think it'll be that big of a change, sound wise.

The seacoast area has a pretty good arty-noise scene growing that features some really awesome bands. **GIANT BAT** are a two-piece noise fest who, to me, sound like *Mindflayer* if they had Lightning Bolt's song writing style. It's fucking loud as hell and tons of fun—definitely two of the most talented kids going at the moment. **MASSACCESI** is the solo work of one John Fanning. He travels all over the place spreading his chopped and distorted noise, but always returns to the area in between big treks and moves. He recently came back from living in Spain and will start playing shows shortly (definitely by the time you read this). **HOTT RUXX** is a fairly young band that plays something in between Arab on Radar, the Vanishing and Black Dice—dancey post-punk that falls into fits of no wave weirdness and noise. They are touring at the end of June for two weeks with friends **BIRTH RITES**, who are akin to the Blood Brothers, but more straightforward rocking. They have plenty of noise and goth-appeal to make kids into the darker stuff dance around.

YOUNG URBAN PROFESSIONALS is a side-project of **Birth Rites/Hott Ruxx** kids that's like a mix of the Stooges, Le Shok and the Catheters. The live shows are crazy.

DEATH TO TYRANTS is an instrumental indie rock outfit. They have a few records coming out I believe. One of them, that's already out, is a CD-EP on Chernobyl Media.

The CRITIC play the screamy stuff like **Bravo**. They are doing a split 7" together, as was mentioned above. I have yet to see them play.

I wont even go into the metalcore or tough guy bullshit that basically owns the middle southern part of our state. A lot of it is based off fashion or homophobic and near-racist bullshit. There seems to be too large of an obsession with One Life Crew and Blood For Blood bullshit, and a lot of these kids are a bit too into Skrewdriver and what not. I don't know what to say really.

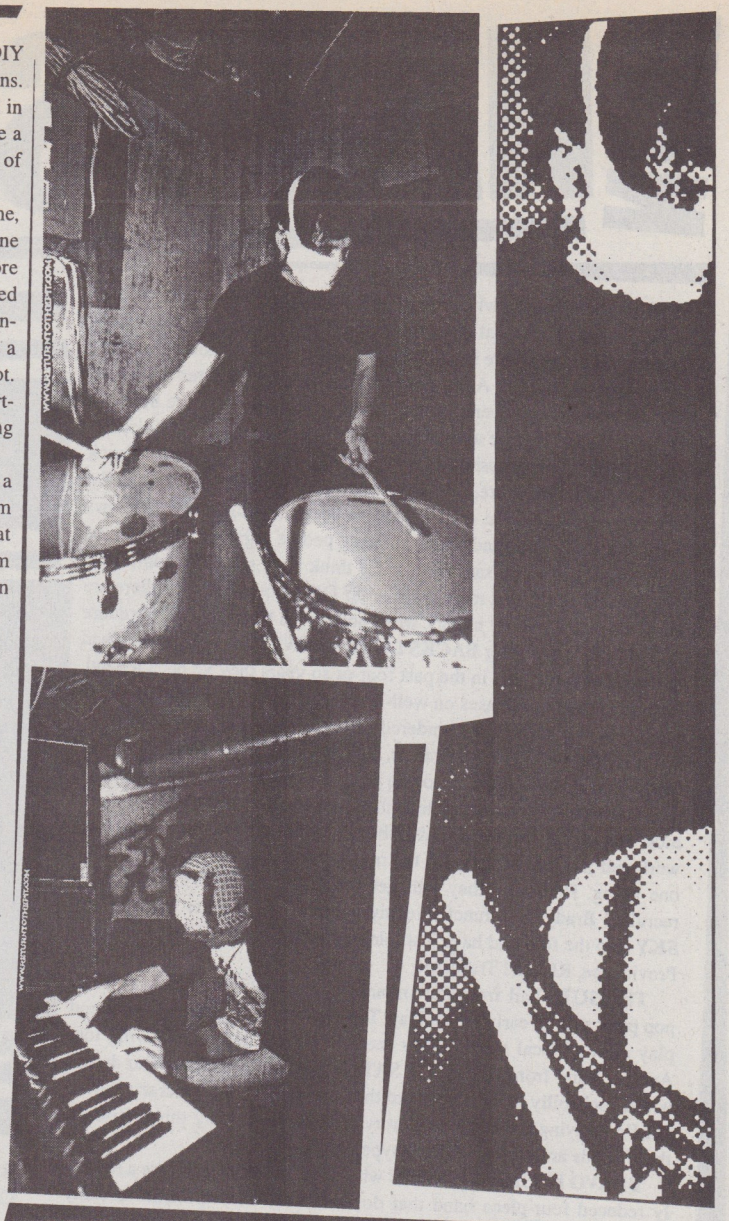
As far as venues go, there isn't much but we have some cool places. Curly's Coffee is located in Amherst, NH. As far as I know, there is no coffee available and it's just a show space. My band has played there and I must say it's a great room, just kind of not close to anything so it doesn't always have the best turnouts. Regardless, a show with good draw there would go down amazingly, since "Curly" is a great guy and the sound, stage, floor space are all perfect. Definitely an intimate spot. The Summit Café in Derry, NH is another intimate show space that I've heard is pretty cool. It's small, but bands play on the floor and I think that creates a great setting. There are some bigger bar-type places but I don't think those are really worth mentioning either, since tough guy or Korn-type bands are the only ones who really play there. By far the best venue in the area is The Dirty Basement. Located in Dover, NH this place is just fucking straight up awesome. The kids who live there have been kind

enough to allow shows in their basement which is the perfect size for DIY gigs. We've had local and touring acts play there, all to great reactions. Birth Rites and Young Urban Professionals both practice there, too. All in all, it's a fun place to play and it's totally police/asshole free. If you are a touring band and you'd like to play, it's just located one hour North of Boston. Get in touch.

Labels are few and far between, but there are some kids putting time, money and effort into releasing local music. Spiderbite Records has done vinyl and CDs for a bunch of locals including **The GUTS**. Death Before Dishes is a new label from the seacoast area. It might actually be located right across the border in Maine, but I'm not sure. Dream Beagle is mainly a tape/CDr label run by one of the **Hott Ruxx/YUP** kids and he does a lot of stuff, but mainly side-projects/one-off's by friends and what not. There is some great shit on there though. Def Ruxx is the new label started by **Hott Ruxx** kids. It's going to be tapes, CDrs, vinyl and everything and will probably be weird, fucked up and limited all around.

Well, thanks for reading! Hopefully you can all make it out and see a show up here, or maybe you'll check out some of our bands. People seem to associate NH with being in the middle of nowhere, but let it be said that the scene exists mainly in the southern part of the state, just minutes from the Massachusetts line and only an hour from Boston. Don't miss out on our rock!

Backstabbers Inc: http://www.backstabbersinc.com
Birth Rites: http://www.birth-rites.net
Bravo Fucking Bravo: http://www.bravofuckingbravo.com
The Critic: http://www.thecritic.cjb.net
Giant Bat: http://www.giantbat.tk
The Guts: http://www.thegutsrock.com
Hott Ruxx: http://www.hottruxx.tk
Massaccesi: http://www.massaccesi.com
Satan's Teardrops: http://www.satansteardrops.com
Transistor Transistor: http://www.level-plane.com/transistor
Curly's Coffee: http://www.curlyscoffee.com
Dirty Basement: staticdelusions@aol.com or birth_rites@yahoo.com
Spiderbite Records: http://www.spiderbiterecords.com



GERMANY

Scene – Report of Leverkusen / Germany
By Jan Rohlk, 02/2004, email: roehlkj@hotmail.com

Small town, small scene?

You know, Leverkusen is like this: when the local newspaper wanted bands from the town to send in their demo tapes for review, our band (John Hillerman) copied the Judge Bringing it down-Lp on tape, re-named all the 12 songs after famous HC-punk bands like 1. Rorschach, 2. Black Flag, 3. Gorilla Bisquits, 4. Sick of it all etc, send this in as the new demo from John Hillerman called bringing it down and then, hey, they liked us and gave us an awesome review - you see, Leverkusen and Punk? Forget it. Really?

The city Leverkusen is a small town (200 000 people, located in the middle of Germany), which will always stay in the shadow of its bigger neighbor city. it is home to one of the world's biggest chemistry cooperation's (Bayer) and the average family of Leverkusen consists of the man working at Bayer and the woman teaching at school.

Ok, maybe it would be more interesting to read about what was and is going on in better-known places like Berlin or Hamburg? Yeah, maybe, but sometimes amazing bands come from the suburbs and sometimes a lot of good things happen in the middle of nowhere. I hope that someone who maybe also lives (and hates it) in these modern cities around bigger core-business town will have some interest to the what-was-and-what-is going on in my hometown Leverkusen.

Let's say it honestly: not that much compared to bigger cities, but: for a town of that size, incredible much.

Yeah, you know that we actually had concerts here with Das Klown, OI Polloi, that Slaphsot played here and also Sick Of it All (back then at the beginning of the 90s)? You could say that these two bands were for our town the same as the first gigs of DOA and Black Flag in American suburbs in the middle of nowhere – famous hardcore bands came to us, us little shit hole and played in front of 100 kids who were very much influenced by SOiA and Slapshot.

Hell, after long years of struggle we even have an own youth center, run by the kids and for the kids, who even our bigger sister, the nearly one million-city Cologne, does not have. Well, of course not, because this is Leverkusen, not Cologne :). Actually, Leverkusen had back in 1980 its first occupied-house, which is still occupied until today.

Maybe like most of hardcore-punk rock scenes, our scene consists of people mainly from the middle and upper-middle class who all finished their high school. is that a new fact? Actually no, I guess. Oh, and male-dominated? Of course. Leverkusen has since the 60s a rich and vast jazz and blues tradition but punk and hardcore started a little bit later.

Once upon a time ago... there was a band called OHL ("Oberste Heeresleitung"—kind of the Chief Military Office of German armies in second world war) who came originally from Leverkusen in the late 70s. Sometimes you read in fanzines that they were the first German punk band, but I really don't know. They released some records, broke up in the middle of the 80s and reformed in the 90s and are still touring. Nobody of the band-members still lives in Leverkusen any more.

Well, the name of the band and their ante fascists as well as anti-Communists lyrics always caused confusion—were they a provocative band or a right wing band? Some people say that that it was back then in 1978 some kind of a provocation to have such a militant band name and that you have to see this like the "Sid Vicious running through Paris with a Hakenkreuz"-thing, but that this name today is not funny any more and even dangerous because leftwing equals right wing is not true.

Then you have people who still think the band and their whole totalitarism attitude is true punk, having song lines like "you hippie sucker with long hairs, you look exactly as your woman" ("Alternative langhaarige Sau, du siehst aus wie deine Frau," one quote of one of their famous songs).

Well, when punks hate hippies they often forget that the real hippies, the political and action hippies (not the red wine like hippies) started the way to punk rock. Without Woodstock, no *MRR*? Yeah, I guess so. My opinion about OHL is that this band was not provocative and hardly funny. Sure, they are not right, their early material has still kind of a cult-status because of it's rough sound and sometimes they make intelligent lyrics too, I totally admit this, but their whole political approach "extreme left equals extreme right" is bullshit, at least in my eyes. Why? Because the solution would then be the middle, I guess, the best way—yeah, like now in Germany, a slightly social democratic system with the Greens in power and these former peace party consented to two wars, one even without UN mandate. Not that an UN mandate would do it any better, besides.

Until the late of the 80s, the town Leverkusen could say of itself that the American and English wave of hardcore and punk has landed here—you had the still-existing Voodoo-punks Stoned Age, still playing like Misfits meets Meteors on dope and now even stronger with members of the rowdy Old school thrashers Schnodder. Then the long gone Warren D'Havelock, playing Naked Raygun-Core with famous scene personality "Der Riese" (the giant) in the band. He later started organizing concerts in 1989/1990 in a youth center named Kolberger Street—he made the mentioned Sick of it All-concert in 1990 and a Slapshot gig in the same year (Slapshot returned to a neighbor town-club show on their 2003 tour, also organized by the Riese and with Choke wearing our local soccer club Trikot on stage which gave him good audience laughs).

Like viewing through a microscope, you can perfectly see in Leverkusen the sound evolution which happened in most German scenes in the early 90s, the evolution from 90s New York Core to 1994s Born- Against-vegetarian-psycho-political-playing-with-the-back-against-the audience-core (I know that basically from people and fanzines from other cities, their city-sound-evolution-stories are quite similar, at least for cities with the same size than my town).

In 1990 bands spread out of nowhere really heavily influenced by NYC-HC like Judge, Gorilla Biscuits etc. You had the famous band EXAMPLE who turned in to the even more famous FORCED TO DECAY. They played since their forming in 1994 some kind of doom-HC, releasing three LPs and broke up in 2002, I guess. Their guitar player formed a successful Misfits coverband named The GHOULS and even was invited by Jerry Only to sing a song on a Misfits concert in Amsterdam. He started Leverkusen's only existing label now after the breakdown of High Gain records that had Pro Pain on it. His label Fiend Force Records just released his first output, a worldwide horror punk-compilation. Today, you have one punk-label and two cheap recording studios, the White Room and Dirks Hill studio—that is a shame, but the truth.

The band POINT ONE finally released in 2003 their first CD after several demo tapes. They are together for over ten years and still play their early Agnostic Front/Suicidal Tendencies hardcore which is brilliant—but every time I saw them, they were in the wrong place at the wrong time, for an example as they opened for Better Than A 1000 in front of a straight edge crowd while drinking and smoking on the stage and playing their dub ragga-tribute-song or when they opened for Stoned Age in front of a psychobilly punk crowd.

QUEST FOR RESCUE started in the early 90s (and are still operating) as an amazing combination of Bad Religion's *Suffer*, Dag Nasty and Shades Apart and released, after several demo tapes, two full-length records on Blurr records.

The first time I started to visit concerts in 1992 in Leverkusen (I am 26 now), everybody went to concerts then because there were not and are not many choices if you want to hear alternative live music in this city, you know?

This whole scene separation was then as I experienced it not the fact: you had real tough HC bands playing with metal bands and the slower, later, Seven Seconds plus QUEST FOR RESCUE on the same bill—cause everybody knew each other from school or shows, it was a more family thing were you went to a concert for the people who are there, to drink and then, for live alternative music.

Well, things should not stay the same and it was a good change from tough guy core to a more political and complex sound—back then it was not at all better than today but sometimes, I think that I fell in love with punk rock for exactly this plurality, open-mindness and tolerance which was visible in punk shows then and that I totally miss this concept today in your "three bands medlodic-core-preaching-to-the-converted-shows"—why not mix again Straight edge, Reggae and Death metal bands on one bill with an in techno DJ after show party? Should we really care about that childish attitude "you don't play my music so I don't like you?" Hardcore should be more than music and at least not less than music, I think, and aren't we not listening to a wide range of music, from Devo to Anal Cunt, Abba, AC/DC, NWA and Black Flag? Why not show this plurality in organizing plural concerts for open-minded people?

For a few years, Leverkusen had besides the punk rock-fanzines *Various Artists*, Steine und Gebeine and *SI Senor* the skinhead united-zine which organized some punks and skins meeting in town.

Interesting that the whole scene radically changed after the success of Born Against, Ebullition and Rorschach in this town. The sound-change from New York moshcore to vegetarian punk and crust core is good visible when looking at the bands name changes: the band BEYOND A MINORITY, a brilliant Yuppicide-style band, turned in to LEVIATHAN and later PROFANE and ended in to the today's band name The OMEGA TRUST. They started to play Rorschach punk, just like the band DESPISE (Leverkusen's SFA) became MALVA and kind of complicated psycho core. Well, some bands stayed the same and developed tough, for example SECOND TO NONE with their classic hardcore and even opened for the Spermbirds. Today they broke up after their first CD on Music Is My Heroin records after renaming them SLIPFIRE (duh...) and giging a lot in and around Germany.

In 1997, Leverkusen's overall look could be sum up in one word: isolation. After the whole Rorschach thing lowered down, people either stayed totally away from the scene, became local disco checkers, or started to take the ride and

formed kind of low style guitar rock bands.

The punk bars like the black box and the blue were closed, and single persons in the Kolberger Street sometimes organized the some concerts. I mean, sure, you still had the old death metal bands like Solitary Confinement (later changed name to World Downfall, sure, after the terroizer LP), new Hip hop Bands like the funny Gee-Pahrm, funny ska-funk bands like Estonia Fantasies, the old death metal heroes Asmodina (now the slayer-like Transgression), black metal (Abstrus, Ametrophie) and some hippie stuff from Dantes View and Horse Latitudes.

In the same year, our concert group started organizing concerts with the name Hungerhaken Concerts in another youth center which was and is well known for its cheap practice space rates, the bunker.

The in tension was to create a communication point at concerts to bring back some of the old unity spirit which got lost after people were went into this hole "you are less political then me and you sold out because you covered Slapshot" thing. People should start to come to a show because there is a show, people, a scene and not only going to shows, which covers their special taste. Although we had great local and in ternatiolan concerts with Das Klown, Fun people, Oi polloi and Kill your idols, although a local youth crew cook group began with giving away cheap vegan meals at shows and although sometimes there even was some people who build a booktable with stuff to sell, the concept failed.

The Grind core people wouldn't come to Fat Wreck style bands and vice-versa. It was not possible that you could mix classic local Hardcore with out-of-town-crust core bands without tension. Anyway, the 7" collection from 2001, fuck music for fuck people, covers the sound of the Hungerhaken concert group with mosh-core and grindcore bands on it like MADSCHNUN and John Hillerman or even melodic core like the MELODIC COREOPERATION and the druggy the who-like MiA (MUSIC INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, not to be confused with the Las Vegas Missing In Action). All bands are still playing.

The opening of a new metal-darkwave disco right in the centre of the town called Shadows occassionally gave punk and HC bands the chance to play concerts. But you know, dancing to old New Model Army and buying yourself a beer for four dollars is maybe once in a while nice, but such a place is not the new rescue for a scene communication, I tend to say. The band TUPAMROS originally comes from Leverkusen although they were more orientated to a farer away city. They released real emo-political stuff on Scene Police records, toured USA and Japan and are still rocking.

Some people of that original concert group formed a new concert group, Kassalla Concerts, because they were not satisfied with the social worker dominated bunker concerts atmosphere and restarted doing regular shows in the Kolberger. There was also another reason for separation: our group organized one concert with out-of-town band (KASSIERER) which had as the entrance fee nit the five dollars, but seven dollars for one and only time. Too much sold-out.

Kassalla released various cassette samplers, featuring the now, out of town operating band KOYAANISQATSI who play excellent Rites Of Spring style punk with political German lyrics and released their first LP two or three years ago.

The band members came from a small neighborhood town which a also a youth center with way more political and their crusty bands like STRANGE FRUIT, LOEWENZAHN, ANVIL, NIGUTOKIROO and CARNAGE were often half Langenefeld and half Leverkusen's members. Kassalla also founded a food not bombs group and re-launched Leverkusen's broke down antifascist action team. Finally in 2000/2001, they were able to get new kids from the high schools coming to parties and shows, so the whole twenty-three and over scene went through a refreshing phase and this is going on until today. Kassalla managed to set up in a neighbor house building Leverkusens first autonomous center, run for the kids, by the kids, the Kulturausbesserungswerk. There you have an own house, which serves as a meeting point for a lot of activist groups and includes a cheap bar and a wonderful place for concerts.

You see, there is still something going on in this tiny town. You have an interesting mixture between the old bands and the new one's like DISARRANGED (NOFX-like), DRUNKEN MONKEYS (early Queers), The OPTIMIST CLUB (later meat puppets-trouble funk-blast), The OTHER (Samhain-core) and KING SIZE LOVERS (early punk-funk but I heard they will break up this year).

If you read this while living in a small town apart from big cities, than take this report as an example that the people will start to move, to change and get together - if you move, change and get it together for yourself first. And then with your friends. And then with new friends. And then...

So, small town, small scene? Make it bigger.

While on the internet, take a look at:WWW.KULTURAUSBESSERUNGSWERK.DE

U.K.

UK SCENE REPORT

Let's get the depressing bit out of the way. Politics!! The UK now boasts record debt levels as dodgy finance companies prey on the vulnerable and desperate, offering any Tom, Dick and Harry loans, the catch being the payback rates, which can be as high as 50%! The government has done absolutely nothing about this, so at least half the working class are stuck with payments they cannot possibly keep, as Council Tax (a local tax which already costs households £20 a week!) goes up every year at three or four times the rate of inflation. The government's answer to all this is for Tony Blair to have another holiday abroad in his good friend Cliff Richard's villa until the fuss has died down. Britain has the lowest pay of any capital in Europe, while boasting some of the highest housing prices in the world. A recipe for disaster that even a good government would take ten years to cure.

There is also a secret agenda to destroy the Post Office and The NHS and replace it with private set-ups offering worse pay and conditions for staff and the politics of the madhouse (i.e. private firms given contracts to build hospitals with free reign to double the original estimate; operations being done by private healthcare at almost twice the cost, in order to fiddle the waiting lists). Who pays? The taxpayer, but that's all right as these firms happily donate money to New Labour's coffers (actually New Labour now has far more Big Business donors than the Tories—fact!). Speaking of the Tories, their new leader Michael Howard is the right wing nutcase that gave us the Poll Tax and punishment prisons for teenagers.

It's not just Iraq that Blair and Bush share common ground on, it's the whole package—let the rich off the hook, hammer the poor, let big business do what it likes, take backhanders, give yourself a nice big pay rise and employ a vast array of spin doctors to hide the truth. Blair has even been lying about his health! And just when you think it couldn't get any worse, big business (particularly

banks) are moving their call centers to India, where, instead of paying the workers £5 an hour, they can pay them £1 a day, so that you'll get canvassers ringing you who can't even understand what you're saying, wasting even more of your time! And Call Centers join Industrial Decline in the biggest unreported recession the country has ever seen. What is Blair doing about it? Lying low of course.

The Government is so desperate to privatize the NHS that it did a secret deal with its' rebel MP's: vote for it ("foundation hospitals") or abstain—and they'll agree to ban fox hunting. Big deal, seeing as 80% of the public hate fox hunting anyway. Next on the cards, taking asylum seekers' kids away from them and making us pay for our own ID cards. Needless to say, Blair's sidekick Mandelson is back in the fold. Why would any government let a twice-exposed crook back in? Simple, he is one of the main men in the Bilderberg Group, the secret society of the establishment who really control world affairs.

On the bright side, The Royals were on the ropes again thanks to a book written by Princess Diana's butler Paul Burrell, who reveals that Diana was very probably murdered by M16. Well I never! The cameras in the subway where she died were even pointing the wrong way at the time. And Charles has recently been exposed as gay—no big deal in the modern world, but when you're a Royal, fantastic entertainment for the rest of us!

Anyway, enough of politics and on to punk rock. I make no apologies for this report being street punk/oi based as even Bruce Roehrs just writes about HC and Confederacy of Scum these days, so someone's gotta get some good music in here.

Local label Dislocate has been very busy of late: first a CD by local raw 60s garage punkers **CANDYRAG** (who since then have gotten a new singer), a very impressive new CD by old timers **DRONGOS FOR EUROPE**, *Barcode Generation* (it's rare I like heavy punk but this is brilliantly played and produced, and the lyrics are totally sussed) and best of all, the long awaited *North London's Finest* CD by **INTENSIVE CARE** which is a mixture of straight forward three-chord fast punk, and great sing along oi/ska/punk with hilarious, provocative lyrics. Singer Brendan once got sent down for rioting after his mug appeared on Crimewatch TV show! Clara (ex-**ZERO TOLERANCE**) plays bass, and the band's interviews are some of the funniest and most offensive you'll ever see from an anarcho-band. Contact **DISLOCATE** at PO Box 321, Durham, DH7 7YG.

A good local band CD entitled *Punk in Sunderland* was released, and it boasts great songs by **The PITS, HOLY RACKET, LOUDMOUTH, CRASHED OUT** and more. It's on Stretch Records but good luck finding it, as there are no contact details. **RAMPAGE** are back, under the moniker **CHAOS BRIGADE**. **CRASHED OUT** continue to gig heavily, always putting on a good show and have a new album's worth of stuff to record, just waiting for a label. http://www.crashed-out.co.uk, or write to Chris, 67A Ellison St, Jarrow, Tyne & Wear, NE32 3JU, UK.

BARSE recently toured Finland to promote their red vinyl new 7" *Better Be Ready* (Hells Tone Records)—four more tracks of classic '77 style provocative punk with nuts lyrics, complete with a spoof on The Beatles' "Apple" label—the core of which has been replaced with something a lot more inviting!! The band have just started recording their new album, they have a website (htr@lprhardcore.net) and are available for comps, new releases, drug parties etc. etc. (barse@durrttyred.fsnet.co.uk).

The FIGHT from Dudley (Birmingham) have a MCD out on Fat Wreck and it's one of the best things I've ever heard—classic Avengers style, but even more tuneful, and a great Circles (the old mod band) cover. They apparently didn't have much luck touring the US, as according to my record shop contact, Mick Bladder, they couldn't get served anywhere they played (average age 17!!).

ON FILE from Scotland will now have their new five track CDEP out on Screwed Up Records, Germany, containing both sides of their *Birds Don't Like The Skinheads* 7" (Revenge Records, France) plus three new tracks. If you like catchy Oi with crooning vocals, snap it up. Contact Hedgy, 47 Finavon Place, Dundee, Scotland.

South London's finest **SUPERYOB** recently released a great single on Screwed Up (Germany), a cover of an obscure Slade song "How Does it Feel?," but it's the B-side "Rock 'N' Roll Revolution" that's the real killer—great nostalgic tune with a hard as nails delivery and good lyrics pouring cynicism on the MTV generation—think the best songs on the Business' "Whole Truth"—yes it's that good. Their long awaited third album, *Ghetto Blaster*, is out now on Underground London Records. It's every bit the classic you expect, great tunes and socio political lyrics attacking big brother and American megalomaniac multinationals. Contact: PO Box 26535, London, SE3 9WS, UK or check out the website: http://www.superyob.com.

DEAD PETS from Leeds have been constantly gigging and are a great live band, their front man Sweeney being one of the best in the business—even glassing himself at a recent toon gig! Sweeney made national TV in "Faking it" a program where unlikely candidates pose as the complete opposite and convince experts they are the real thing—in this case Sweeney took a crash course on conducting an orchestra and fooled one judge! Musically, **DEAD PETS** are like The Bosstones with Muttley Macc Lad style vocals. They have a new six track MCD done which will be out by the time you read this.

SICK 56, who's *Recipe For Disaster* CD is a fine blast of heavy punk in the vein of early English Dogs (but more varied), have a split 7" out with UK Subs. Included in the ranks is the original One Way System guitarist. Both releases are on *JSNTGM Records*, PO Box 1025,Blackpool, FY3 OFA.

Boss Tuneage, primarily a label that caters to dodgy emo bands, recently released an excellent singles and out-takes album by 80s/90s anarcho band **TERMINUS.** Unlike most bands of that genre they wrote some great songs that could sound like anything from New Model Army to Motorhead, depending on which track it is. http://www.bosstuneage.com.

Around about now, Captain Oi! should be releasing new albums by **RESISTANCE 77, MENACE** (revised line up), **RED ALERT, GOLDBLADE** (feat John Robb of Membranes, and apparently a lot better musically) and possibly **MAJOR ACCIDENT** and **ABRASIVE WHEELS.**

Zines still doing the rounds (I would suggest sending $4 each including postage) include *Cod Eye*—a hilarious PC-baiting zine covering mainly street punk & Oi (but no arm waving; the editor, in fact, once threw a nazi down the nightclub stairs)—Rob, 23 Falkland St, Middlesbrough, Cleveland, TS 1 4JH. *Part Time Punk* is a regular '77

retro zine full of nostalgia, very informative but not the sad "I was a punk once" writings that you get from celebrities. Loads to read from Ian, 22 Maldon Rd, Bitterne, Southampton, S019 7AE. *Riot On Your Own* (Bill, 5 Glen Rd, Belfast, BT5, North Ireland) and *You Can't Polish A Turd* (contact the editor Joe via Bill Riot at above address) are both hilarious real punk zines with a great obnoxious and offensive sense of humor. *Four Minute Warning* (Mitch, 31 Fir Grove, Marton, Blackpool, Lancs) covers all styles of real punk and HC. I myself do a free zine, *Savage Amusement*, full of reviews, etc. (see my address at end of article and enclose IRC or dollar for postage) and I did a recent twenty year anniversary issue of an old zine *Have A Good Laugh* which features massive interviews with **FRANKIE FLAME, OI POLLOI,** and also **TV SMITH** and the hilarious **INTENSIVE CARE** plus loads of articles, reviews and even some cartoons. Get it for $4 from my address at bottom, and also a free 25 track street punk CD *Milk Me Honey* which features **GENERATORS, BOMBSHELL ROCKS**, etc. There are many others and these are reviewed in *Savage Amusement*.

I also run a distro—hundreds of CDs, vinyl records, badges, old and new—all styles from Anarcho to HC to Oi to '77 punk and I have loads of mainly UK punk/Oi/HC stuff to TRADE with labels. Contact trevhagl@hotmail.com or send IRC or SA for a list to Trev, Rosehill, 20 New Front St, Tanfield Lea, Stanley, Co. Durham, DH9 9LY, England.

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FROM THE VAULT

Yet more photos for you to enjoy, this time courtesy of XhoudyX from Prague. Contact c/o Trnkovo nam. 3, Praha 5 — Hlucepy, 152 00, Czech Republic

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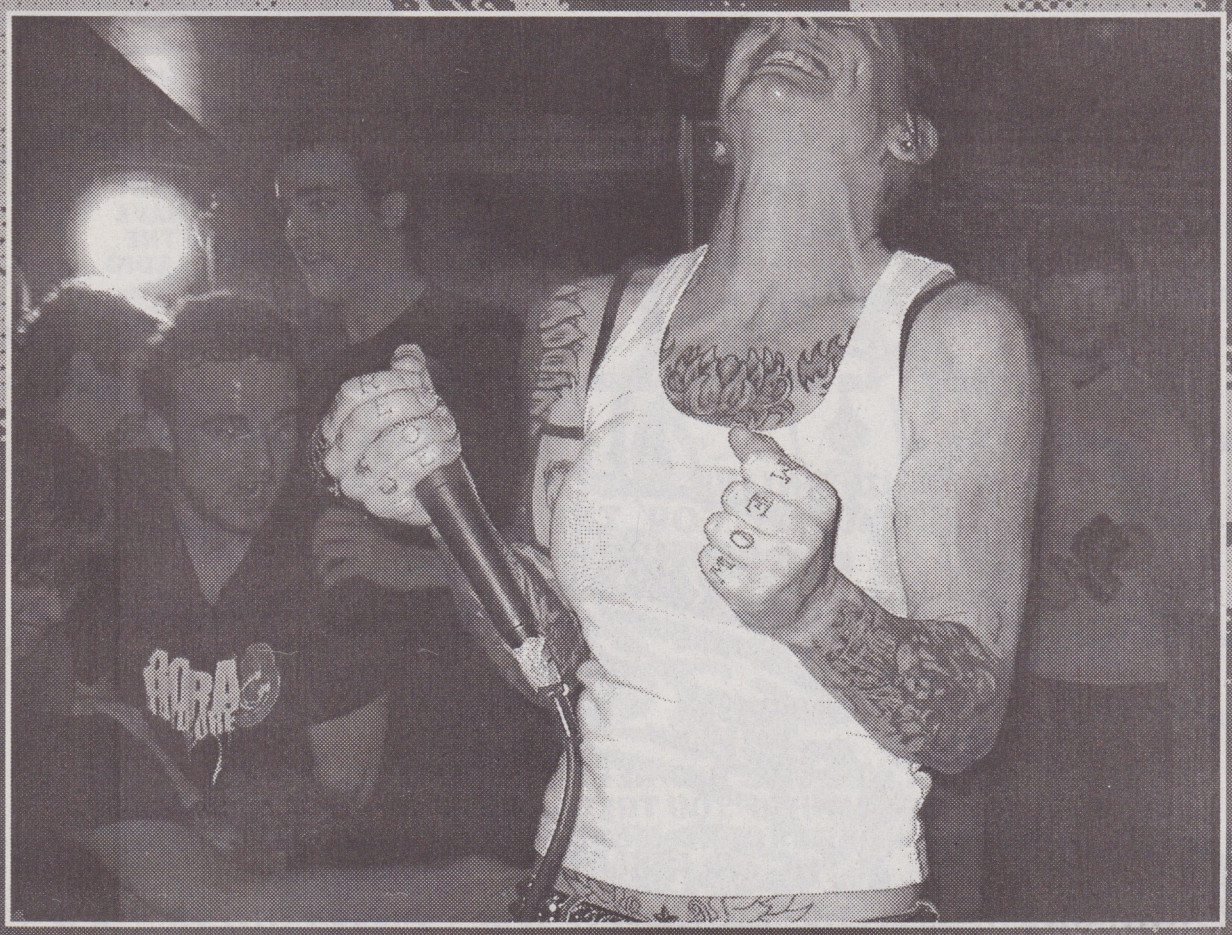
BALACAVA—Czech Republic



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sunday morning einsteins

artimus pyle

USA

u.s. tour

sweden

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www.prankrecords.com artimuspylerocks@yahoo.com

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(triple rock, w/MISERY) minneapolis, mn 23
(american legion, w/FUCK THE GENRE) rapid city, sd 24
(area 5, w/ASS END OFFEND) missoula, mt 25
(2nd ave. pizza, w/DESPITE) seattle, wa 26
(sub-zero) portland, or 27
(the spacement, w/BARAGBEGIYA) reno, nv 28
(924 gilman, w/HUL AND CRY, DESOLATION) berkeley, ca 29
(hemlock, 21+ show w/LUDICRA) sf, ca 30
(arts in action) la, ca 31

JUNE

(the cafe, w/BALLAST-canada) san diego, ca 01
(mexicos cultural ctr. w/PAINTBOX-japan, HARTO) santa ana, ca 02
(the modified, w/NO SHIT) phoenix, az 03
el paso, tx (surge's) 04

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(dixie taverne, w/KYLESA) new orleans, la 07
nashville, tn 08
09 asheville, nc (green eggs and jam)
10 richmond, va (nancy raygun)
11 philadelphia, pa (w/FIGHTING DOGS)
12 early: manhatan (abc no rio), late: brooklyn (drink)
13 providence, ri (as220)
14 buffalo, ny
15 pittsburgh, pa
16 columbus, oh (legion of doom)
17 chicago, il (w/FORCA MACABRA-finland, TYRADES)
18 minneapolis, mn (triple rock, w/FORCA MACABRA, MISERY)

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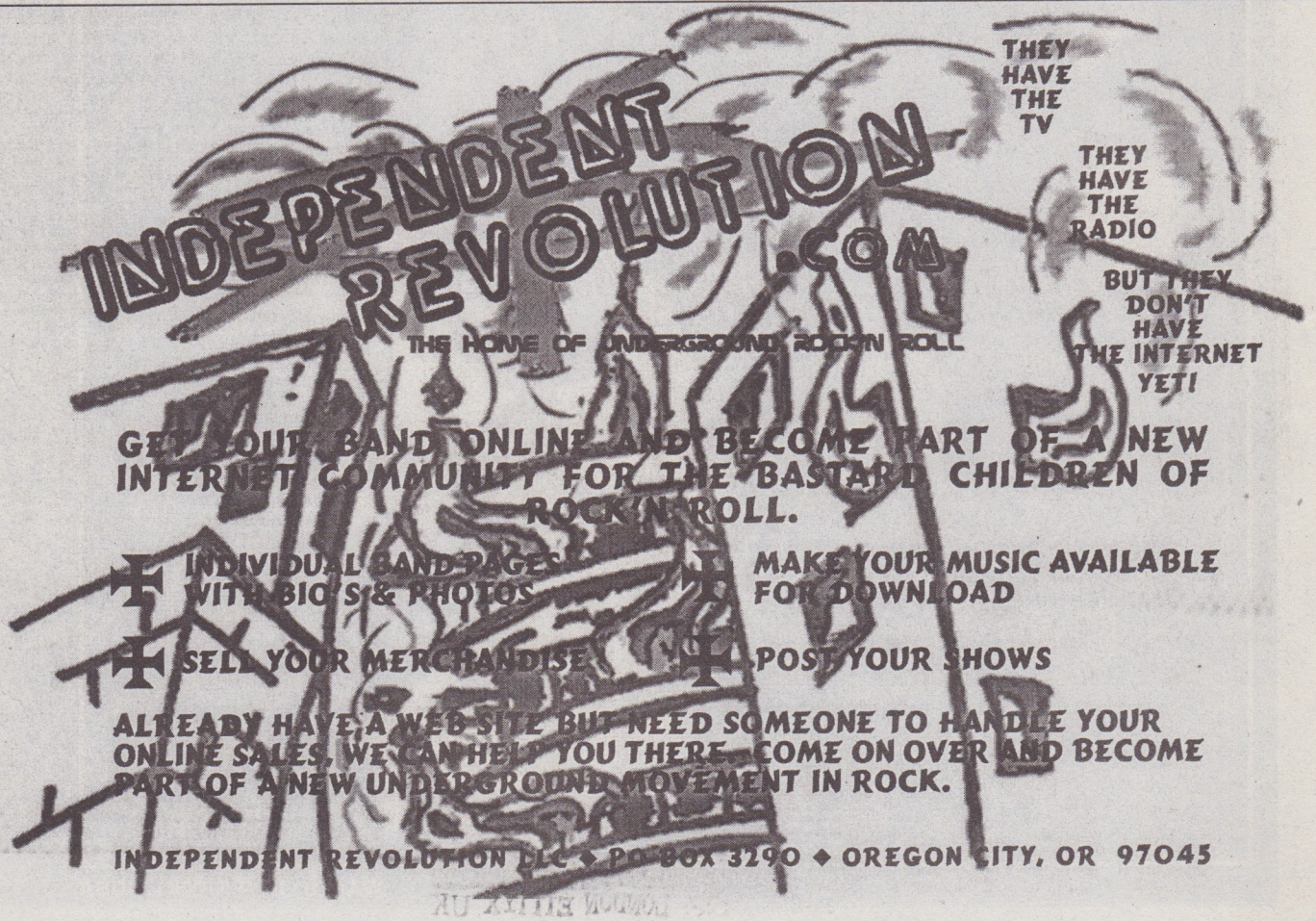

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10 - southern CA
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18- NC somewhere
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20- DC

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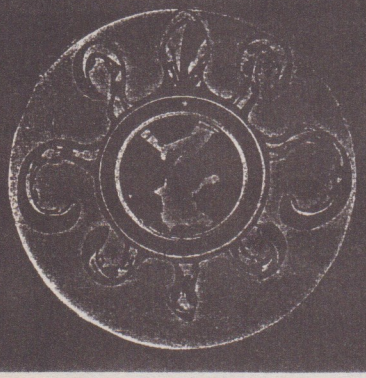

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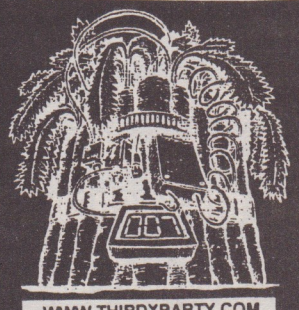

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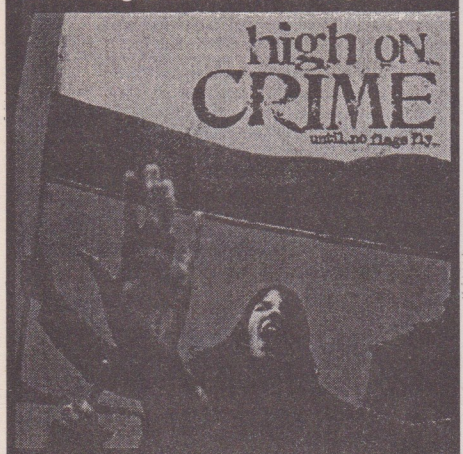

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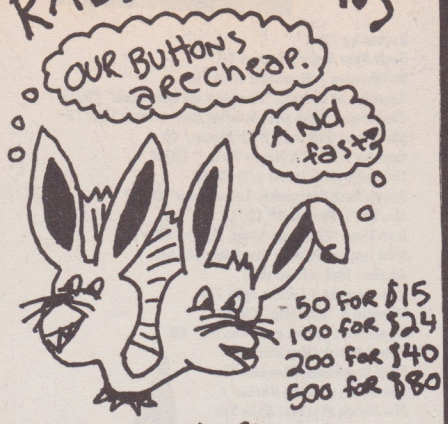

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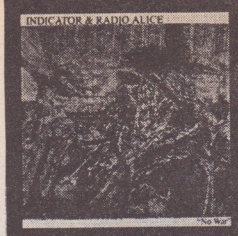

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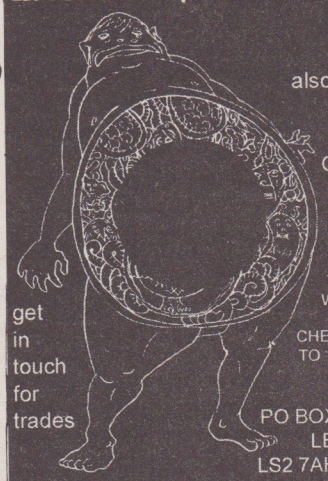

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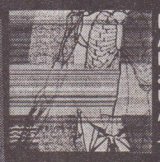

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GORILLA ANGREB

Gorilla Angreb started out in the fall of 1999, when Amdi Petersens Armé took a break due to their drummer, Skralles', ten month vacation in the United States. Gorilla Angreb has played about seventy shows on one demo tape.

Interview and photos by Andy Instigate

Mai (vocals), Tommas, (drums, also in Intensity), Peter (guitar, also in No Hope For The Kids and Stress), Simon (bass, also in Headfall Attitudes and Los Retardos).

MRR: You seem to play live in Germany all the time, are you very popular there? How does it feel? Is this popularity somehow related to the Germans' weakness for oufta-oufta-punk and deutchepunk?

Tommas: Hmm, I don't know if we're popular there. We've had some really good shows there, especially in Hamburg and Flensburg. I think we're pretty far away from being an oufta oufta punk band, whatever the hell that means.

MRR: Tommas and Peter, you were both in Amdi Petersens Armé. Has this ever felt to be an obstacle or handicap for Gorilla Angreb, or has it worked as a push for the band?

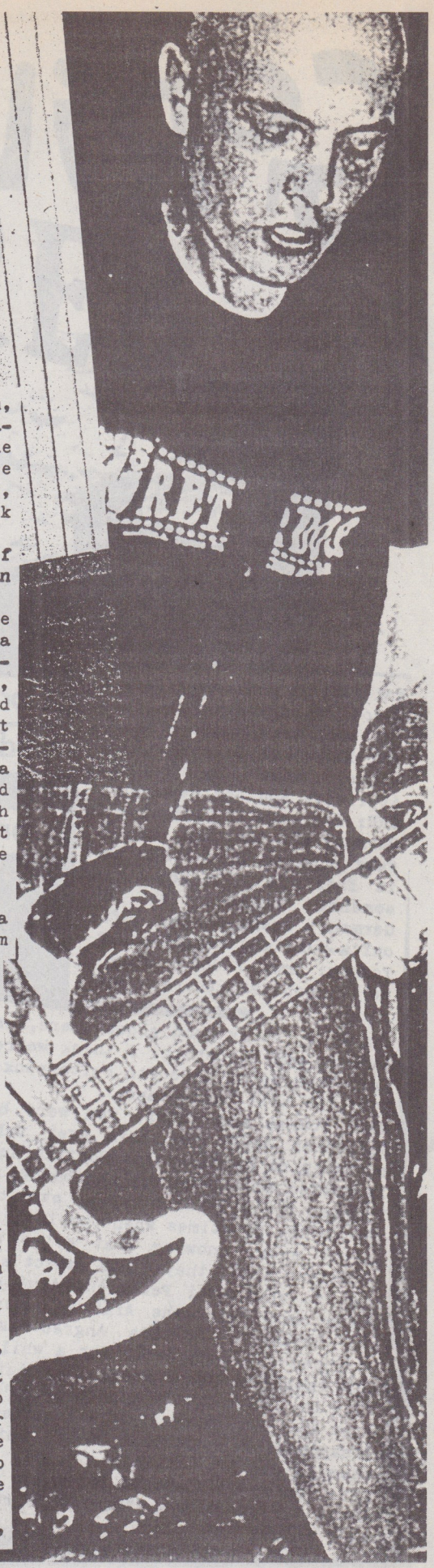
Tommas: I don't think it has ever been a handicap to us. Sometimes when people go to a Gorilla Angreb show, knowing that we've been in Amdi Petersens Armé, they kinda expect something similar to what Amdi Petersens Armé sounded like. Where Amdi Petersens Armé was more aggressive and hardcore, Gorilla Angreb is more basic stripped down punkrock. For a while, we cranked out really melodic stuff (without being wimpy that is). So, Gorilla Angreb doesn't sound at all like Amdi Petersens Armé. I guess some people are disappointed with that fact, but most people seem to dig it.

MRR: You've been around for quite some time now. About two years ago, there were rumors that you had called it quits. What has affected Gorilla Angreb most during the years?

Tommas: Well, the break-up thing was just rumors. There was a while where we didn't really play that much, but we never wanted to quit, cause we enjoy playing with this band a lot. We toured a lot with Amdi Petersens Armé back then, and I also toured quite a bit with Intensity during that same time, so it was just natural to have a short break.

MRR: I'd say you've changed your style since the first time I saw you, it's more rock n' roll now. Do you get more out of that than punk rock? Did it feel natural to play more rock or did it happen when Simon took over playing bass from Klaus, your old bassist?

Tommas: I definitely think that we're a punk rock band, and not a rock band at all. When you say rock, I think of bad cliché-filled crap that is overproduced and just plain boring. It's true that some of our stuff is getting more melodic, but I think we also put in some attitude and a raw touch of our own. The early punk scene drew its inspiration from old rock n' roll and other different styles of music. I think that is part



of the secret to why there were so many great bands back then, compared to today. Because now, most bands only draw inspiration from other punk bands or metal, making it all sound the same. I definitely think a band like The Zeros or The Dils are definitely more punk rock than most of the stuff around today, even though these two bands are basicly just stripped down rock n' roll.

MRR: How many songs have you recorded all together? How many of these has been released? How come you haven't released more than one demo tape in almost five years?

Tommas: I think there's ten songs on the demo, and then we've recorded maybe ten more songs since then. Some of them are gonna be on our upcoming 7", a split 7" with Lokum and a two song single. These records are gonna be put out through my own labels , Kick N Punch Records, Hjernespind, and the new local label Spild Af Vinyl, so look out for these. The reason that we didn't release more stuff through the years, was because we had different priorities. For a long time, Gorilla Angreb was just a project band. Today, it's our first priority. We were supposed to release a 7" three years ago, but we weren't satisfied with the recordings, so we skipped it. Two of the songs from that session ended up on the *KØbenhavn I Ruiner* compilation. Those are our first songs on vinyl. Check it out.

MRR: How old are you? What do you work with?

Tommas: Peter is 28 and studies, Simon is 28 and works at a printing works, Mai is 25 and works in a comic store and I am 27 and unemployed.

MRR: How old would you like to be? What would you like to work with?

Tommas: Hmmmmmm!

MRR: Tommas, you hit the drums too goddamn hard! Is that a disease you have?

Tommas: I don't know. I just can't play soft. It's easier for me to be tight, if I bang the drums as hard as I can. Sometimes it's pretty expensive with cymbals and drumsticks but I'm not planning to change my style.

MRR: Why did you start Gorilla Angreb? What music made you do it?

Tommas: We started Gorilla Angreb because we had a break with Amdi Petersens Armé and Peter and I still wanted to play together in that period. Peter took to the guitar and I switched from bass to drums. I guess we started the band out of our love for old obscure punk rock and rock n 'roll, a style which nobody seems to play anymore, at least not in the punk-scene.

MRR: You rehearse at Ungdomshuset in Copenhagen, is that cool?

Tommas: Actually we started rehearsing somewhere else, but it was definately cool to rehearse at Ungdomshuset. You could go there and practice, then just hang out with some of the other bands rehearsing there, maybe go downstairs to check out some live bands. By the way, a lot of the Copenhagen bands have also recorded stuff there in the studio, just next to the practice rooms.

MRR: What's the best in Copenhagen right now as far as bands,

records, happenings?
Tommas: The *No Hope For The Kids* LP is out now, and it smokes. Most bands in Copenhagen have folded. There's only a handful of good bands left. Hopefully, some new bands will start out and *continue the tradition of quality punkrock in K-town.* Some cool bands to check out are: Arrigt Antræk, Death Token, Mareridt, No Hope For The Kids, and Sl0seri Der Skader Os Alle.

MRR: What's the worst in Copenhagen right now?
Tommas: The shitty weather, and the same bullshit you have everywhere else. Rumors, fights, people not getting along because of minor differences and shit like that. I try not to pay too much attention to this though, cause it drains your energy if you sink too deep into it.

MRR: You sing "København ligger i ruiner" (Copenhagen lies in ruins), is this true?
Tommas: Yeah, when Reptilicus (a famous Danish monster) returns it sure will.

MRR: Would you consider releasing records on a bigger established record label? Why or why not?
Tommas: Personally, I can't see Gorilla Angreb releasing records on any major-label. I think music like this has better credibility in the underground. Make music like this with people who really care about it, not with people who think they can make money off of what you're doing and market you as just another product. The music industry has gotten very pathetic the last few years, only releasing stuff they know will sell well, by following the latest trends. And they keep creating these icons together with the TV stations. Fuck Popstars, Idols and those kind of TV shows. I can't believe people buy into that bullshit. It's so shallow.

MRR: What's the difference between getting paid for cleaning toilets and getting paid for playing music?
Tommas: I don't think there is a big difference actually. The problem is that most so-called punk bands start to suck big time after they "have" to make money. I'm not for it, if money is the sole reason a band stays together; making too many records with filler to squeeze every last buck out of the machine, touring endlessly, not because they're into it one hundred percent anymore, but because it's their job now. How pathetic are theDead Kennedys without Jello Biafra or the Misfits without Glen Danzig? These are prime examples of bands that only stick to it, because they've got an established name they can use to make a little easy cash on past glories. Many bands' best stuff is the material they wrote before getting signed. The best music comes from people who don't give a fuck what people will think about their music, the ones who don't care if it sells or not, or if someone gives them a record-contract. And if they manage to live off it by doing exactly what they want, I think that it's fine. More power to them. I don't blame them, because maybe that's better than cleaning toilets after all.

MRR: What are your future plans right now?
Tommas: Finish the split 7" with Lokum, finish our "Long Island/Supersyn" 7" single and prepare a Scandinavian tour for next summer. People who are interested in doing a show for us can contact us at the email address below. We'll start off in August and we hope to make it all the way up to Finland, so please get in touch if you're interested in doing something for us.

MRR: Thanks for answering, any last words?
Tommas: Thank you very much for the interview. Please check out our 7" on Kick N Punch Records and keep an eye open for the start of our website soon.
www.kicknpunch.com
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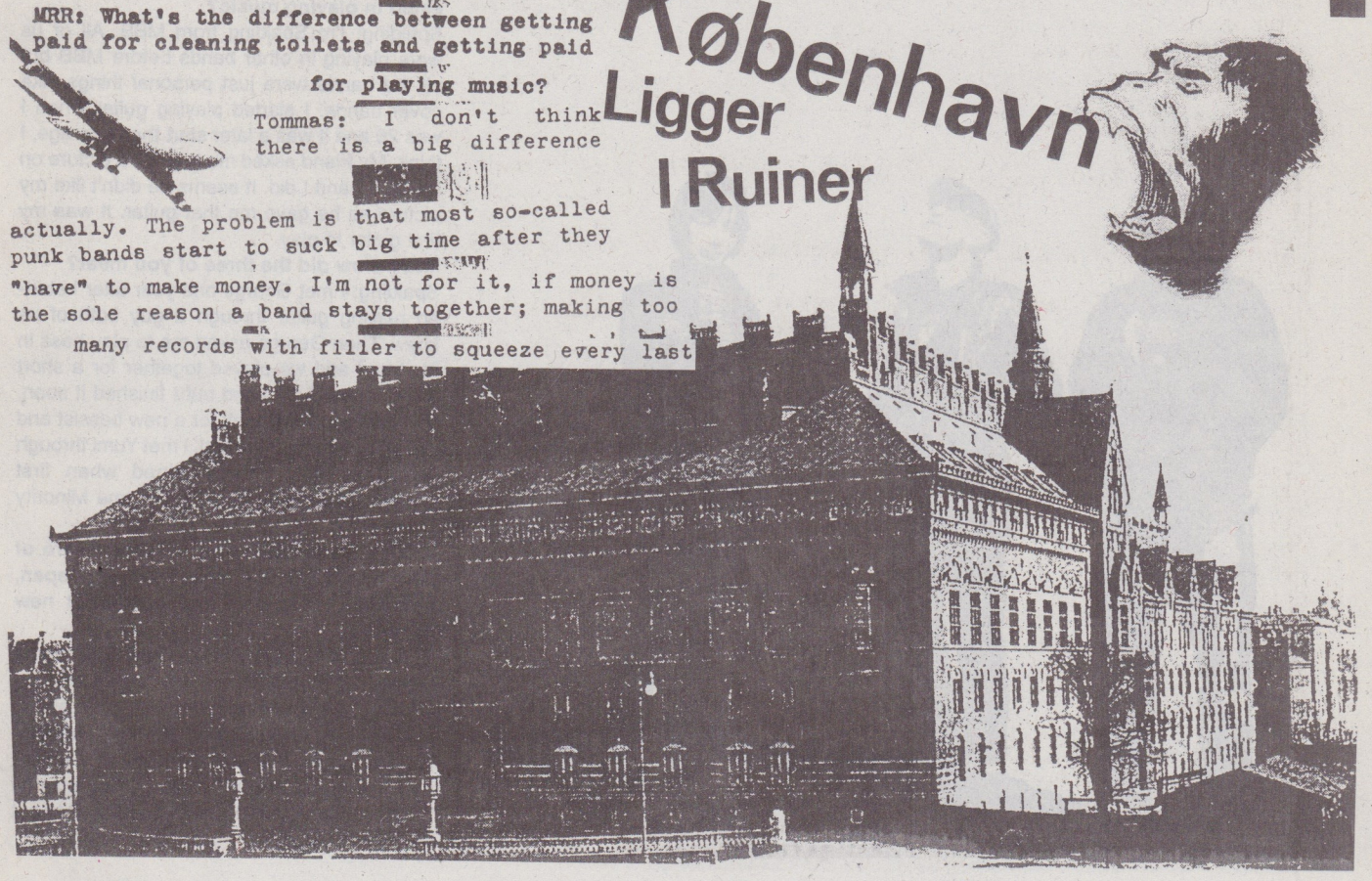


MINORITY BLUES BAND

Interview by Lance Hahn.

MRR: First of all, have any of you been in bands before? What first made you interested in playing music?

Spalding: I'm Spalding from MBB. All of us were playing in other bands before MBB but all the bands were just personal things, like cover bands. I started playing guitar when I was 20 and it was a later start than average, I think. My friend asked me to paint a picture on his guitar and I did. It seems he didn't like my picture so he gave me that guitar. It was my first guitar to play.

MRR: How did the three of you meet?

Spalding: I met George one year after I started playing guitar through a guy both of us knew. Then George asked me to play bass in his band and we played together for a short time. I started my band but I finished it soon, too. So I started to look for a new bassist and drummer for my new band. I met Yumi through my friend and George joined when first bassist left the band. And it became Minority Blues Band.

MRR: How did you first become aware of punk rock? Coming from Southern Japan, how difficult is it to find out about new music?

Spalding: The old drummer from Three Minute Move was an old friend of George's and we learned of a lot of underground punk bands through him, when he was playing in another band in Tokyo. If we didn't know him, I wouldn't have found real punk and I'd be playing "commercial punk music." It's so difficult to get

the chance to find punk things, so I think I was lucky. Punk gave me chances to think about many things that I didn't care about before.

MRR: Minority Blues Band is an unusual name for a punk band. What does the name mean?

Spalding: The name of a band is important, I think. Cooler is better. I don't know if our name is cool or not, but we decided on it because we thought it was cool then. We're twisted and we can't live majority lifestyles, so we're minority. I used to love blues music then. I think a punk band named "Blues Band" is funny. Also we sing sad songs and we can say it's our blues. Anyway, it's more difficult naming a band than writing songs! Especially since we have no senses to do it.

MRR: You seem to have been influenced by American and British bands. Do you feel like there is any sort of a "Japanese" sound?

Spalding: I listen to Western-oriented music every day, so I'm influenced a lot by it. I'm not conscious of it but I think I've been influenced by the old Japanese popular music I listened to when I was very young. Japanese pronunciation is different from other languages, so I think it influences my singing.

MRR: How did you meet up with Snuffy Smiles?

Spalding: Well, four years ago, maybe, we got the chance to play at Kyoto with Skimmer and Travis Cut from England and it was my first time meeting him. He was down there to help with their tour. Me and George were diehard fans of Snuffy Smile and it was like our dreams came true to work together on our records and shows with him. I love his releases and also the way he runs his label and things. I can say the Japanese punk scene was very poor without Snuffy Smile.

MRR: Many of your lyrics, especially on the first record seem really down. Do you think of yourself as a depressed person?

Spalding: Oh, finally about the lyrics, I really like to talk about that. When I write the lyrics, I'm always struggling to write cool and thoughtful lyrics, then somehow my lyrics will turn, as you mentioned, "really down." You might think it's strange but I have to say, I'm so happy to write "down" lyrics. It's like feeling refreshed when I cry out my gloomy emotions. Anyway, my English is kinda strange and I'm wondering whether you can understand what I want to say. Maybe I'm a depressed person. I'm the kind of straight-faced guy and it seems I take things seriously too much and sometimes I can't take things easily. I read books about Nietzsche, he's a more straight-faced guy about his life and everything and he wanted to break it and enjoy his life. I have a bit of sympathy for him. Anyway, I hope I can enjoy my everyday life even if my lyrics seem "really down."

MRR: Yumi is a great drummer. In the states, many women in punk have to face a lot of adversity from sexism in the scene. How much is that an issue for her and your band?

Spalding: I don't see a lot of sexism apparent in our scene, but there are few women in the scene and I suppose it's tough for her somehow. She said she's never thought about that kind of thing but it seems hard to be in a male-oriented scene like punk. I think only a few people tend to be sexist around us, and maybe it's a better situation than in other scenes.

MRR: You've covered the Newtown Neurotics and Thatcher On Acid. Do you feel like you relate to those bands?

Spalding: I have to say we asked Yoichi to pick the songs for covering. But now I think both bands are great. I can't write their kind of songs and I really envy their talents to write songs. I hope I can write songs like them in future.

MRR: What is the meaning behind the titles of your two CDs *Grab the Fire Swinging in the Rain* and *Capitalized Suffering*?

Spalding: As for as *Grab the Fire Swinging in the Rain*, it means the impossible struggle for a structure of impossibility. It's like the way of punk rock bands, I think. It seems like sad efforts but I don't think it's meaningless. About *Capitalized Suffering*, it's like the question about the things we believe what they are. I think about my suffering and sometimes I can't figure out it as my real feeling. I'm wondering where it comes from and I'm feeling so sad when I find if my suffering is capitalized in my life. I used "capitalized" like the word not far from "implanted."

MRR: How do you compare the two records?

Spalding: About the first album, I was thinking easy in terms of guitar phrases before the recording. When I recorded my guitar, I was upset. It didn't go well and I have many regrets about it. The second album is better than first, because I've worked hard to decide on the details before the recording. Certainly, I have regrets but I tried my best. The first record is not bad, but second is better, 'cos I did my best.

MRR: What do you mean by "teacher" in *Get Dead Drunk*? What is that song about?

Spalding: It's about people like Jun Tsuji, who was an intellectual homeless person who wrote some books or "Yoichi" from Snuffy Smile. Maybe it means punk rock itself too. That song has a desperate feeling of broken hope. We have to keep living anyway, so we have to drink up the anger we can't find a way to put down. Sometimes we have an illusion that we can find the truth in a moment when our feelings are dimmed by alcohol. I write many lyrics about the feelings or irritations I can't explain and this is the one of them. Bad feeling, I can't see why.

MRR: Were you able to tour much in Japan to support your first record? How do you promote your music in Japan?

Spalding: Besides the tour with J Church, we played five shows with Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission from DC in 2002. Almost every tour we did was a short tours for three or four days. We've never had a long tour like a tour you'd do to support an album. I hope we can do that. Snuffy Smile is organizing tours for us in Japan. Yoichi is working for us to promote our band and basically we're leaving it to him.

MRR: *Capitalized Suffering* is your latest CD and it's pretty incredible. First off, what is the meaning of the cover art?

Spalding: The ancient Chinese poet Li Po is on the cover. I like him cause he was drunk, world-weary, and poppy. I quit my job and live in a remote place now and he wrote some poetry I have sympathy with.

MRR: Like your first record, it's very tight. How much time do you spend working on songs before you record?

Spalding: I wrote all the songs for the albums in three or four months. About the second CD, I had a great deal of time for it because I quit my job. But I was busy everyday, being particular about details. I think improvisation in the studio is fun, but we have enough money and ability, so we have to decide everything before recording.

MRR: By far and away, my favorite song on the record is "Speak Same Old News." What is the lyrical idea behind the song?

Spalding: Good to hear you liked that song. About the lyrics, it's like a question for playing in punk bands. I'm playing in a punk band because I love to do it, but I'm singing the same things again and again. I say "We are punk," but sometimes I'm wondering whether we don't do anything new. I know it's not the only important thing to create something new, but I feel impatient about our conservative nature. I think we should not stop worrying about those kinds of things and I want us to keep thinking for ourselves. Do you know what I mean?

MRR: Do you feel that you are getting more popular with this second record out?

Spalding: I hear our new CD is selling faster than the first one and I'm happy about it.

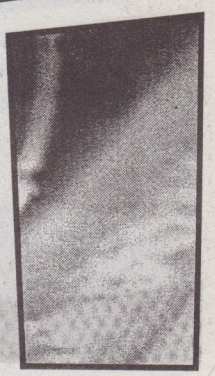
MRR: Are there any plans to do things in the states: license records, tour?

Spalding: No plans yet but I hope so. We'll find someone to help us someday. Who knows?

SWEET J.A.P.

Minneapolis' Sweet J.A.P. are one of the hottest live acts going today. Every show is a blitzkrieg assault of flying bodies, slashing guitar, manic vocals, and broken equipment. They play with an energy level that most bands are unable to muster and the result is a show that reaches out and grabs you like a visceral force of nature. Sweet J.A.P. leave it all on the stage every time out and if you get a chance to see them, you're guaranteed to witness rock'n'roll at its amped-up and primal peak. Their recorded output, consisting of three singles on Hideo's Nice and Neat label, an album on Big Neck, and appearances on various compilations, is also required listening. Interview by Steve Strange. Photos by Andy Junk.

MRR: How did you guys first meet each other?
Sho: I was friends with Hideo and Takashi and then Hideo had a band with Ben, called Real Estate Fraud. The three of us were talking about making a band together and we made it with a different drummer. At that time, Takashi was playing bass and he started to play guitar, so we asked Ben to play bass for us, and then a year later Matthew came in.
MRR: You guys are finished with school now, right? So why are you still living in the US?
Sho: I got married.
Takashi: I got married too.
Hideo: We like it here. You can see better that bands come here and they're cheaper to see.
Takashi: I like the atmosphere. The Twin Cities atmosphere kind of reminds me of Japan. It's a little exotic.
Sho: I like it too. I was in New York, but I hated New York. It was too big. The city was like too superficial and pretentious, but more real things were going on here, I thought. So I like it here.
MRR: Your new songs are a little bit catchier and poppier than your older ones. Are you guys planning to go with the trend in Japan right now and go new wave?
All: No!
Ben: New wave does not exist. It's a redefinition of a music style that already existed. It's something the music industry used just to sell more records.
Sho: I don't understand the definition of new wave.
MRR: In Japan now everyone is trying to sound more pop, adding keyboards and stuff. Many Japanese bands used to sound like Teengenerate or the Registrators, but now they want to sound like Firestarter or the new Registrators. What do you think about this?
Takashi: If they are happy about it, I don't care, but it's not my style. But I really like Firestarter. They are kind of new wave but they still have a lot of seventies rock-'n'roll influence. And their live set is really great. I checked out their new web site. They have a video on there, and I love it.
MRR: OK, one more boring question: For the uninitiated, describe how you sound.
Sho: No wave. [Laughs all around]. But I love no wave. I think we are more like straight punk rock. '76, '77, '74, '75! [More laughs].
MRR: How do you think the US scene and the Japanese scene compare?
Sho: I have no idea, but Takashi and Hideo might know.
Hideo: In Japan they have a scene but it's small. If, like, Teengenerate is big, everyone has a Teengenerate sound. But now it's like everyone has a new wave sound and if you don't belong to that scene it's kind of like unknown. And here it's more like, especially in Minneapolis, it doesn't matter what kind of music you play. If we are friends we still play together. We have a variety of stuff but we can all still be friends. But in Japan, if they don't know you or if you don't play the music they play, then they don't play together. I think that's good about here.
MRR: On your album you have a song called "Punk Vibe." What is a "Punk Vibe?"
Takashi: That is exactly what a punk vibe is. We just want to express that attitude with the song. That's our passion.
Sho: Asian punk boys!
MRR: Asian punk boys?
Sho: I like them. [Laughs all around].
MRR: Does your wife know that? Anyway, how was your tour last winter?
Takashi: Great! Except New York.
MRR: Why was that?
Sho: New York was *bad*. I think one major reason was that it was a Japanese band showcase type of thing, so there where three or four other Japanese bands and we didn't fit with them. It was a different style and attitude or something.
Hideo: It was also because New York is like Tokyo. Like they get all the big, good bands to go there, so if you are an unknown they don't care. They have so many good bands come so it's not like they're gonna check you out or anything. If you're unknown it's gonna be hard for you in New York.
MRR: What injuries have you guys sustained during the course of the band's history?
Hideo: On stage?
Ben: I broke my foot. I broke my hand. I always cut my fingers. You can still see where I scrape off my skin from playing.
Sho: One time Takashi jumped off the stage and landed on his back.
Takashi: Almost common. When we played with the Riverboat Gamblers at the last Entry show, I fell down on the ground and I couldn't remember anything. I kept playing but I couldn't breathe.
MRR: Hideo your back was messed up, right?
Hideo: But not from a show.
Sho: He was watching a World Cup soccer game on a nice couch and his back went out. A total rock star! He couldn't walk.
Hideo: Yeah, for like two hours I was watching the soccer game.
MRR: Matthew, were you born in America?
Matthew: Yeah I was born in Hawaii. When I was two years old I moved to Japan and I grew up there. Six years ago I came here.
MRR: If there were a contest to win a dream date with a member of Sweet J.A.P., where would you take the winner?
Sho: I would bring the girl to Chin's.
Hideo: I don't know. Some show.
Matthew: I'd go to a Japanese restaurant so I could get it cheaper.
Takashi: Chin's is the best Chinese restaurant.
Sho: Yeah, it's a totally fucked up ghetto-style Chinese restaurant in St. Paul. It's super good. They only have like seven seats there. It's totally ghetto. There are kids playing inside and stuff.
MRR: So you like ghetto things, Sho?
Sho: Not much.
MRR: Does anyone ever give you any trouble because they think your name is racist?
Matthew: My uncle did. He said "Matthew what are you doing?" And I said, "I play music." "Well what's the name of your band?" he said. And I told him "Sweet J.A.P." My uncle saw Pearl Harbor right in front of his face in Hawaii and he had kind of a bad experience after that. So he was like, "Don't use that name." But I said, "Sorry but I think it's tremendous." And I wasn't even the one to name it and it's something I love about the band.
Takashi: Why didn't you tell him the full name was "Sweet Japanese American Princesses?"
Matthew: Actually I explained that to him, too.
Sho: Actually I have something to say about that. Sweet J.A.P. stands for "Sweet Japanese American Princesses" right? Some Jewish people said something like "Does that stand for Sweet Jewish American Princesses? Are you guys making fun of us?" And I read some review of our album on a Japanese web site where they said maybe we just put together some words that we liked, but I said, "No, that's not it. You



need to know the history of the Jewish American Princess!" But Japanese people who don't know English or American culture don't know what it means, so they think we just made the name up for fun or something. And that's not our intention.

MRR: What is your intention?

Sho: It just sounds good. [Laughs].

MRR: What do you guys do for hobbies when you aren't playing punk rock?

Sho: My major thing is photo art.

MRR: You take all the pictures, right?

Sho: No.

MRR: I mean for your albums.

Sho: Oh, yeah. [Laughs]. But I was doing photos before we started Sweet J.A.P.

Takashi: I hang out with animals. Hedgehogs and rats. And my job is monitoring mice. I'm doing it every day.

MRR: So you're into animals?

Takashi: Yeah, I'm into animals. [Big laughs all around]. Why do you laugh? I'm into it!

Ben: I do zines. I used to do a zine called *Starving Issues*, which was about punk rock, independent music, politics, and social justice. And I did one called the Twin Cities Hardcore Journal. I'm also into animals. I have two frogs, two turtles, and a salamander.

Hideo: Being a music geek and drinking beer. I'm not into animals.

Matthew: I like playing other kinds of music. Drumming-wise, I'm really into playing stuff like funk and rock.

MRR: What kind of music are you guys into individually?

Ben: I'm into punk and hardcore. I have an appreciation for all different types of music but those are my main focus. I like folk music, bluegrass, and rock'n'roll.

Sho: Recently, I listen to dancehall types of things. Something where you can move your body. Some people might see what I like as new wave but I don't think so.

Takashi: I'm into John Cage.

MRR: What do your families think about you living over here and playing in a band? You originally came here just as students.

Sho: They surrendered.

Takashi: They don't care. They just respect what I do.

MRR: Do you guys plan to ever play in Japan?

Takashi: We want to. We really want to play over there but we don't know when we can.

MRR: Do you actually write lyrics for your songs or do you do it Registrators style (only writing choruses)?

Sho: I used to be like that. But now I'm trying to make more lyrics. Then I can feel better. I can sing better. But a lot of the time when we do recordings I don't have lyrics like ten minutes before we start so sometimes I don't have any lyrics or any melody line either.

MRR: Is there any certain show or band that changed the way you feel about music?

Takashi: Teengenerate and earlier Registrators.

Sho: Registrators. Bikini Kill. I love Bikini Kill.

MRR: I know two of you are married, so this applies more to the others. If you meet a girl that you really like how do you approach her and let her know you're interested?

Ben: Does it have to be a girl? [Laughs all around]. Could it be an animal?

MRR: In Takashi's case maybe. [More laughs].

Takashi: I'm a beast master. I talk to all the animals.

MRR: You can probably make a lot of money with that.

Takashi: Money's not an issue.

MRR: You should get a TV show.

Takashi: I will be able to if people will accept my ability. But that's my own thing you know. I just feel that way. I'm not that shallow.

MRR: So when you like a beast, how do you approach it?

Takashi: Wow. That's more, I would have to say, a biological perspective. I say something like, "Do you want to see our offspring?" It's all chemistry.

Sho: I don't know where he's going.

Ben: I'm pretty shy. I'm afraid to approach. I hide.

Hideo: Me too. I hide. But Matthew is the guy.

Takashi: Matthew is the guy who you have to talk to.

MRR: What bands do you like playing with the most?

Hideo: Always the Marked Men, Kill-A-Watts, Tyrades, Riverboat Gamblers.

MRR: You guys have gotten a lot more popular locally than you were even like a year and a half ago. Why do you think that is?

Sho: Because we have a lot of energy. We're a good live band, I think.

Takashi: People don't get bored.

Hideo: It's never the same. We don't know what's going to happen next either.

MRR: You guys have a pretty wild show. When you play are you worried at all about getting hurt or do you not care?

Sho: I care. I don't want to get hurt!

Hideo: But you've seen him out in the crowd!

MRR: What's the shittiest day you've ever had?

Matthew: Yesterday. It's a long story, but my transmission broke and I had to pay $3,000. It sounds kinda stupid, but I paid it. So I borrowed some money from my boss so I gotta bust my ass to pay it off. And I had a problem at work, then I got into an argument with my friend, and everything's just kinda fucked up. Today I'm having kind of a bad day too.

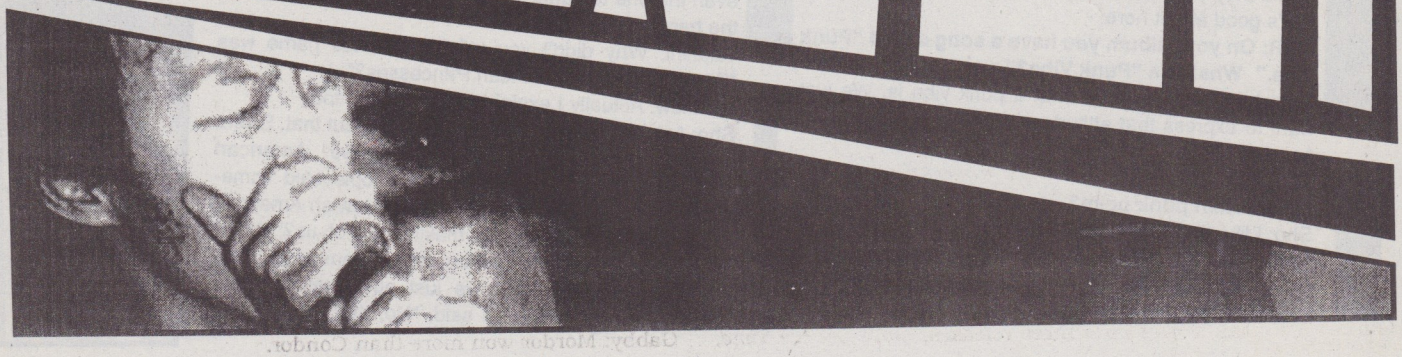
Takashi: I'm all happy. Nothing bad.

MRR: What makes you guys most embarrassed in life?

Takashi: I want to improve my English. But I do make mistakes all the time. But I shouldn't think that way. Fuck it, I have to communicate.

Hideo: If I have to be naked in front of people.

Ben: Once the mailman saw me naked. [Laughs all around]. Today, actually. He came to the front door and I was standing right by it, like right by the window, 'cause I had to go downstairs to answer the phone after I was in the shower, and he saw me.



MOLOTOV COCKTAIL

The Lower East Side's Molotov Cocktail have been infusing the scene with their biting brand of infectious socio-political hardcore punk for around ten years now. With a rejuvenated lineup that coalesced in 2003, the formidable foursome has great aspirations for 2004. Frontman Gabby gave me the low-down on what's going on with the band.

Interview and photos by Janelle Jones.

MRR: What's the current lineup?

Gabby: Brian on drums, Goose on bass, Sam on guitar, and me on guitar and vocals. The band's been together about ten years.

MRR: OK...

Gabby: Well, I mean, we didn't do it that much. Officially, the band, when I was playing with the name and playing with a couple friends of mine, did the first show in '91 on Independence Day. We played on this roof on 23rd Street. My friend had a loft and had a big party. We played four songs: "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" and three original songs. [Laughs] But then we didn't do anything till '93 after that. And then after that, we do a release every three years. I think this year we're gonna break the three-year cycle, 'cause we did our first release in '96, that was the Alternative Tentacles EP, then in '99 we did the *United Colors of Poverty and Shame* on CD, then 2002 we did it [*Once Upon a Time in America* full-length] ourselves on my label, Eastern Threat Records, and now we should wait till 2005, but I think we're gonna do a new record in 2004.

MRR: How's your label going?

Gabby: It's going slow. I have three releases, *Once Upon a Time*, the first Punk Olympics recorded, and the Molotov Cocktail/Distraught 7" split. I'm trying to save money to do the Punk Olympics the second show, which was a better show anyway. It's better recordings. It's The Unseen, The Virus, World/Inferno Friendship Society, us, MDC. It's a really great lineup I had last year. But the label has been going slowly, because I'm doing it myself pretty much, so whenever I have some money saved in between tours and stuff like that, I just spend it on that. I think by the summer when we have the full-length out, that might be on a different label, too. I'm not sure exactly who but we're gonna try to talk to some people when we have some recordings to send out, and see if somebody wants to do it or maybe do a split with Bill at Rodent Popsicle because he's an old friend. That helps, because they've been doing it for much longer than we have the label, at least.

MRR: You mention a new full-length. You guys have a lot of material written?

Gabby: We have a few new songs. The time in between playing local shows and a couple other town shows we just try to write, so we record in like May or early summer, June maybe, and have it out by September, because we're planning on going to Europe for a tour again in September or October with The Profit$. I think they're gonna do three weeks with us. Then we're going to Brazil in April. We're doing ten shows, playing a couple with Ratos de Porao over there and then Puerto Rico for a weekend at the end of April.

MRR: You toured Europe the past two summers?

Gabby: Yeah, we did altogether six or seven European tours and about as many US tours, but in the last two-and-a-half years we slacked with the US. We just did the West Coast last February a two-week tour from San Diego to Seattle. After this record comes out and we come back from Europe, our next big project is gonna be a lengthy US tour somehow. We have to sort out a van. I have a van that I just bought, but it's not in very good shape. We have to sort it out by then, but that's not gonna be till probably November/December, I'm not sure exactly. We might even push it back for the next year, but we're definitely due for a long US tour.

MRR: When did you come here from Romania?

Gabby: 1984. [Singing] "Welcome to 1984!"

MRR: You're pretty close with MDC?

Gabby: We're good friends with those guys. Dave's a really good guy and we toured Europe with them in 2002 and that went really well. Last summer we had a little party in Holland: we played with them one show just for like the year before old sakes, just to hang out. We played the squats. We booked it ourselves. It was a Monday show. We were in the middle of the tour, they were in the middle of their tour, so we had a party, played a show. It was really cool. Did a little rematch of the chess with Dave. [Laughs]. 'Cause me and him used to play chess the whole tour before each show. That was our little entertainment. I was Mordor, he was Condor. The only thing is, the chess didn't have the happy endings... [more laughter].

MRR: What?

Gabby: Mordor won more than Condor.

MRR: Oh!

Gabby: The evil eye. It was fun playing with those guys because me and Dave were always talking chess terms and *The Lord of the Rings* references, kind of mixing it in and just playing on words and stuff. Pretty funny.

MRR: That band really influenced you?

Gabby: Yeah I loved MDC. When we toured with them, I was really psyched; they're like old school. And they used to play with Dead Kennedys, which is another band I really like, and I was happy when we did the release on Alternative Tentacles. We did the release with them; we did the release with Hilly at CBGB's. I guess we've been lucky in that regard. We never signed anything, like pieces of paper saying, "Yeah, we get this much royalty;" it was always word-of-mouth. It was like, "Do you wanna do a single and an EP and then maybe something else?" We're like, "Yeah, sure." And we did it and the same thing with Hilly. He's like, "We're looking for somebody to do a record," and at that time he did The Wives and Ricanstruction, which are the two bands I liked that he did before us. He did two thousand vinyl and three thousand CDs (of *United Colors of Poverty and Shame*). I think he sold them all, so not too bad. Then he did the DVD. He asked us to be on it, I was like, "Yeah, we'd love to," especially with all those bands. We're probably the newest, smallest band on that thing! It's bands you grew up listening to, pretty much, like Poison Idea...

MRR: ...UK Subs...

Gabby: ...I think Varukers...

MRR: ...Vibrators, Agnostic Front...

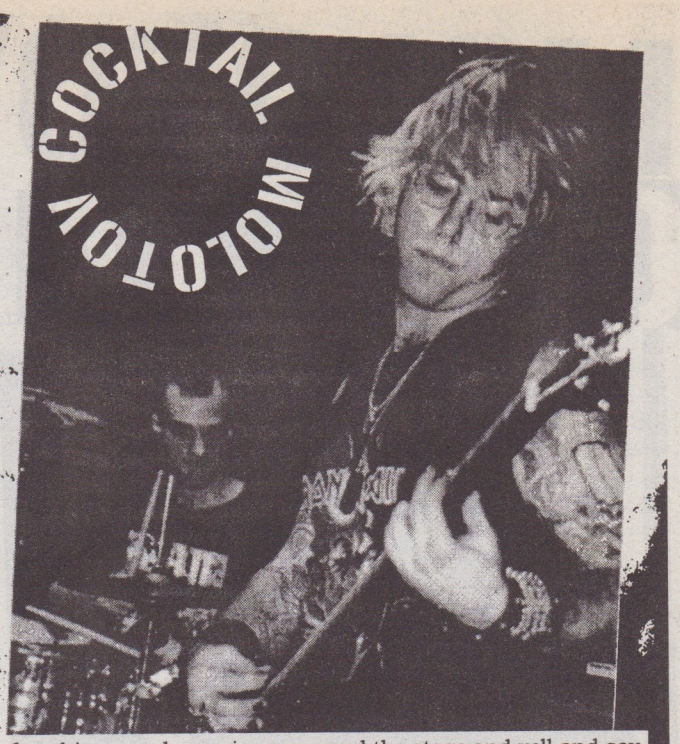
Gabby: ...MDC. It's like, "We'd love to be on it!"

MRR: Your socio-political lyrics are so central to the band. Do you feel the message is more important than the music?

Gabby: Yeah, in punk and hardcore, especially the music we play, the way it started, the music was secondary. I don't think any bands the classic punk rock bands were amazing musicians. It was all about you have something to say and that's your way of saying it. It got diluted over the years, just like rock'n'roll, you know when they first started it was the most rebellious thing, in the 50s. "Oh rock'n'roll, what are you talking about?!" Everybody thought it was just noisy. Then it became something mainstream, which it seems punk is becoming now, too, but there's still a pocket of underground, which is really centered, and you can find friends in every country of the world. To me as a lyricist, I mean, I wrote all the lyrics on all the releases so far, and right now we have one song Sam wrote the lyrics and the music to, but other than that, when I say something, that's definitely to me more important than the music, even though we try not to suck at either! We try to sound half-decent. The live show sometimes, you know, the alcohol gets in the way, but we try.

MRR: That's what I mean: when you started it was more to get out your message, whereas many bands are like, "Oh yeah, I just wanna have fun," and sometimes it evolves into transmitting a message. You always wanted to speak your mind?

Gabby: Yeah. I grew up an angry, frustrated kid because I grew up in Romania, where there was no punk rock. It didn't really exist when I was a kid, when I was like ten years old or when kids here start listening to punk rock or whatever's on MTV or whatever bullshit, but at least they start listening to something. Over there, it was complete censorship, so you grew up with a lot of frustration and anger, as a kid it bottles up. I was always anti-government, anti-police, all that stuff, even though in the earlier songs it's not so blatantly in-your-face as it is on the last record. I guess I'm getting more mature and can sum things up in fewer words these days but, yeah, it's definitely very important, the message, at least to me, and I'm sure the other guys in the band more or less are pretty much on the same level. But it's al › fun playing in a band, regardless. It's



a fun thing, you know, jump around the stage and yell and say what you gotta say.

MRR: What do you want people to walk away with after hearing your music?

Gabby: Everybody gets their own thing or whatever they're listening to the record for, but I guess when they walk away, they walk away with a feeling that they enjoyed a record that kind of either supports and stands with the their ideas or maybe like, "Oh, these guys have some good points, it's something I'd like to think about and maybe I'll go see them live and see what they have to say." That kind of stuff. I'm not sure what to call it, like a feeling of...

MRR: ...maybe a feeling of awareness, opening people's eyes?

Gabby: Yeah, opening people's eyes, but also there's people that are on the same boat with us, and you're like preaching to the choir, but then they're like, "I'm not alone. There are people like me." For me, when I listen to another band that's kind of on the same page, I'm like, "Yeah, this is cool. I'm not alone. This is people I respect and I know they're on the same page; they're not just talking shit and putting their hair up." The smallest thing you do helps. And if it's associated with punk, it's even better, because then you actually help something that started in rebellion to transform the rebellion in a small change, if not bigger. But punks in Europe and everywhere else, I think they're not so much outside of society. They're much more involved in changing the society. They have their own squats and they kind of keep separate from certain things. They get much more involved in voting and choosing their Congressmen or bullshit like that, they go to meetings and union protests, and they support immigrants, which here we could use a little more of that. It's not something you see on MTV and you're like, "Yeah, I think I'm gonna have my hair like that guy." But like I said, anything that helps people steer from the right wing and from the whole central government to think more for themselves helps, even if it's on MTV. I must say since Rage Against The Machine, which is the most political band that probably was on MTV and they were like always from the beginning on Atlantic Records, even if it's them, it's still OK. They still make a small impact.

www.molotovcocktail.com
www.easternthreatrecords.8k.com

SCHIFOSI

MRR: Who's in the band and what do they do? What does Schifosi mean?
Kate: Tim (drums), Jacquie (guitar), Tristan (guitar), Bart (bass) and Kate (vocals). Schifosi is Italian for filthy or disgusting. It's an insult and a description, and in our case, both.

MRR: What's the Italian connection? Why would an Australian band use an Italian name?
Kate: I guess we were trying to find a name that no one had. A friend of ours suggested it and we thought it'd be good to use. Its so hard finding original names these days, everything is always from something else.

MRR: What's everyone been listening to and what influences Schifosi's sound?
Tim: That's not an easy one to answer. There are five people in the band with many different influences, we could crap on forever, but maybe we'll just tell you what we listened to today. I think I just listened to Destroy and His Hero.
Tristan: Today, I listened to the Nightmare/Concrete Sox split, Rattus, Articles of Faith, and the Crude LP.
Bart: I didn't listen to any music today, but the transit cops thought I was a homeless dude and didn't fine me.
Jacquie I listened to *Appetite for Destruction* and a dodgy thrash tape from Perth.
Kate: Muga, At the Gates, Christbait and Argue Damnation.
Tristan: I think the influences on our sound are, to a degree, obvious to anyone who's heard us. However, given that what we play is not necessarily what music we listen to a lot; it means that we are able to draw on other less obvious influences. I would hope that it also gives us our own extinguishable style/sound. But hey, it's not as if a band like Disclose is doing anything but treading a well worn path, and they still rule.

MRR: Why do you think Australian hardcore doesn't get noticed much outside of Australia? What awesome stuff has been going on in Australia that we should know about?
Bart: A big reason why Australian bands aren't noticed as much is because they don't make an effort to get themselves known or make contacts overseas.
Tim: Because of our (geographic) isolation the only way we can get recognized is by making that effort, of writing letters and such. Nailed Down is an example of a band that is being rewarded for putting in the effort.
Jacquie: There's also no style synonymous with the country.
Tim: In the last year or two, the barriers between hardcore and crust, as small as it is, have been broken down allowing some really positive things to happen.
Bart: If Australian punk/crust/hardcore is gonna go anywhere, it'll be by hooking up with Asia, particularly in the Southeast; as opposed to Europe and the States where the geographical distance is just too far.
Tristan: Historically, Australian hardcore bands, with a few exceptions, have not been of a comparable standard. Take the *Not So Lucky Country* compilation, a document of 80s Australian hardcore, as an example; the majority of that record is of fairly average quality. In more recent times, a lack of longevity in most bands has not helped them, in the sense that bands from here tend to have to survive for a longer period in order to gain exposure/recognition.

MRR: Do you think also that US and Europeanism crosses over to the punk scene, in that most people look to these places for influence. And that punks in these places, especially the USA don't really look past what's in front of them and that keeps this attitude alive?
Kate: It's hard to make that big a generalization, but there is definitely still a dominance from the US and Europe. I think that as long as people/bands from other countries, particularly those of non-western origin get themselves known, it can be overcome. There will always be facets of punk, specifically, more mainstream ones, which will always remain white, middle class, male dominated scenes, gaining their influences from the States. Unless people take things a step further and push the boundaries, ones they put on themselves and are put on them, it will stay the same. But whether it is mainstream punk or not, there should be more value placed on getting influences from countries other that America and Europe.
Tristan: To me, DIY underground hardcore has always had more of an interest in bands from outside the US and Europe. Internationally focused distros and zines, such as MRR and more recently the internet, have given people easier access to what has been taking place in these lesser known areas. Today, for example, you have Japanese bands trying to sound Finnish and Finnish bands trying to sound Brazilian. This is in opposition to the more "mainstream/commercial" side of hardcore which is firmly entrenched in the US/Euro mindset.

MRR: What happened to the Aussie crust scene? For a while there were tons of bands, Warsore even toured Southeast Asia and Japan.
Kate: The Aussie crust scene was kicking in the mid nineties, lots of bands/squats/gigs/distros and actions; it was really active, but still relatively small. Yeah, Warsore were lucky enough to get to Asia. It was great for DIY Aussie music to get noticed and get people asking about what has been happening down under. Unfortunately there was a death of a good friend in the punk scene, which affected everyone quite badly. Things have changed a lot since then, in many ways, since he was a really active part of the community. It defi-

We're in the business of making and selling crusty jackets to the yanks on E-bay, to make some money. We've got some buried in the backyard at the moment...

nitely heightened our sense of community and the importance of supporting each other. New friendships came from this and new beginnings. The scene has kept changing, as it needs to, to stay productive and thrive.

MRR: A bunch of you live at the Pink Palace. What is it? What goes on there? What are the ideas behind it?

Tim: We set up the Pink Palace to have a DIY punk/activist space. Early on there were a lot of plans that just weren't realistic. Now we just concentrate on it being a DIY venue and rehearsal space. We're pretty open to any form of event, especially benefits.

MRR: What are some of the problems that have come up with setting up and running something like this. I heard that you've had some trouble with noise complaints, Nazis, people smashing windows? What about getting people motivated and keeping them that way?

Tim: It's definitely had its fair share of problems, hassles from neighbors when there have been shows. There have been a couple of times we had to stop the gig and not have any for a while, but there are always more. The daggy disco has never get any complaints though. We've also received abusive anonymous letters from weirdoes and Nazis who just want to trash the place. Some windows have been smashed too. As far as getting and keeping people motivated, there are always cool people coming through the place, whether it be travelers or just people coming to jam, so that is usually enough to keep things moving. There have been a lot of people living there as well, all pretty motivated to utilize the space.

MRR: Any other projects you want to talk about?

Tim: Bart and I play in another band called A.B.C. Weapons.

Bart: Yeah, we play heavy glam rock!

Jacquie: I play in another band called Terror Firma, and also Execution.

Tim: I run a distro/label called Global Warning.

Tristan: I'm in another band, Who Killed Dove? And no, it doesn't sound like Crow.

MRR: You seem to play with a heap of other bands that aren't even crust or hardcore. Is this a conscience decision or do you just get asked to play? Do you think its good to break out of the little crusty ghetto?

Kate: We play with other bands out of necessity because there are not a heap of similar bands to play with. I don't mind it; it mixes things up a bit, crosses boundaries.

Tim: It sounds cheesy, but we get through to more people that way too.

Bart: Anyone interested in building a ghetto, contact us!

MRR: You have some pretty bad haircuts, especially Tristan. Can't you use some of the cash from playing shows and get a propped haircut? How about some nice clothes?

Bart: Shut up and die! Don't you complain about our sense of dress!

Tim: Unfortunately, we can't afford perms and the like because we play so many benefits!

Tristan: We're in the business of making and selling crusty jackets to the yanks on E-bay, to make some money. We've got some buried in the backyard at the moment.

MRR: What do you think of punk fashion, are we just the same as the mainstream, only our clothes are dirtier and we have cool band patches. Are we just buying into some punk identity of how we are meant to look (and act for that matter)?

Tristan: I guess when hours of preparation and considerable sums of money are spent on maintaining a certain look then it does become hard to discern punk from mainstream fashion. Also the denim jacket, Carhartt pants with studded belt, and army boots look can become somewhat tiresome when adopted en masse. Having said that, I sometimes romanticize the spectacle of a large bunch of weird looking fucks decked out in black, with dreads and mohicans flowing.

Kate: I find it empowering, but at the same time annoying. In a sense, it's kind of tribal. It does give you a sense of identity, something to be recognized by. But also, instead of being used to challenge, it sometimes inhibits. Like when the fashion trends come around and adopt elements of punk's style, it can work in the opposite way, and that's when its starts boxing you in.

MRR: Any last gems?

Kate: We've just put out our first full length LP, *Ill Winds from Outopia*, and we've released two 7"s, one of them is a split with Adelaide band Slackjaw. If you want to get in touch or order, check out our website. Cheers for the interview and give us back our beer rider Aaron!

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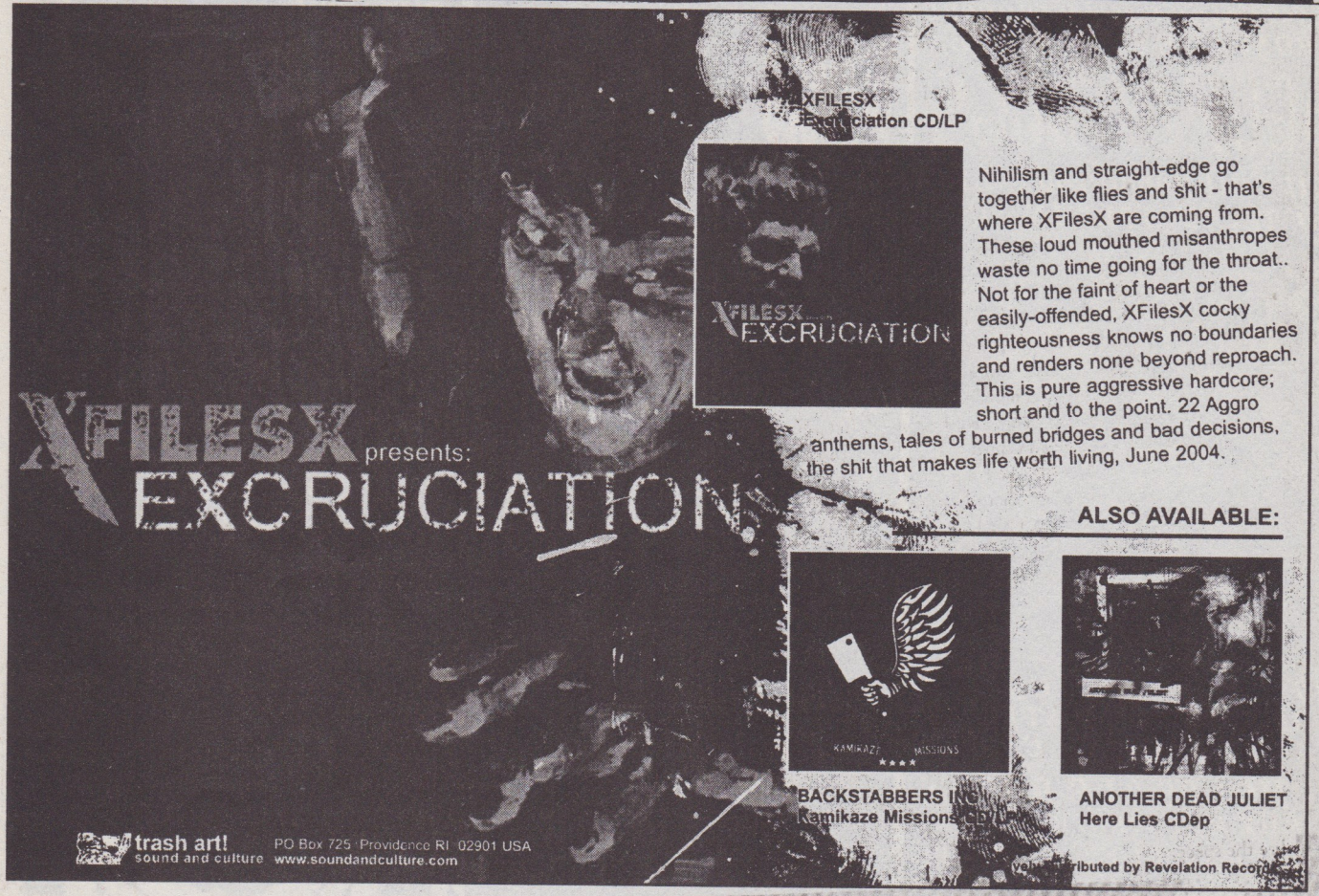

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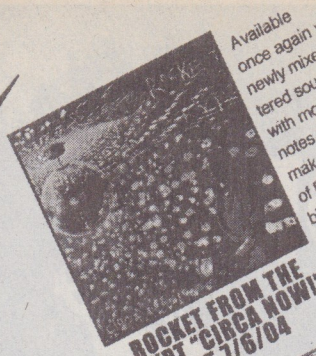

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YDI

This band, whose name is pronounced "Why Die?", released one great single in 1983. The A Place In the Sun 7" was released by the band as Blood Bubble Records #1. Musically, this band had more in common with the tough skinhead sounds of Detroit and Boston than the light-hearted skatecore most of their Philly peers played. In songs like "Mad at the World," singer Jackal rips through lyrics like "Look into my eyes and see / I'm not normal you can believe / Savage fury, uncontrollable rage / I'm gonna put you in the grave." One interesting thing about YDI is that although playing a genre of music often associated with sketchy racial politics, both Jackal and drummer Howard were black. In "Categorized," the lead track on Side B, Jackal barks "Prejudiced eyes look upon me / Judge me by sight, take away my rights / Not knowing what I'm like or what I can do / I'm stuck with a label till the day I die."

-excerpted from www.killfromtheheart.com

What follows is an interview with Chuck Meehan about the his days as bassist for YDI.

MRR: Who are you and what part did you play in YDI?
Chuck: My name is Chuck Meehan and I was the bass player for the earliest incarnation of YDI. I played on the *A Place In the Sun* 7" and the two tracks on the *Get Off Our Backs* Philly comp.

MRR: Give us the background story on how YDI formed, exactly. When and how did you get into the scene in Philly and how did it all lead up to playing in YDI?
Chuck: I had been a fan of punk from 1977 as a teenager. Around 1980 or so, it was obvious that punk had lost its sting and I was drawn to a lot of the early west coast bands such as the Avengers, the Dils, D.O.A., Black Flag, and the Germs. I met Jackal at a show and we hit it off well, as he was a major Germs fan like myself. Jackal briefly sang for a short-lived band called Legion Of Decency and, after they broke up, we wanted to form a band together. It took us a *long* time to find a guitarist and drummer into the same kind of very aggressive punk/hardcore that we wanted to play. We were introduced to Mike, our guitarist, by Becky Wreck, later of the Lunachicks, Howard Stern Lesbian dial-a-date, etc., who grew up in Philly and was a friend of ours. Howard, the drummer, was playing for Sadistic Exploits but things weren't too happening at the time so Wreck talked him into joining us. We had our first practices around November 1982 and had our first show on New Year's Eve 1983, six weeks later.

MRR: So the 7" came out the same year as the first show you played? What was the span of time between your first show and first 7"?
Chuck: The 7" came out around January or February of 1984, about one month after I had left the band.

MRR: Ah, okay. Who was the person behind Blood Bubble records, the label that put it out?
Chuck: Blood Bubble was a self-produced thing to put out the 7". We were fronted the money by Howard Saunders, who was promoting shows at the time and was the only person we knew who had a decent job and money.

MRR: Am I right in assuming Jackal was the one who wrote all the lyrics?
Chuck: Jackal and Mike wrote the lyrics, Mike and I wrote the music.

MRR: Judging by the lyrics, were things really that bad or was it more of an exaggeration for the sake of having some crazy lyrics to go along with the band's sound?
Chuck: It was a gut-level musical and lyrical reaction

to our surroundings and a vent for our alienation and frustration. Jackal and Howard are black and grew up in very bad neighborhoods and were even more outsiders due to the music they liked. I was from a struggling immigrant (Irish) family that had little money. At the time we lived in downtown Philly off of South Street and we were very marginalized. The economy was terrible at the time so if you had a shitty mind-sucking job, you held on to it for dear life. So, day-to-day living was always tense and one always had to have one back-up living in the city. Of course, being punk/hardcore fans made it that much more harsh.

MRR: So you guys were from a background that wasn't so [financially] stable; did a lot of the kids in the Philly scene come from the same type of background or were they more like, you know, the kind of punk kids from DC or SoCal?

Chuck: Philly was odd in that the hardcore scene took a lot longer to congeal than in DC or NYC. The nucleus of the DC scene came out of three high schools and NYC always had the Lower East Side as a meeting point. Philly is more like enclosed small towns set back to back. So the Philly scene was pretty spread out, where you had one or two people from a certain area and it took a lot longer for things to get together, for bands to form, for shows to happen, etc. Therefore, the Philly HC underground of the 80s was a lot more idiosyncratic and less uniform than other locales. There was everything from Vietnamese immigrant kids to then-underground metalheads (Metallica/Motorhead) to mafia princesses from South Philly. It was an odd scene but everybody got along pretty well, as everybody was the town/neighborhood misfit and respected each other's individuality. Oh, and also not to mention the large black contingent, which was something you didn't see elsewhere.

MRR: Wow, that's awesome. So since the scene wasn't as well formed as in any other big cities, was it hard to find places to play there? Were steady shows being held or was everything really sporadic?

Chuck: Everything was sporadic for quite a while. There were no all-ages shows at clubs at the time and if there were, the two new wave clubs would not have handled how crazy the shows were. There were a few efforts at all-ages hall shows but usually they were shut down due to noise complaints. Again, nobody had money until this guy Howard Saunders (who later sang for Rancid Vat in the late 90s) starting renting out this dilapidated building at Broad and South, which would be called Love Hall, and started doing regular shows there. Once there was a steady place things took off in 1983. At the time bands such as F.O.D. and Ruin were also emerging and the Love Hall shows were drawing people in from hours and hours away. They were like the best shows on the East Coast that year. Bills like Necros/Void/YDI, Hüsker Dü/Minutemen, the big Boston show with SSD/DYS/Jerry's Kids/FU's, a major Minor Threat show, Negative Approach, Circle Jerks, and the list goes on. Love Hall and the Longmarch, which was across the street, lasted until early 1984, when the Love Hall building was condemned and the Longmarch owners were not interested in having shows (even though there was no trouble). Things really lost their bearings for a while but eventually other places cropped up.

MRR: Didn't Antidote also play that Necros/Void/YDI show?

Chuck: Yes they did, I thought I mentioned that! They were good, especially their guitarist.

MRR: Rad, all those shows sound like the best shows ever. So you guys also played outside of Philly right? If so, did you ever have to deal with any bullshit from people because two of the band members were black?

Chuck: We played in NY, opening for Minor Threat, at the Gildersleeves club in front of a thousand people and we went over very well in front of people who had never heard of us. We also played in DC at the 9:30, Harrisburg, PA, and Bethlehem, PA. The black thing wasn't a problem or issue as there was a sizable contingent of black hardcore fans and band members in Philly. In other East Coast cities it was unusual (excepting the Bad Brains); I think DC had Skeeter from Scream, Boston had Sam McAfee from Impact Unit, and that was about it. Even NYC didn't have any black punk/hardcore fans at the time. So, the black thing was something we didn't think of too much. I do understand that at the time serious racists were emerging in the scene, particularly in places like Detroit, Denver, and Portland, OR, but we never toured so we never met those kind of crowds or had any kind of bias directed at Jackal or Howard. I actually think that having a black singer, especially one who was very extreme vocally and stage presence-wise, kinda intimidated people a bit, not in a threatening way, but with more of a shock/psychodrama vibe.

MRR: So I'm assuming that Thurston Moore knew you guys from when you played in NYC and that's how he managed his way on your thanks list?

Chuck: We had sent our first demo to *Touch & Go* magazine, which was printed by Meatmen singer Tesco Vee and was very influential. Tesco wrote this over-the-top review of the demo and the first person that sent away for it was one Thurston Moore of 84 Eldridge St, NYC. We didn't know of Sonic Youth at the time as they had just put out *Confusion Is Sex*. So, we went and saw Sonic Youth when they played their first Philly show and Thurston came to see us when we played NYC. We actually asked the promoter at CBGB if we could have Sonic Youth open for us and the promoter was like, (NY accent) "Whaaa? Dey're aaaartfags, you doan wan dem to play with you!" I think that we had more affinity for what Sonic Youth was doing than most of the NYHC bands of that particular time.

MRR: So there was a YDI demo? Were there any songs on it that didn't make it to the 7" or the *Get Off my Back* compilation? Also, were there any other recordings of the band after the 7", but before they went metal?

Chuck: Our first demo had the songs that we later recorded for the 7", an instrumental version of "I Killed My Family" (later on the Philly Compilation LP) and a great song called "Rizzo's Coming Back," which was about the attempted political comeback of notorious Philly Mayor Frank Rizzo. It was a definite crowd

favorite/sing-along and after he lost in the primary election we changed it to "Never Coming Back" and played it a few times afterwards. There was another song called "Snarling Hate," which was fucked-up panic noise guitar and Jackal spitting the vocals, and a song called "True Believer," which never gelled and was later dropped. There was one radio recording, which was done with the bassist who replaced me; I don't think there was anything new on that tape. But for those interested, I have found out that somebody is reissuing the whole YDI catalogue, which will include the 7", the songs on the demo that weren't on the 7", and their post-hardcore metal stuff (*Black Dust* LP and 1987 demo). I don't have all the info, as Jackal is doing all the compiling, but I think it should be out sometime this year.

MRR: Cool, I was actually going to ask if you knew anything of that CD, but on that note you know about the *A Place In The Sun* bootleg that was recently released, right? How do you feel about that happening?

Chuck: Mixed feelings, I guess. On one hand, it was clearly bootlegged with a different cover and not passed off as original or official, so at least whomever put it out was upfront in that regards (It was also booted in England some years back with the original cover). The people didn't ask for or seek permission to put it out, but I guess being that it's something that is limited to a few hundred copies it's not something myself, or Jackal or Howard, got too bent out of shape about and you can see it as a sign of respect when somebody likes your stuff enough to cover your songs or put out a boot. The upcoming CD thing will be legit.

MRR: So who put out the *Get Off My Back* compilation? Was it the same guy who was financing everything else? Also, was it put out in response to the local compilations coming out of other cities?

Chuck: The Philly comp was put out by this weird idle-rich guy who actually wasn't even the big hardcore fan at all. It was compiled by a DJ who did a hardcore radio show for the University of Pennsylvania's station. I guess it was a logical thing to record and put out a comp of the bands that were emerging at the time.

MRR: Why did you end up leaving YDI?

Chuck: To make a long story short, there were definite personality differences between the guitarist, Mike, and I, and there were differences on band direction musically. There were also were problems with what I felt was his impatience as far as the band making money. There really wasn't much money to be made but I figured that we could have been in a position to tour enough to keep self-sustaining, where as Mike had a rather unrealistic understanding of the finances. He was getting into the Venom thing heavily and it really wasn't what I wanted to do. So things came to a logjam and I had left the band. A few weeks later Howard, the drummer, found out he was going to be a father so that pretty much put and end to the original YDI. Jackal and Mike eventually found other members and it morphed into the metal version.

MRR: Ok, have you read *Dance Of Days*, the book about the DC scene?

Chuck: Yes I have, I used to go to big shows in DC before Philly got things together and, as much as I wasn't part of the scene, the book seems to be very meticulous about accuracy. The account of the DC crew and the big brawl with locals at a Black Flag show in Philly was very accurate (I was at the show).

MRR: Ah, ok, I was going to ask about that, regarding the accuracy. So it was pretty much as it tells it then, with the DC kids dancing and someone wasn't too into that, so a fight broke out?

Chuck: Well, what happened was that the DC kids were the first ones on the East Coast to adopt the West Coast (or Huntington Beach) style and the slam dancing and stage diving. They were also into fucking with people at shows, especially with Sid Vicious-type, old-school punks. They went to NY and thrashed out at Black Flag and Dead Kennedys shows and were doing the same at the Flag show in Philly, but the problem was that the show was held at a hall located in this gnarly white ghetto neighborhood called Kensington. S.O.A. was opening the show and the DC crowd started wolfpacking the old-school "Sid/Billy Idol" people (who were not into slamming and were into hard dope, etc.) and eventually a couple of local neighborhood kids who came by the show got into a fight with the DC guys. The DC kids wolfpacked a couple and during Flag's set the local kids came back into the show, drew the DC kids into chasing them out of the hall and down a side street where a whole mob of local kids ambushed the DC kids with bats and pipes. The results were pretty bloody, a few DC kids ended up being sent to the emergency room. Ian MacKaye spoke of this incident in the *American Hardcore* book and his recollections were accurate. It was like this cultural thing where in DC, if you're white you're generally middle or upper class and the DC crew had no idea of very rough white ghetto kids at all. I think after that night they chilled on the wolfpacking thing.

MRR: So what have you been doing since you left YDI? Did you do any new bands? Are you still involved in punk rock today?

Chuck: After I left YDI, I promoted shows for a few years. I really didn't bother trying to get into another band, as I thought it probably would have paled in comparison and I was more into promoting shows. I'm a bit old to be going to shows all the time but I do like to go to shows and still enjoy fast crazy music, especially hardcore. I always liked hectic stuff even before punk rock, so I guess that's just what suits me.

MRR: So what are some of your current favorite bands? Also, what do you think of punk rock now as compared to how things were then?

Chuck: My favorite band is Flag of Democracy; they are my best friends and peers and they are like the only band that has been together continuously and has evolved musically without slacking on the pace. In fact F.O.D.'s shit gets more and more wacky. I also like NoMeansNo, Rupture (RIP) and, lots of Jap bands such as Boredoms, Melt-Banana, and Acid Mothers Temple. As far as in New York, where I live, I really enjoy the Turbo AC's, who are kind of like NY kick-ass surf-punk. As far as punk now vs. punk then, obviously back then it was very marginal and you wouldn't ever have stuff like Sum 41 or Blink or whatever (all of whom are just watered down weak Descendants rip-offs). But I also think that every era has its good, bads, and uglies, and it seems like things kind of go in cycles so I don't like pulling the "You kids just don't know what's up" crap, as that is bullshit.

MRR: Is there anything you wanna say to wrap this up?

Chuck: I guess that at this point in time I'm always stoked to hear of interest in YDI after all these years and, for those interested, to keep an eye out for the CD and, as the old saying goes, be more than a spectator.

MRR: All right Chuck, I really enjoyed doing this interview and it's cool to see you aren't someone who burned out on music, especially punk rock! Thanks for your time!

Chuck: Yeah, funny thing is that sometimes I run into older types who ignore their past, whereas I thought being involved with hardcore and underground music was the greatest thing at the time and something I look back on with pride. I am always trying to be supportive of younger people doing it up, so thanks again for your interest.

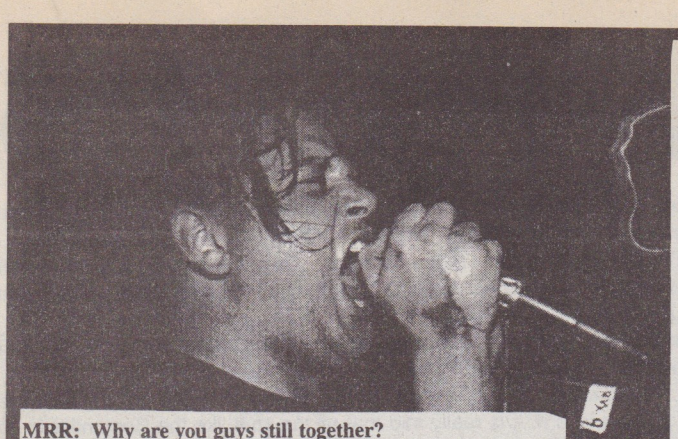
SCURVY DOGS

SCURVY DOGS (from San Francisco/Oakland) play fast, thrashy hardcore punk. They've been around for about five years now and somehow keep focused amidst a few band members being in other notable Bay Area bands (PHANTOM LIMBS, BORN/DEAD and DESOLATION). This drunken interview that took place after their first show with Wyatt at a popular hardcore venue in San Francisco. Keep an eye out for Scurvy Dogs on their U.S. tour in July!

Interview by Unleasha.
Photos by Ryan

Matt: Vocals
Sam: Guitar
Wyatt: Bass
Mike: Drums

MRR: How long have Scurvy Dogs been together?
Mike: Too long.
Sam: 4 1/2 years. Our first show was Libertatia in 1999.
Wyatt: I could've sworn you were doing stuff in '96 and '97.
Mike: I think I still lived in Arcata then.
MRR: You lived in Arcata when you started playing together?
Matt: NO! No, he did not. Don't listen to him! Lies, all lies!
Sam: We all lived in different countries at the time.
Mike: Yeah, that's how we all met. We communicated via email.
Matt: We were all pen pals.
Mike: Yeah, we got to know each other on Friendster. We were like "Oh! I like punk rock, would you like to start a band with me? Yayyy Friendster!"
Sam: I asked Mike if he'd be my Friendster and it was downhill from there.
Mike: We're Friendsters till the endster.
MRR: Do people think you're a pirate punk band because of your name? Do you think you get pigeon holed?
Mike: It's Marcus The Anarchist's fault.
Sam: What the fuck is a pirate punk anyway?!
Mike: Who doesn't like pirates? Everybody likes pirates. If you like punk rock, you like pirates.
Wyatt: That's the whole idea. You're a vagabond…You're a wastoid.
Mike: You're a fucking rummy.
Sam: I think it's a pretty good name. A lot of people think we're about swashbuckling and "shiver me timbers".
Mike: Who doesn't like shivering timbers?
Matt: I've never swashed a buckle.
Mike: I've swashed the fuck out of a buckle.
Sam: The name of the band sounds pretty fucking piratey, so whatever. We're not singing about sailing ships.
Wyatt: Or frigging in the rig, or whatever.
Mike: Yeah, we don't sing about what we actually do.
MRR: What do you sing about then?
Sam: Negative, introspective "I'm insane, the world is fucking crazy" type shit.
Mike: Nihilistic.
Sam: There's a lyric sheet in the album.
MRR: Just being a normal person?
Wyatt: Yeah, what you get out of what you're doing. What we're putting forward is what we're getting out of what we do. So there you go. Take a heaping plateful.
Mike: Living life, things that make us angry, playing the music that we play. We're angry fucking little kids that didn't get enough pudding when we were younger.
Sam: We try to keep some humor about it at the same time though.
MRR (to Matt): Do you usually write songs about being neurotic?
Matt: Yeah, sometimes. Or about how much I hate work.
Mike: Sam has songs about hating work, Matt has songs about hating work, and I wrote a song about hating work. Sam must have been working that week when he wrote "I Like To Watch".
Sam: It's a song about rushing around all the time and how silly it is to stress about that shit.
Wyatt: You just gotta do your shit on your own time. If you start letting people tell you what to do and how to run your time, you're subsiding to a big chunk of society. Fuck that!
MRR: Why do you think you're overlooked as far as Bay Area bands go?
Mike: What are you talking about? Scurvy Dogs have a gold record in Japan.
Matt: We're huge dude.
Mike: You're saying we're overlooked? What are you saying man?
Wyatt: This interview is over.
Mike: You're totally dissing us.
Matt: Cut it! Cut the tape! Kill the wench!
Mike: Maybe because our songs aren't so catchy. Sam writes all the guitar lines and he's not trying to be catchy. He's trying to write something that's a little different.
Sam: I guess I'm not just trying to write cheap hooks that grab you. If it seems obvious, I'm less likely to use it. I try to do unexpected things. It shows in the songs a little, but I think they still wind up being pretty catchy. Also, we don't package ourselves into some retro category. Unfortunately, doing so will get you huge!
Wyatt: We write stuff that pulls you in then turns you around and you think "what's gonna happen next?" Then it grabs you again.
MRR: The same can be said about Mike's drumming. It's very chaotic.
Mike: I'm not a conventional drummer because I taught myself. I took a couple drum lessons and I got bored. Even the simplest stuff that people teach you when you're taking drum classes, I can't do some of that stuff. My brain doesn't work that way. I just play my style and it works out for the music that I do.



MRR: Why are you guys still together?
Mike: We work well together.
Wyatt: Look at these guys. They can't help but laugh at everything the other says.
MRR: What do you think about all the young punk kids?
Matt: I fucking hate them (laughing).
Wyatt: (same time as matt) They fucking rule dude.
Mike: I love the kids
Wyatt: Kids, they make shit happen.
Matt: Noooo!
Wyatt: If the kids didn't show up at the shows, there wouldn't be any punk shows.
Sam: Yeah, just a bunch of pint holding, head nodding adults.
MRR: Isn't it a little weird to be older and part of a punk scene? You guys are all around 30.
Mike: Check this out. When we played a show in Sacramento, there were these kids at the show that were laughing at me because I'm balding. "Look at this guy! He's all fucking bald!" Just making fun of us. After our first song, someone overheard them going "Wow, he's really fucking good!" I play fucking fast. But yeah, I'm 30.
Sam: If you're old and you're still into it, you're probably going to be a lot better at it because you care enough to still do it. You've also been doing it longer.
MRR: Did you have some good shows on your last tour?
Mike: Yeah we have the college circuit coming out. Pretty much all our shows are about fluff girls and cocaine.
Sam: Portland.
Mike: The one in the basement? Or the one at the bar that almost turned into a riot? Which one?
Sam: I equally liked both. At the basement show, everyone loved us. At the bar show, everyone wanted to kick our asses.
MRR: You almost got your asses kicked?
Sam: Matt doesn't stand still. He goes nuts and sometimes that can be hard on microphones. He pays for them though or brings his own.
MRR: So it was all Matt's fault?
Mike: The guy who had the P.A. system wasn't too happy with the way he was treating the microphone. I think he was dropping it on the ground sometimes and the guy was like "Hey! That's my microphone!" Matt didn't understand what he was saying.
MRR: Do you guys get in trouble a lot at clubs?
Mike: Sometimes people aren't so pleased with the way we conduct ourselves.
Sam: We don't hurt anybody unless they're the bouncer and they're choking our bass player.
Wyatt: They're old bass player was attacked by a security guard at Club Caliente when he had a broken rib.
Mike: Except that he was about to whack the security guard over the head with his bass. But he's not in the band anymore.
MRR: What happened at this show at Club Caliente?
Mike: I just yelled at them because they wouldn't give me tap water. I asked for a water she said "It's two dollars". I said "Well, I'm in the band. Can I at least get some tap water?" She said no. Then I said "Can you give me a cup then and I'll go to the bathroom and piss in it?" She gave me an evil look. I went on the stage and made my little comment on the microphone about how fucked the place is because they wouldn't even give you any water. Apparently she complained, cause then the owner of the club came up to the side of the stage and looked at me and said "If you don't like it you can get out of here!" Then they took Matt's microphone and it escalated. The rumor was that we stole liquor and a tip jar. That's a crock of shit.
Matt: Mike said "Y'know what? This place sucks." Then I got on the mike and said "Fuck this place, it's awful." When we started playing, they didn't want us to anymore.
Mike: They turned the power off on us, but I still played my drums. You can't shut the drums off.
Mike: Seven dollars on a Tuesday night and they treated every band member like shit. They weren't ready for a punk rock show. Not to mention when you are a club owner you have to supply your patrons with water.
MRR: You have people in the Bay Area that say you shouldn't ruffle any feathers because there aren't many places for punk bands to play.
Mike: Fuck 'em anyway. I'd rather not play. I'll play on the fucking streets.
Sam: I'd rather not have a club that lame. I'd rather have a few places that have awesome shows instead of a bunch of crappy places with a bunch of shitty shows. You shouldn't have to accept being treated like shit.
Wyatt: We have The Slaughterhouse now.
Mike: Slaughterhouse is how Burnt Ramen used to be. You can go and you don't have to give a fuck about what happens. It's basically the best club that has ever happened to the Bay Area.
MRR: Who put out your new record?
Mike: Sam put out our record.
Matt: We borrowed money from Sam's mom.
Sam: There's no "we" about it. It's my debt and you know it.
MRR: How are you selling them?
Matt: We're not.
Mike: Sam is trading them to other distros.
Sam: Scotty Karate has been a huge help. Hey, we sold a bunch of records at our show today.
Matt: You call two a bunch, huh?
MRR: Do you want to talk about all the good bands in the Bay Area?
Wyatt: You mean like BLOWN TO BITS, DEADFALL, VOTESEK, S.T.F.U., STRUNG UP, DESOLATION, LUDICRA, BRAINOIL?
Mike: There are a lot of good fucking bands in the Bay Area.
MRR: It's very eclectic.
Wyatt: There's so much in the Bay Area. The more diverse the scene, the more it builds and gets stronger.
MRR: You have a U.S. tour coming up, right?
Sam: July 2004. All ages, if possible.
Mike: For the kids. We want to play for the kids.
Matt: Contact us. Maybe we'll come play your town.
Mike: Turn you into debaucheries like us.
Sam: Is that a word?

Contact Scurvy Dogs via
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email:inspiredbyangst@hotmail.com.

KIDNAPPERS

Remember WWII? Germany is finally making things right. Introducing the KIDNAPPERS. The recent graduates of Rock n Roll High School released one of last year's best records, "Ransom Notes and Telephone Calls." Combining the frenzied garage punk of TEENGENERATE and the TRIP OFFS with the melodic pop punk sensibilities of bands like the BOYS and NERVES, they managed to succeed in making a near classic LP. Beat-It (guitar/ vocals) was kind enough to answer some of Troy's questions via e-mail and his brother, Chris (bass/ vocals), responded to Bobby's follow ups. Interview by Bobby Manic.

MRR: First off, and I know you are fucking sick of this question, but why did you change your name from the HIGH SCHOOL ROCKERS to the KIDNAPPERS?
Beat-It: I don't really know. We just hated our name. We never thought we would ever make it to a full length. We just didn't want to keep the name. The Kidnappers isn't that cool either but who cares.

MRR: The record sounds just as power pop as it is garage punk. So are you guys big power pop fans?
Beat-It: Yeah we are all big power pop fans. We "discovered" all this old shit a couple of years ago and we love it. It is really sad that all the stuff like the Romantics is so unknown, at least here in Germany. Hardly anyone my age - apart from my friends and I - listens to that kind of music. Two days ago the UNDERTONES played in Cologne which is where I live. It was the original lineup with a new, cool singer who is actually better than Fergal. They were brilliant. They played all the hits, but the fucked up thing was that there wasn't a lot of people and I was surrounded by 40-50 year old, ugly men. A few even had mustaches and tucked in shirts. Me and my brother were by far the youngest. Really weird.

MRR: There is a big on-line debate / argument that you guys ripped your tune "Hey! Hey! Hey!" off of Teengenerate's "Right Now":
Beat-It: Well... No comment. Ok, we did, but I have to insist that there are some differences. There are definitely worse bands to steal from, right?! Everyone steals from everyone. I don't care!
Also the beginning of "Break My Heart" sounds a lot like the beginning of the Kids' "I Want to Get a Job in the City." But I didn't rip it off of that song. Actually there is a NO-TALENTS song off their LP on Estrus which starts similar. So I ripped it off of those French weirdoes.

MRR: Germany has a pretty decent punk rock history. Bands like the Pack and, my personal favorite German punk band, PVC. What is the punk/garage scene is Germany like these days?
Beat-It: Well the current situation in Germany is like it is everywhere else. A handful of people doin` shows, labels, mailorders and keep the thing more or less goin`. Everyone is complaining how hard it is these days - it's just like everywhere else.
There are good labels (ALIEN SNATCH, SCREAMING APPLE), mailorders, clubs and regular shows.

Germany also has a lot of bands actually but most of them suck. I have to admit that I am not very interested in the current German bands, but there are a few good ones; CELLOPHANE SUCKERS (really good live), BACKWOOD CREATURES (pop punk), REVOLVERS (Glampunk), NIMRODS (Funny outfit, they only play the chords A, D, E), DIRTSHAKES (also on Alien Snatch), ODDBALLS BAND (Blues Punk), ROCK `n` ROLL STORMTROOPERS, and the SHOCKS (Just came back from the record shop, listened to their new record, it`s great. They sing in German, and play real punk rock. It's the next big thing. So I think that´s the right deal for you Americans).

MRR: So you guys recorded the album yourselves?

Beat-It: Yeah that`s right. Me and my brother did everything! Part of the LP was recorded in our drummers basement (drums, some bass + guitar) next to the washing machine on Tascam 8-Track. And the rest we recorded in our friends homestudio. He has some nice equipment. It´s the guy who also played the guitar solo on "Maximum R`n`R." He is a guitar god! Unfortunately his music taste sucks! We had to cope with a lot of technical problems and everything took ten times longer than we thought. But we made it.

MRR: What are the future plans for the band?

Beat-It: We have some offers for new releases. That's all I can say. Actually we don't have new material yet, but I'm trying to write some new songs. We also don't play live very often at the moment `cause our Number-1-Loser-Drummer studies quite far away in a fucked-up city in the east of Deutschland. It's time for a tour I know, but we're losers. There will come better times soon.

MRR: So while Steve is away, I heard you guys hired outside help to replace him. Do you wanna share with the class who fills in?

Chris: Like my brother said, the problem is that Steve is studying far away from where we're living. So that makes it nearly impossible for us to play gigs during the week and rehearse. Timo of The Backwood Creatures is lives just around the corner and is a good friend of ours. So we use his wild skills anytime Steve is unavailable.

MRR: The High School Rockers got into a little bit of trouble with Sergie Federov for writing a song about Anna Kornikova. How did he find out about the song?

Chris: He must have heard it on the Detroit radio show Smashing Transistors. He plays hockey for the Detroit Redwings and somehow he must have accidentally switched to this legendary radio show with Dale Merril...you can read the whole fucking story in the Kidnappers LP review on http://www.smashintransistors.homestead.com. It's a long story but very funny.....I told it a hundred times...

(Dale Merril: A few years back when the Smashin' Transistors radio program still

existed—the two of them were in a band called the High School Rockers. On their first EP, "Danger!" there was a song called "I Love Anna Kournikova." The entire record was a kickin' out of the tape hiss that made Rip-Off records releases sound like Warp Tour productions but there was that something that made that song stick out. This was at the time when Miss Kournikova and Sergie Federov were an item. Federov's little brother (who's name I don't remember) played on Port Huron's glorified Triple A hockey team the (now defunct) Border Cats. He sucked, but because of his name he had some marquee appeal so people would come out to games just to watch him play. Even Sergie would take a ride up from one of Detroit's poshier suburbs to these sticks to catch a game. It's just so happens that one of the evenings that I was on the air and played the song- he was here. After the record ended me and my co-host for the evening discussed the finer points of the tune like lyrics such as "She's so pretty/She's so cool/I want her to play/with my balls too" and how she's not even that good of a tennis player but is one that is very easy on the eyes. During the conversation the phone starts ringing and keeps doing so until we shut the mic's off and play another song. "If that song is ever to be played again you will find yourself very hurt" the voice yells over the line. "Man, that's the worse Eastern Bloc accent I've ever heard" I tell the person. "I am from Russia!" the brogue voice tells me. I laugh nervously realizing that the person who is notorious for doing weak accents is my co-host for the evening "I AM SERGIE FEDEROV OF THE DETROIT RED WINGS! If that song is ever played on your airwaves I will hunt and find you and a lesson will be learned to you." "Yeah, whatever." "This is not a joke!" he screams as I hang up the phone. A couple of days later the program director left me a message concerning a cease and desist letter from someone claiming to be Federov's attorney. He seemed to think it was a joke too. A couple days later I was in the bar across the street from the arena and the bartender was telling a story about how Sergie and his brother (he didn't remember his name either) were in the place a couple weeks before and were talking about how they were gonna "hunt down that punk rock disc jockey and smash his music across his face." It didn't really matter either way because the season was ending, the owner of the team was teetering on bankruptcy and Sergie's brother was already long gone outta town.)

MRR: Aren't you afraid of his connections with the Russian mob? Is that what really happened to Steve? Was he executed? Is that why Timo fills in from time to time?

Chris: In fact yeah. Sergei send some guys from the Russian Mafia to Germany and they kidnapped Steve. That's why we changed our name to the Kidnappers. The last time we heard of Steve was 2 month ago. The kidnappers want $20,000 and all the High School Rockers 7"s that were ever pressed. Steve asked for some clean underwear. Since we have Timo now we don't care about Steve anymore, anyway he always liked the Russian climate and smelly masked guys!!!

The High School Rockers split 7" is finally out on Rockin' Bones records and the Kidnappers have just released their new single, "Spanish Girls" on the Zaxxon label. Check out http://mitglied.lycos.de/thekidnappers for more Kidnappers info or write to them at: Morikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY c/o Alien Snatch records.

VOETSEK

Voetsek are from the Bay Area, they play fast thrashing hardcore. They've done a seven inch, a three way split ten inch and are about to do an LP. And for those keeping count, they're ex-members of The Dread and Dairy Queens and current members of Deadfall and STFU. Interview by Andy Stick.

MRR: **I gather that somewhere between the seven inch and the split ten inch there was a line up change.**

Ami: Big change. We acquired Scotty Karate on drums and Jef Leppard on git to fill out the V-Beat action.

Athena: I heart Scotty and Jef.

Jef: I was seduced in. Dragged through the shit, basically completely abused by these bitches—all for one show! Now I'm completely submissive to the call of the V-beat. Now I am a lifer.

MRR: So when they call you a PV band it means Penis / Vagina, not power violence I guess. Isn't there an LP coming out?

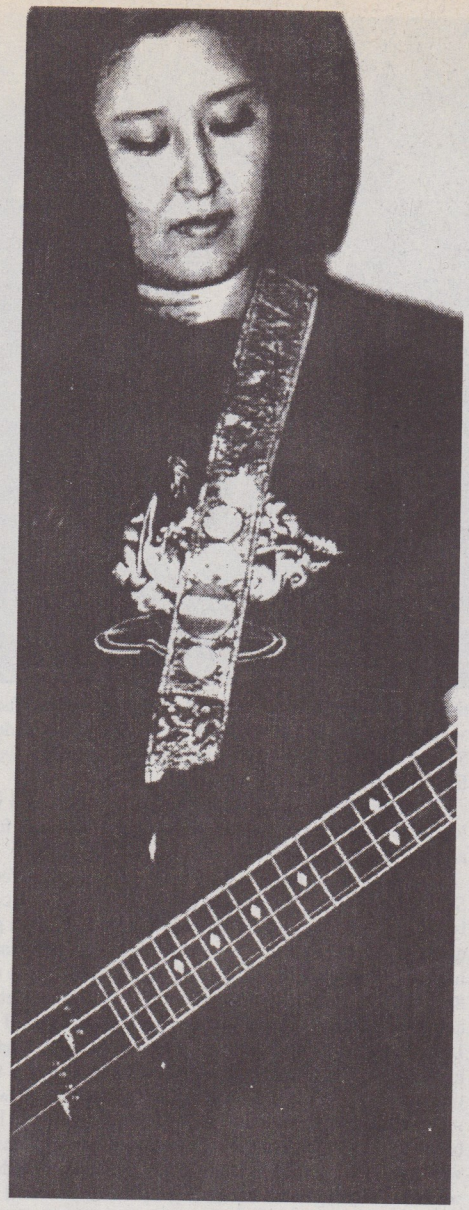
Ami: Hell yeah *The Castrator* album will be out at the beginning of summer on the mighty Six Weeks Records! Forty blasting, kick ya in the throat tracks that'll make ya cry for more. Get it while supplies last.

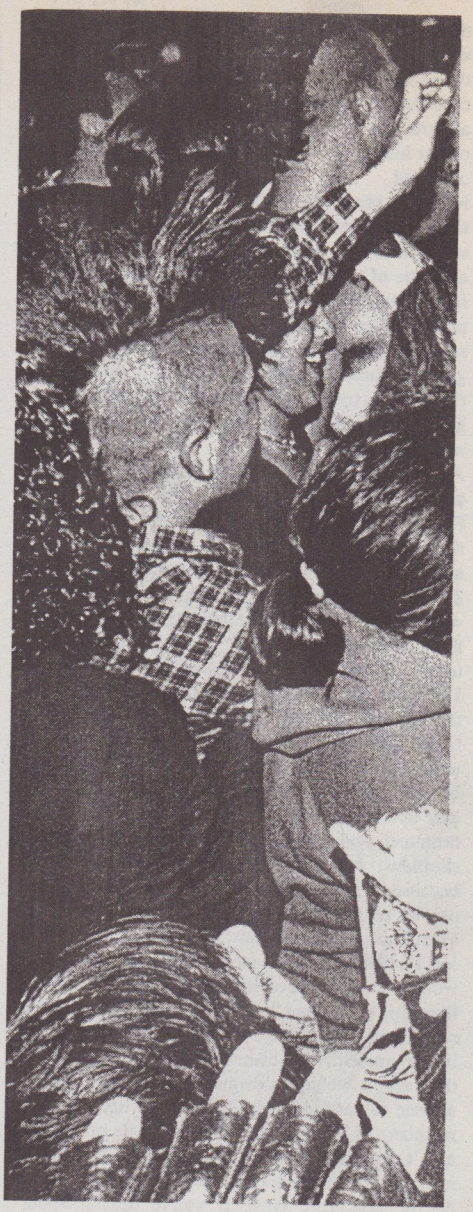
Athena: Yeah, we're stoked it's finally done! Writing and recording forty songs was tough, but totally worth it.

Jef: Fuck! (wipes sweat from eyebrows)

MRR: **Is *The Castrator* going to be an LP or just a seven inch pressed twelve inchsize? Why is the seven inch format often overlooked—so twelve minutes can be out on a twelve inch?**

Ami: This shit is gonna be an LP/CD with twenty-eight minutes of music. So it wouldn't have fit onto





a seven inch. As for the seven inch being overlooked that shit all started with DRI back in the day.

Athena: Our album won't fit on a seven inch. I think the seven inch format is often overlooked so bands can say they have an album out. You know, it's a status thing.

Jef: We already have a seven inch and a ten inch. The twelve inch is just the natural progression. We're doing a fourteen incher for Winter 2005.

MRR: **With a few notable exceptions, why are women so under-represented in fast hardcore?**

Ami: That's the question we've all been asking for the past two-plus decades. I really can't say why, but I can say that's its awesome to meet other women involved on the few occasions that it does occur.

Athena: I've been trying to figure that out for a long time. I think it's a lack of support from the time we're little where often girls are encouraged to play the piano as opposed to the drums, stuff like that. Then when you get older and get involved in the hardcore/punk community, there just aren't that many role models around, compounded by the fact that while many dudes will have their "mandatory anti-sexism" song with their bands, sexist attitudes and behaviors still exist within the community, often from those who preach the loudest against this. It's not an easy answer, for sure. When I was putting together the current issue of *Short, Fast & Loud* (Buy it! Now!), which is the women's issue, at one point it looked like we were going to have to insert several photo pages since it has to be printed in increments of eight. Miles, our layout dude, and I were tripping on how we literally could not will the pages because we just didn't have enough useable photos to fill the pages, whereas we have infinite rad photos of dudes.

MRR: **Is there a danger of strong females in music in general and particularly in the boys club of hardcore being tokenized by the people championing them or by the band themselves?**

Athena: Tokenism is dangerous when people think whatever "ism" or "phobia" issues have been resolved because of the actions or the high-profile (or not) of a few people. I mean, just because *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* is a popular television show doesn't mean homophobic comments and stereotypes aren't still abundant on American television! Likewise this exists in our community.

Jef: I suppose, if we weren't such a badass fucking band (haha) that perhaps in the long run, the "female" aspect could outweigh the "musical." But I think our music stands on it's own. And I don't think its novel that Ami and Athena are females in a very fast punk/hardcore band, I think that they're fucking badasses!!! The talent speaks for itself. We recorded thirty songs in a single session, and Ami blasted through every fucking one of 'em in one take—and it came out brilliant! That's fucking insane! Athena was showing me bass parts that had my eyes crossing, and then showed them to me *again* while I recorded the guitar parts. Aside from the music, I'd have to say that, bottom line, the women in Voetsek have probably done more for punk rock in the local scene and abroad (no pun intended) than just about any dude who fluffs his punk rock feathers or flashes his over-extensive vinyl collection. I don't think these two women or for that matter *any* of the females in the local San Francisco Bay Area should or will be trivialized or tokenized. Hopefully admired. The women in the scene here are actively a part of the goings on. Whether it's Anna and Kerri working the Slaughterhouse, or Melissa producing a hardcore documentary, or Lindy and Diana rippin some of the sickest drums around, or my old lady who'll kick me in the ass to get me to participate, all… and there are tons more… believe that punk rock and the local scene is important. These women are talented and put forth the effort needed to make shit really happen. I don't believe their talents will allow for tokenizing. Is that a word?

MRR: **How does calling your LP *Castrator* fit in with this (tokenizing)?**

Athena: We called our album *Castrator* because that was what we were originally going to call our band if we had been able to pull off the all-female

thing, as kind of a joke. Scotty and Jef are rad and secure enough with themselves to see the hilarity in the name. So we're sticking with the theme of hardcore/thrash bands having "harsh" titles for their albums, but in our case, it's kind of funny because of our history and the fact that there are women in our band.

MRR: I remember when some people offered their two cents about xLimpwristx there was sometimes this pedantic "one of them isn't gay and one of them isn't straight edge" disapproving observation going on, as if it negated their point. Given that half of Voetsek are male and some degree of the attention on you is always going to focus on gender how do you get around the old thorny issue of having valid points about gender conveniently disregarded because you're not really an all grrl band?

Ami: Of course there is no real way of getting around the point that we are not an all grrl band. Fuck we tried, but to no avail could we find the right women to play this style of music with us. I now feel that we would have been perceived as a novelty if we were an all grrl band. I believe that it worked out though, I love playing our songs with this line-up of individuals, our band is getting better and better with every release and all of us put 110% into Voetsek. I think if people disregard us on the basis of our genitals then they haven't even heard our band. I mean some reviewers that are unfamiliar with us, seem to think that I'm a guy because my voice can get pretty deep and gnarly and upon listening you can't tell that the bass, drummer, and git players' are male or female. We shouldn't have to define or defend ourselves because of gender roles or issues people heave on us. We're just some bitches and fags from San Francisco playing fast hardcore.

Jef: I'd like to think the men in this band are around women enough, have meaningful, fulfilling relationships with, and are able to hold an overall respect and (hopefully) understanding for women in our immediate lives and in general. This being the case, it would be disgustingly shortsighted of anyone to pass judgment in thinking that the four members of Voetsek, regardless of penis or vagina, aren't capable of relating to one another when topics present themselves in a band forum. Be it gender or veganism. Now, if you're talking about purists who are just on the hunt for that "pure" package, in regards to bands, we all know you can dig up plenty of straight edge or "hardcore" bands that have plenty of talk to back up their image.

MRR: **Most of** you have punk rock filling up a lot of your life, I know Jeff prints stickers, Scotty does badges and shirts, at least half of the band runs a label and some of you play in other bands. Did I miss anything? Is being so entrenched in punk rock a good thing or a bad thing?

Athena: I'm involved in a lot of things outside of punk rock, too, but I can say that I truly enjoy everything I do that's related to punk rock. Granted, there are of course times when things get frustrating because a band we're putting out is being pissy or people don't turn their columns in on time or we don't play tight at a show or whatever, but ultimately, if it wasn't fun, I don't think any of us would be doing this although I gotta say that doing a zine is a major pain in the ass and I don't know how much longer we'll continue that. At this point, I've been involved for over half of my life and honestly, can't imagine doing anything else. There are times when I think about my non-punk friends and I just don't know what they do with all of their time. I'd rather have fun (with the occasional frustration) and keep busy doing something creative.

Jef: Life totally gets hectic get so fucking behind

that a lot suffers. Whether it's my customers waiting fucking forever for their orders or friends that I always seem to lose contact with or just the usual insanity in dealing with two bands. I'm always playing catch-up. Sometimes I just wanna give all the shit up and go work some fucking pizza joint in Mayberry USA, go fishin and play the jug or whatever.

But punk rock wasn't something I was raised on it was something I discovered. And not till later in my life did I embrace it. So, punk opened a ton of doors for me and it's a bit of a struggle to continue to literally pursue them all at one time.

Right now I'm praying for rent as we leave for Voetsek tour. Two days after we get back I leave with STFU for a month. I went in to get dental work just a couple of days ago and it turns out that I got extremely high blood pressure. The shittiest part is that now I gotta take these meds that are deadly if I mix it with cocaine! What the fuck is that!? I guess my point is that I really wouldn't change anything—I'm just crawling along, and hopefully I'll be off those meds by the time we roll to Europe.

Scotty: Well the last "real" job I had was waiting tables at this bar called Harvey's in the Castro, it was cool cause it's kinda a famous spot and such, good times, I was only playing in one band at the time. But when I lost that job 2 years ago I was walking home and just decided I would never get a job again. I was making buttons at the time for the punks and I was about to releases my first record (CBP01-Deadfall EP) the time was right, I began making shirts. For a while it was a struggle, thanks to my sweetie-pie Melissa, we made it. Now everything is rad. I love filling my old lady cart with shirts and records and taking the train out to Gilman. I love doing eight hours of email at one sitting. I love going to the post office three times a week, and I especially love all the friends I have made through trading records and mailorder. Sometimes when I'm ranting about not having a job and how cool it is, someone will point out that I actually work way more hours for way less pay then most people. Fuck them; this is the Voetsek Hardcore Sweatshop.

MRR: I heard you were going to Europe?

Athena: Our friend Martheun is setting up the tour for us. I don't know too many of the details right now, but check the Six Weeks site and the Voetsek site for updates. We're going to be there for almost four weeks, from mid-June to mid-July. And then we have to get home so Scotty can leave to go on tour with Deadfall! They're taking Bruce Banner on tour with them.

Scotty: good job plugging the Deadfall//Bruce Banner tour Athena! (July 22nd-August 24th) Voetsek will see you in Europe.

MRR: **Arnold. What the fuck?**

Ami: Exactly, what the fuck!? It's a scary thing when people really believe that an actor that plays the hero can actually save our state in a time of economic crisis. He's already managed to hike our community college fees up 30% making what used to be a free education completely unaffordable to many people. He is our governator.

Athena: I've been faxing him letters almost daily for the past few weeks about the budget cuts in education, still no word, big surprise. I still can't believe he's our governor. When I see him on television, my first reaction is that he's being interviewed for a role he's playing in a movie, but it's real this time. Scary shit.

Scotty: I liked him better in *Twins*.

Jef: Another Reagan!? It's scary to see how history repeats itself so fucking fast here in this country. To make it worse, the majority of new voters that registered JUST to vote for Arnold are between eighteen and twenty-five. How fucked is that? Once he leaves office, they're never gonna vote again. For them, that single vote must have been better than going to any of his movies. And it was *free*. If I bother to watch the news, it just gets even more insulting as he threatens to take his unwarranted initiatives "to the people" to vote them into policy. True democracy. Perfect politician. I know this makes for great punk rock and all, but gimme a fucking break.

MRR: Last comments

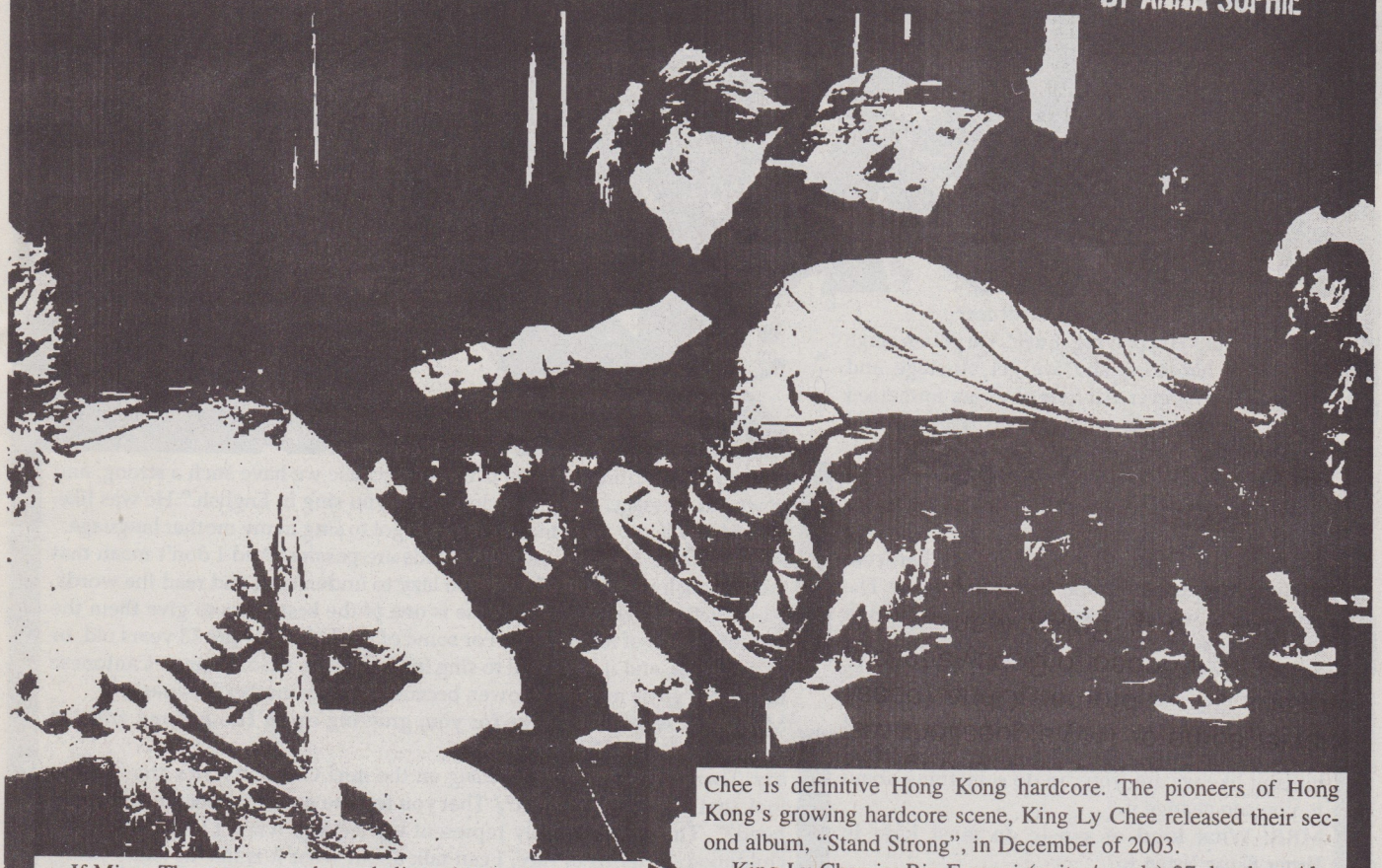
Athena: Thanks for interviewing us, Andy. Euro punx, come see us in Europe and hang out! Check out our website: karaterex.com/voetsek for tour dates and drop us a line! Or contact us by snail mail: Voetsek: 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931

KING LY CHEE

SINGING IN YOUR MOTHER TONGUE

AN INTERVIEW WITH HONG KONGS KING LY CHEE

BY ANNA SOPHIE



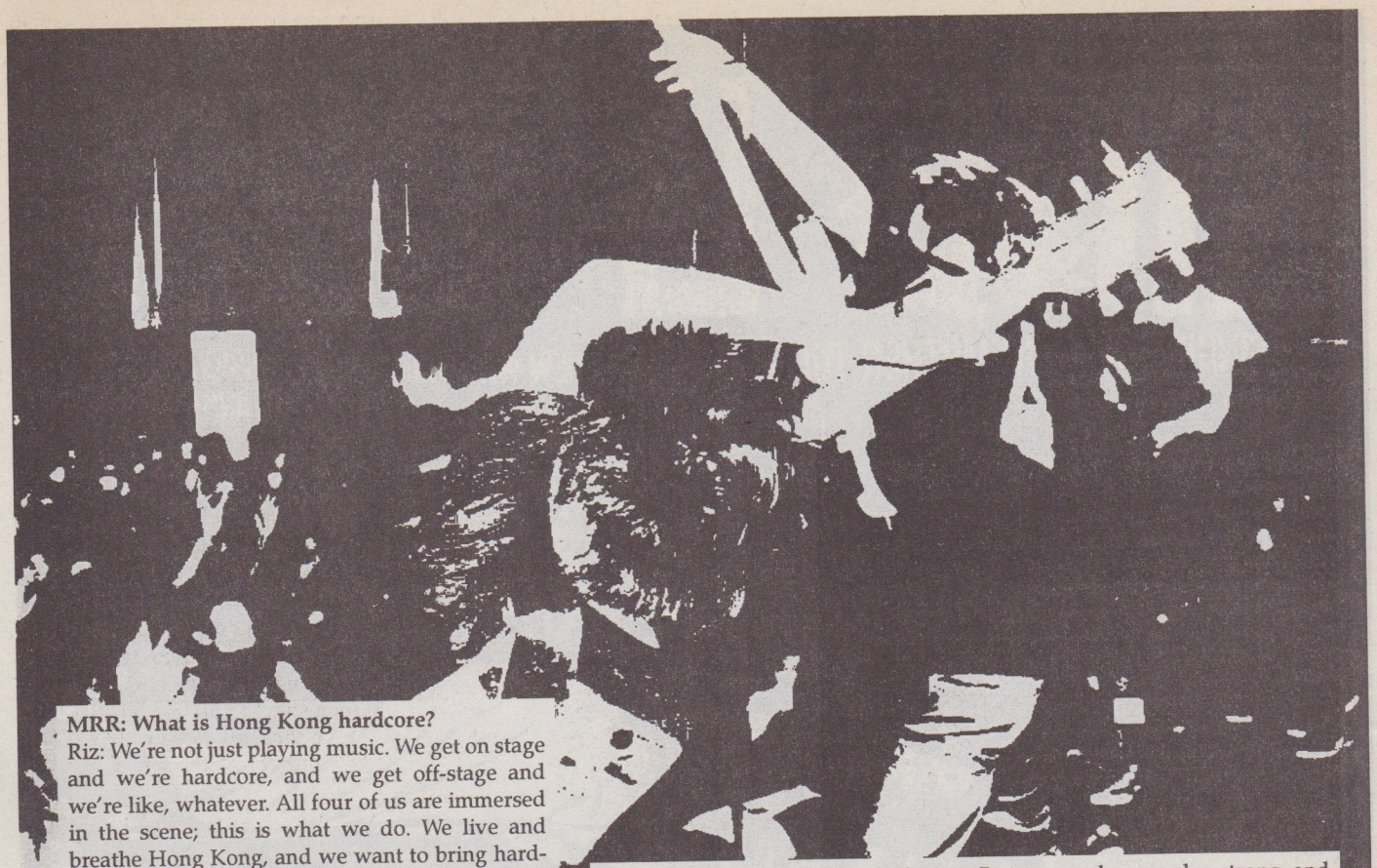
If Minor Threat once made me believe that hardcore can be positive, the Hong Kong band, King Ly Chee, makes me believe that hardcore lives beyond the boundaries of white America.

I first met King Ly Chee's lead guitarist, Riz Farooqi, in 1999, when I was living in Beijing, P.R.C. He wrote to me asking for scene report about Beijing Punks for "Start From Scratch", the zine he was starting about Hong Kong hardcore. Months later, Riz sent me the finished black-and-white copy. Its pages were filled with bands and skaters from Hong Kong and reports from around the world. Next to my English scene report about Beijing, Riz had cut-and-pasted a hand-written translation in Chinese.

"As I was writing the articles, I was like, 'These kids need to see this, they need to hear it, they need to breathe the attitude before they can understand it,'" says Riz, who knows well that local kids in Hong Kong, which was a British Colony until 1997, prefer to speak and read their native Chinese. So, Riz Farooqi and Alex Chung blended their sounds and ideals in King Ly Chee. Belting throaty Cantonese metal-rants and melodic English interludes over chunky hardcore riffs, King Ly Chee is definitive Hong Kong hardcore. The pioneers of Hong Kong's growing hardcore scene, King Ly Chee released their second album, "Stand Strong", in December of 2003.

King Ly Chee is: Riz Farooqi (guitar/vocals) 27, brothers Alex (bass/vocals) and Andy Chung (guitar), 23 and 25, and Kevin Li (drums), 27. Both Riz and Kevin have lived outside of Hong Kong, and King Ly Chee's broad range of influences include the Japanese band, Envy; U.S. hardcore greats like Sick of it All and Most Precious Blood; and Hong Kong hip-hop pioneers LMF—Lazy Motherfucker. Riz is Pakistani, but he was raised in Hong Kong. Kevin is Chinese, but he was raised in Australia. Both Riz and Kevin call themselves "third culture kids," and Stand Strong includes songs about racism, body image, and materialistic Hong Kong values, but they always maintain a fervent commitment to the place they all call home. "Hong Kong is our home. This is where we're gonna get married, raise kids, and die. That's why we've got to get more involved with the local kids that need that push, that need that positive attitude that hardcore has," says Riz.

I interviewed King Ly Chee at their band practice in a Kowloon high-rise on the eve of their "Stand Strong" CD-release show, which was all-ages and free to anyone who bought the album. We talked about their new CD, Hong Kong politics, hardcore values, and what it takes to inspire a homegrown scene in the mega-media business hub of Asia.



MRR: What is Hong Kong hardcore?

Riz: We're not just playing music. We get on stage and we're hardcore, and we get off-stage and we're like, whatever. All four of us are immersed in the scene; this is what we do. We live and breathe Hong Kong, and we want to bring hardcore here, to connect aspects of Hong Kong and hardcore to create something that's genuinely local. Aggressive music has always been in Hong Kong, but this is the first time that hardcore music has been available to people here. The urgent need to change something is prevalent in the music, in our culture, and in everything we do. That's what we want to bring to people. Whether they join hardcore or not doesn't matter. What we want to say is, if you're sick and tired of all this Canto-pop (Chinese pop music) fucking bullshit like we are, you can do something about it, you can change it.

MRR: What kind of music do most kids in Hong Kong listen to?

Riz: Basically, in Hong Kong, Canto-pop rules the airwaves, because that's what is fed to the masses; that's what they make their money on, all these major labels. Before King Ly Chee started, there was no hardcore scene, I mean, there was an expat scene, and what I mean by expat was, foreigners coming to Hong Kong and living here, rich boys. I don't want to say anything negative, but their parents come over here and work for American companies, the kids go to international schools, and then they start their own punk band, which is cool, some of them are really good. But as the story is with most expat kids, they're here for a while, then, once they graduate high school, they leave. They go back to wherever they came from, go back to college, and that's it, that's the end of them.

MRR: Why does your band sing in Cantonese and English?

Riz: When Alex joined the band, he was like, "We have to start writing lyrics in Chinese. Because we have such a strong, and powerful message, it's getting lost when you sing in English." He was like, "Especially if you want me to sing, I've got to sing in my mother language."

Alex: Because, actually, most local kids are passive. And I don't mean that their English is bad, but they're too lazy to understand and read the words. So, actually, singing in Cantonese is one of the best ways to give them the instant impact of a live show. For some of the kids, they are 13 years old, or 14 years old, and it is helpful to sing in Cantonese. Also, I sing in Cantonese because it gives me more power, because it is my mother language.

MRR: Riz, what was it like for you, growing-up in Hong Kong and not being ethnically Chinese?

Riz: There's a song called *I Belong* on the new CD. The lyrics are: "Do we look that different from you?/ That you feel the need to desecrate my childhood?" Those lyrics totally represent my feelings when I look back at my childhood. In terms of race, I can talk about what it is like in Hong Kong, but I think that any minority that lives anywhere else in the world has the exact same issues as I did. Kevin had the exact same issues as I did— I was living in Hong Kong and he was growing up in Australia.

There is a lot of ignorance in Hong Kong. So when people in Hong Kong see people like me, they treat us like total outsiders, we're the outcasts. That's what I felt like when I was growing-up here, because I was the minority. I'd go into a Chinese restaurant and it would be loud, like they normally are. Then my family would walk in and everyone would just quiet down and look at us like, "What are they doing here?" When I was growing-up, I didn't understand that. Now that I look back at it, it drives me insane, I turn into fire just thinking about it. But when I was growing up, I didn't understand what was so different about me. When you're six or seven years old, you don't know these things, you don't look at your skin. You're like, "What's the difference?"

Dealing with racism, now that I look back on it, had such a negative impact on me. It has turned me into someone who was really self-conscious. I was just nervous and always paranoid that I was not good enough. Because me and Kevin, we're third culture kids; it is so complex.

MRR: Kevin, what was your experience growing-up in Australia?

Kevin: Sometimes you ask yourself, what am I? Now that I'm back in Hong

Kong, I've switched my brain. My Chinese friends, they take me as a fucking Aussie-born Chinese, but my Australian friends take me as a Chinese. You get nervous, you get paranoid, you go into an Outback Steakhouse full of rednecks who are like, "You've got an Australian accent!" Well, big wank, I've lived in Australia my whole life. In Australia you've got the fucking drunks and they'll abuse you, and if you go off, then you'll get into a fight.

Riz: People in Hong Kong have never even thought about the idea of what a "third culture kid" means. They don't know the intense pressure that kids go through. Like, I went to an American School in Hong Kong. So when I went to school, I was surrounded by Western culture. So, when I was at school, they were talking about Christmas and all of these Christian songs, I'm like, "How come I don't know these songs? What is Christmas?" I had no clue, and I tried to fit in with that culture.

Then I got on the bus and went home, and when I got home, my parents were speaking to me in Urdu, in Pakistani, and they were praying, and everything was all Islamic. My entire family is really traditional Muslim people, so there were prayer mats everywhere. We prayed, we used our hands to eat, and in the Western culture we used forks and knives. So I was like, "Why do we use our hands?" I didn't understand that. But that's our culture.

But when I went out into the city of Hong Kong, it was all Chinese. So I was like, worse than third culture, living in four million different cultures, and I was trying to adjust, and just too young to handle it.

Kevin: In King Ly Chee, we talk Chinglish, that's Chinese and English. At the end of the day, at least someone sort of knows how you think, and all of that.

Riz: I feel super-blessed that this band is around. To be honest, for me this band is very therapeutic. It gets at all the stuff that's inside my heart, and I get to scream it out. But the best part is that it's not me, myself screaming. I know that when I'm singing a song about racism, I know that I can look at Alex, and he's standing behind me. And he's someone Chinese. It was Chinese people who treated me bad in the beginning, but I look at my band, I look at the community we've built, and it shows me that there's hope in Hong Kong. Not everybody thinks like that.

I have billions of scars regarding things that happened growing up here. Even with my family, there was so much pressure, so much stuff I didn't understand, so many confusing things. I knew I was different when I was six years old. I was like, "I know I'm different, I know something is wrong with me." And I always questioned myself. I was like, "I suck. I'm not good enough to be in society here." And then, I found hardcore; the entire point about hardcore is, it's okay to be different. You can be who you are. Take pride in who you are, learn more about yourself. Lock yourself in a room and ask yourself questions, what you're about, what you believe in. Because that's all that matters. When you die, all that you're left with is what you believe in. So hardcore totally fucking saved my life, that's all I have to say.

MRR: Riz, you lived in the U.S. for a few years. What was that like, and why did you come back to Hong Kong?

Riz: I couldn't stay in the U.S., that was the problem. I was there on a Pakistani passport. I was born in Pakistan, even though I've lived here my entire life. Even though I consider Hong Kong home. So, having a Pakistani passportin the United States, I had to find a company that would sponsor me, and I just didn't want to go down that road. I would need to work in a big company, like Morgan Stanley, or something like that. Sell my soul to something I don't want to do.

After graduating from college, I went down to NYC, lived there for six months. Seriously, there was almost a month where I had a sandwich a day. That period changed me intensely. I couldn't find a job because I don't have a work visa. So I used to tell myself every day, the day I got the chance to do something with my life, I was not going to let go of it. So, when I finally came back to Hong Kong in January, and I started looking at the music scene here. I realized this is what I was going to do. I was going to bring hardcore here, and I was going to turn Hong Kong upside fucking down. I was gonna get kids off their seat, get them marching, protesting. From that day until now, I've been going non-stop; I work every day. Because of those six months where I sat around doing nothing in NYC. So I want to thank the States for six months of hell.

MRR: Is that when you launched your zine, *Start From Scratch?*

Riz: When I first came back here, I was looking at the music scene. I wasn't in a band at the time. A lot of local kids would get on stage and be like, "We're a hardcore band," and they would bust into Limp Biscuit and "Nookie."

I don't mean that they're bad for doing that, but they're very confused about hardcore. Not like I'm the know-it-all, but I was like, "We've got to figure something out here." I was wondering how we could get local kids more involved with hardcore. I was thinking, it's got to be the language. Because Cantonese is what kids use to discuss things, it's what they read and write. So, I thought if we wanted to let kids know more about hardcore, why didn't we start a zine. I'd write everything I wanted to write in English, and get it translated, and let the kids read it. That way, they could take it home, and really immerse themselves, they could really take it all in. That's what *Start From Scratch* was. Forget what MTVAsia is telling you. Forget what the major labels are telling you about what hardcore is, because that's not fucking hardcore. *Start From Scratch* is like, "Start all over again. Erase everything that has been fed to your mind."

MRR: What is your attitude towards straightedge, and what is it like being straightedge in Hong Kong?

Alex: The lifestyle of hardcore is, don't let the world get you down. So, if you believe in yourself, you know what role to play in this world, in a positive way. You have to hold something very tight in your life, stay true to yourself.

Andy: My opinion is that we have to respect everybody's choice. If you smoke, that's fine, if you don't drink, that's great.

Three of us are straightedge, but not just to preach to people. Basically, straightedge is, you take control of yourself: you don't smoke, you don't drink, you don't have sex with every single person, and you don't do drugs.

MRR: *Stand Strong* is a super-clean recording. How did your band hook that up in Hong Kong?

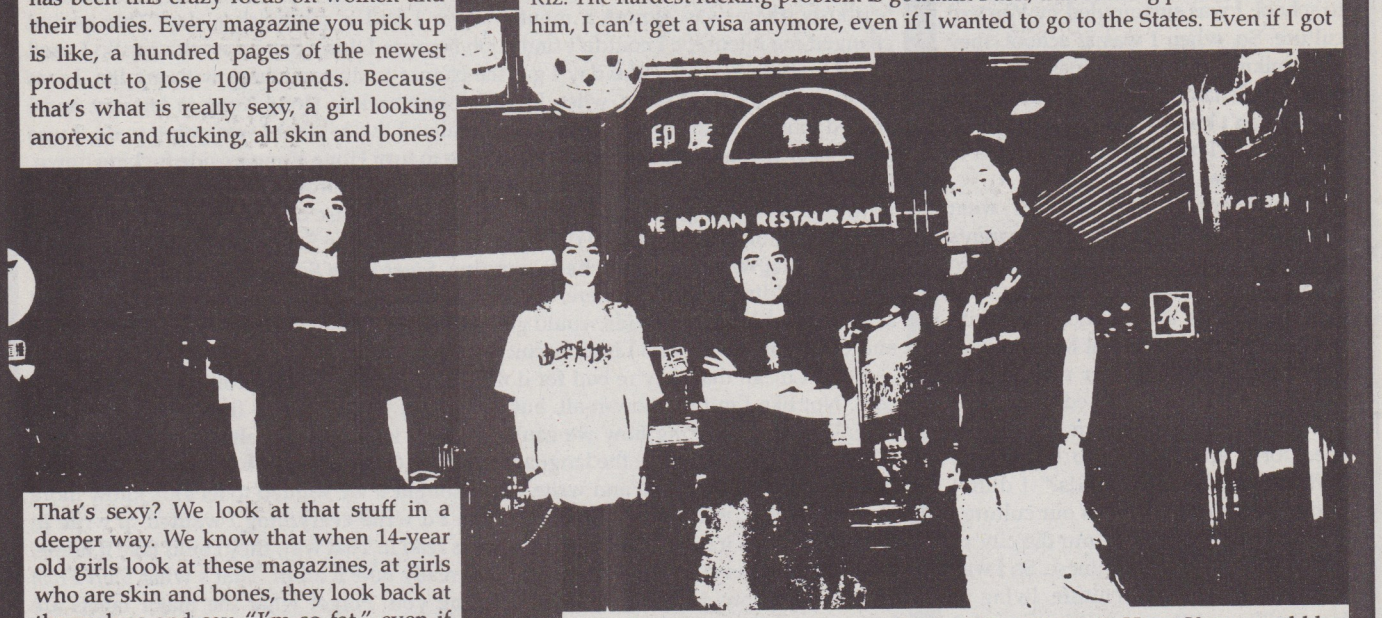
Riz: This album is coming out on a indie label in Hong Kong called Polar Bear Productions. Like I was saying, we don't have any indie labels in Hong Kong. We'll have one, and maybe they'll put one release out every two or three years. There is no real indie scene. Because of that kind of mentality in Hong Kong, people don't really care what label it's on, they'll just buy whatever is mass-marketed to them. So, there's a really big band in Hong Kong called Beyond, and the guitar player for them, Paul Wong, is totally down with his roots. He knows where he came from, he came from a local scene, and he'll never forget it. So he was looking for a band that he could help to release an album by.

MRR: There are a lot of songs about social issues on your album.

Riz: With this band in general, the main point is to inspire kids to become more socially aware. Because most local Hong Kong kids—this might sound weird to Americans

or people in Western countries— but in Hong Kong, they're very apathetic. Forget talking about anything outside of Hong Kong; inside Hong Kong they don't care. We're lucky, because this is the music we love to play and listen to. Why not connect the music with a positive message, where we can really inspire and encourage kids to believe in something other than what they wear, and what they're gonna do on a Friday or Saturday night. With this album, there is meaning in each song. There are songs about racism, about minority rights in Hong Kong. We talk about appearance and vanity, there's a song about feminism in Hong Kong.

We talk about how this past year, there has been this crazy focus on women and their bodies. Every magazine you pick up is like, a hundred pages of the newest product to lose 100 pounds. Because that's what is really sexy, a girl looking anorexic and fucking, all skin and bones?



That's sexy? We look at that stuff in a deeper way. We know that when 14-year old girls look at these magazines, at girls who are skin and bones, they look back at themselves and say, "I'm so fat," even if they're not. Hong Kong is skinny. People are skinny here. I want to cut each page out, cut out all of those stupid ads so they don't affect their minds.

MRR: How about the political situation in Hong Kong? Hong Kong was a British Colony until 1997, when it returned to the People's Republic of China. Does your band have concerns about censorship now that you are part of the P.R.C.?

Riz: When Hong Kong returned to China, the Chinese and the British governments sat down and came up with a mini-constitution for Hong Kong called the Basic Law. Some laws weren't cleared up when Hong Kong was handed over, and one of those was Article 23, which bans, among other things, subversion, sedition, and treason. If you say anything negative, get people up in arms, or attack or try to topple the government of China, it's against the law. The main problem was that the government wanted to pass this law so immediately. People in Hong Kong wanted to know why the government wanted to pass that law in six months? If we could write criticisms of the government, and say what we wanted to say about the government, how come we couldn't anymore?

MRR: Did you protest?

Riz: 500,000 people took to the streets of Hong Kong. We were all part of it. The government knows now that they can't be blind about it. The Chinese government got involved and said, "If you don't support Article 23, that means you don't love China." People were like, "It's because we love Hong Kong, we love this city and we love what we have here. That's why we're getting so upset about this."

Andy: The line is so blurred; we don't know what we can do. Not just for bands, but for writers, for publishers, you don't know what you can say.

Alex: For now, it's OK, because the law hasn't started yet, they're still processing it. But I'm worried for the future because, the law is blurred.

MRR: Now that your album is out, King Ly Chee has toured all over Asia, including Taiwan, China, Singapore, and Thailand. When are you coming to the U.S.?

Riz: The hardest fucking problem is goddam Bush, that fucking prick. Because of him, I can't get a visa anymore, even if I wanted to go to the States. Even if I got a work visa, somehow, someone in the U.S. customs in Hong Kong would be like, "You've got a Pakistani passport, you're definitely Taliban material, we're not going to let you into the country." Even though I don't give a fuck about that shit. It's because of that entire situation, even if I had everything paid for, I couldn't go.

For the four people in this band, we haven't even thought getting to the States because, there's no reason to think about that, because we'll never be able to get there. Even if we wanted to, we wouldn't be able to, so forget it.

MRR: Do you want to go to America?

Riz: Of course! We know there are kids in the States who know who we are, and that just blows us away. We're just a tiny fucking band from Hong Kong, from a tiny city in China, and people on the other side of the planet are talking about us in their own scenes. The reason why all of that is happening is because of the internet. There are bad things about the internet, but there are awesome, positive things. I remember when I was young, I'm sure Kevin remembers, when we got into Motley Crue, we had to mail out for that shit, put the stamps on.

Kevin: You had to join the fan club. And then you had to hope for a response from it.

Riz: If you wanted to order something from a magazine, you had to go get the international money order, because they needed American money, blah, blah, blah. Now we get on the internet and click. So we know how powerful the internet is. We update our website every fucking day because we know how powerful it is. We would never waste that opportunity.

You can chat with King Ly Chee, or buy a copy of Stand Strong at www.kingLy Chee.co

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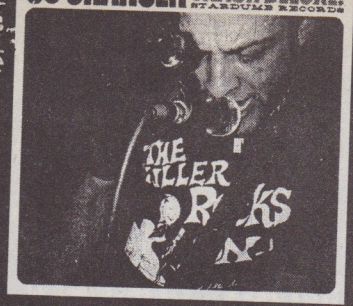

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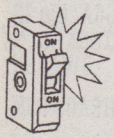

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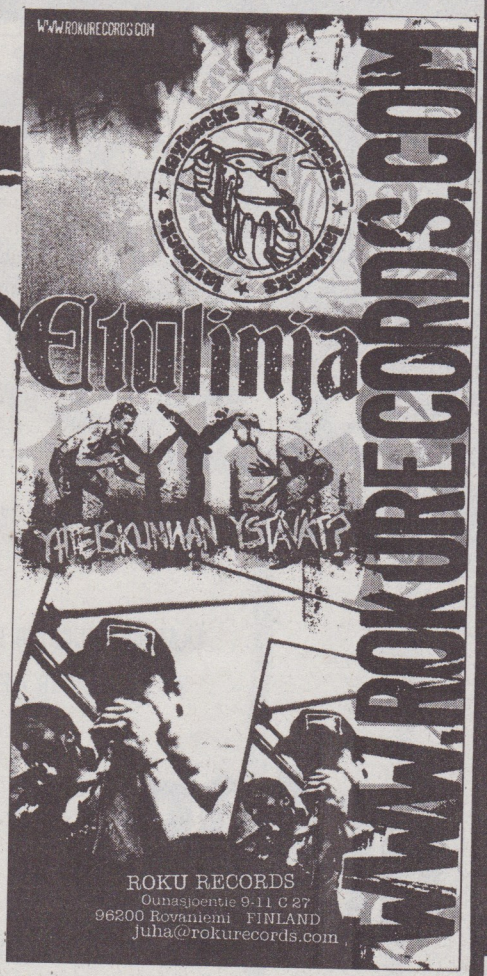

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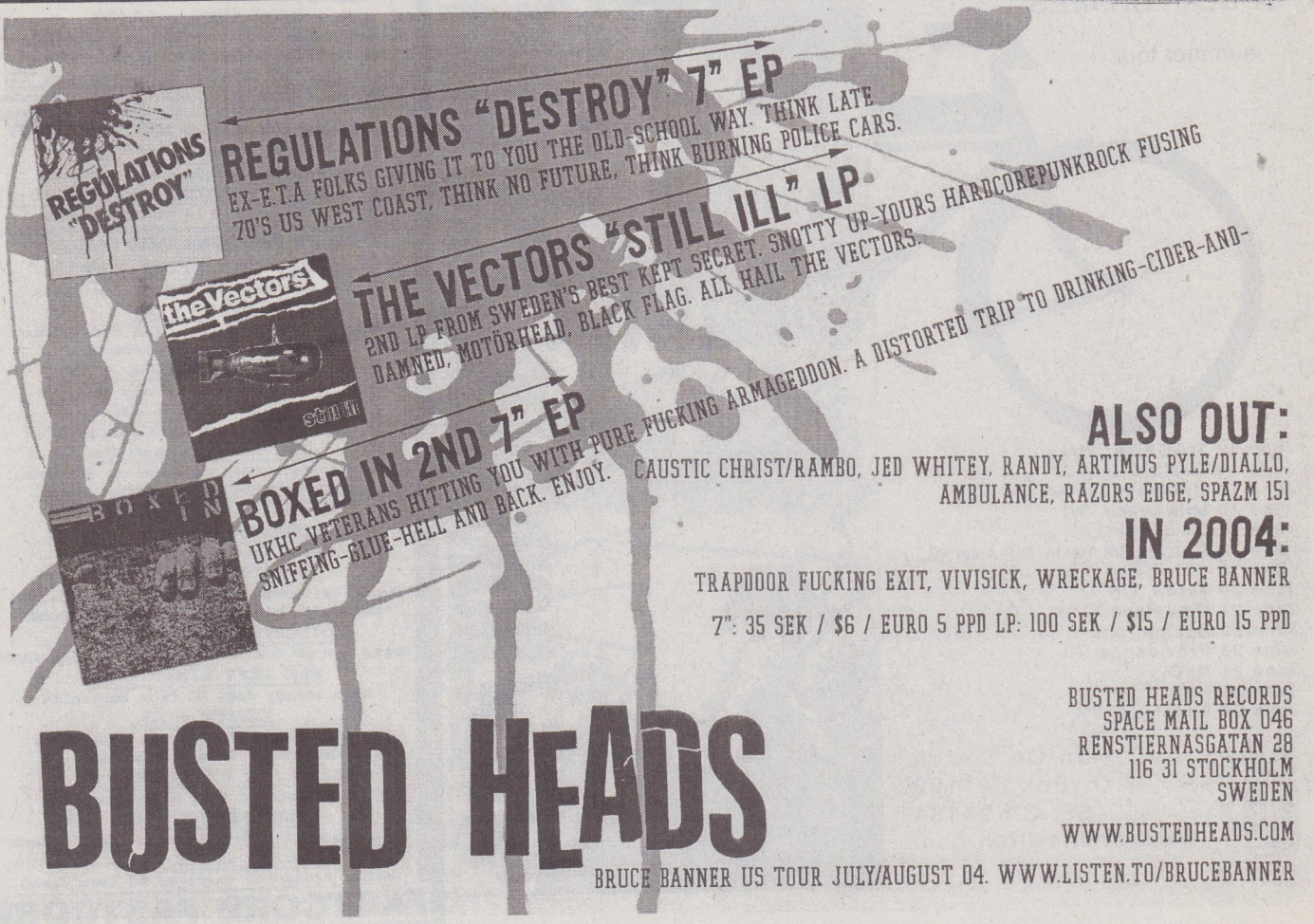

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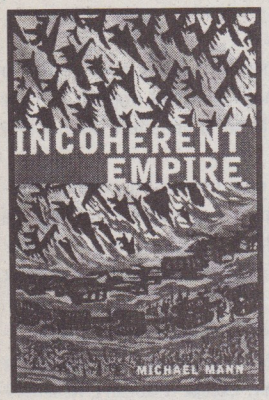


Incoherent Empire
Michael Mann
Verso, 2003
278 pages

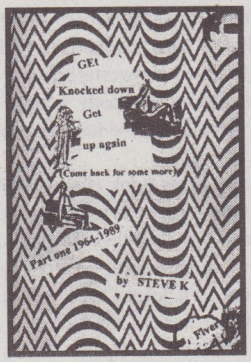
With *Incoherent Empire*, sociologist Michael Mann contributes a powerful diagnosis to the growing number of works dedicated to deconstructing the politics and practices of the new American empire in a post-9/11 moment. Rather than generating a new international order, Mann argues that this "incoherent empire" can only presage a dangerous descent into global chaos. Mustering an impressive archive, his diagnosis of the new American imperialism identifies four facets of this empire—the US as a military giant, as a political schizophrenic, a back-seat driver of the global economy, and an ideological phantom. For Mann, these aspects of US empire and its power are tenuous and flimsy. As a military power, the US devastates rather than pacifies; as a political entity, it is split between multilateralism, unilateralism, and an inability to maintain rule foreign nations or control its own client states; as a proponent of neoliberal policies, it fails to counter the spiraling debts of the global South; and as an ideological mess, it preaches the values of liberal democracy while crushing its actual practice. His analyses of these four facets of power comprise the first four chapters. The next four chapters examine this empire "in action." To this end, Mann discusses the wars on "terror" and in Afghanistan and Iraq; inconsistent foreign policies toward "rogue states;" the hawkish neo-conservative coup within the Republican elite; the unpopular and unproductive neoliberalism of US economic agendas; the unilateralism of the current administration, including its disdain for international treaties, the United Nations, and even its Western allies; political failures in the Palestinian/Israeli conflict; and more.

Well-written and meticulously researched, *Incoherent Empire* makes an accessible argument for a "realist" approach to US hegemony. In his introduction, Mann portrays American empire as a Frankenstein monster lurching across the globe, "intend[ing] to spread order and benevolence, but instead [creating] more disorder and violence." (Which is a much too generous reading for me.) As such, he argues that the strength of new American imperialism is its military power, but that even this is clumsy at best. (Mann cites the poor showing in Afghanistan and Iraq.) In the other arenas Mann identifies—political, economic, and ideological—the American project is both fragile and in danger of failure. Against this possibility and its dangerous consequences (disorder and chaos, apparently), Mann outlines throughout the book what he considers a more realistic and pragmatic set of global leadership strategies for American power.

While I found *Incoherent Empire* useful for its clear and concise historical account of the shape of contemporary neoconservativism, Mann's analysis seemed to rest on the belief that only a *rational* national project might rescue us from the dangerously *irrational* vagaries of "incoherent empire." But drawing on the groundbreaking scholarship of postcolonial theorists and historians (including Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak and Ann Laura Stoler), we might argue that incoherence is not a weakness of empire, but its strength. The fact that empire *is* incoherent, that it somehow holds together often conflicting and competing narratives about imperialism, and yet nonetheless manages to operate *as* empire, suggests that perhaps this incoherence is instead strategic. In this view, it is empire's ability to present multiple attributes and a changing constellation of features—that is, its incoherence—that makes it so difficult to deconstruct and counter. Arguably, national and imperial projects have *always* relied on an array of contradictory discourses and practices; the foundation of liberal democracy in the United States, with its roots in the European Enlightenment, nonetheless made room for the genocide of indigenous peoples and the enslavement of Africans. Were these mere aberrations, or strategic exclusions built into the logics of liberal political theory and modern capitalism? Or, closer to the contemporary moment, witness the daily shifts in rationales for the US invasion of Iraq, as the much-feared WMDs become merely phantasmatic and the occupation grows increasingly volatile. Despite these losses in both personnel and political arenas, the Bush administration maintains the goodwill of a significant percentage of the American public. In the wake of numerous revelations about the costs of war, as well as its incongruities, how is this belief in American moral supremacy sustained? This is a question to which an "incoherent empire," with its changing and contingent discourses and practices, is well equipped to answer.

So for us, as critics of imperialism, it is not enough to point to the contradictions between a stated ideal (democracy) and an actual practice (militarism). Instead, in recognizing that the contradictions do not fundamentally disable empire, we may better capture the specific ways in which this mutability and ambiguity is realized and its consequences for empire and our challenges to it.

—Mimi Nguyen



Get Knocked Down Get Up Again Part One
Steve K.
130 Pages • $10.00
38 Moveton Road
Worcester Park, Surrey
KT4 8EZ, K

Although this book appears in the book review section, it is only really the price that elevates it above fanzine status. Although quite thick, a lot of space is wasted with huge margins and double spaced lines. With some thought, this could have been reduced in size by two-thirds. That being said, I am all for DIY publishing of any kind, so I applaud Steve for his effort in putting together what amounts to an autobiography based around the punk scene and how it changed his life.

Is Steve's story remarkable? Well, no, in fact; his life story is pretty unremarkable. It follows Steve from his early days through school, where he discovers punk, onto him drifting around jobless hitchhiking to gigs, then drifting into dead-end jobs and more punk gigs, interspersed with girlfriend/family woes and alcohol binges.

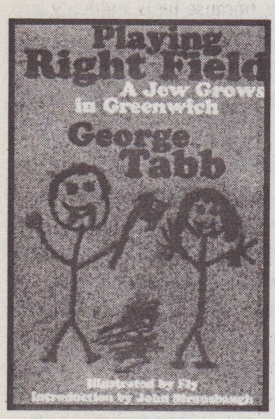
Unremarkable stories can sometimes be gripping and engaging if the author is skilled. The highs and lows of a mundane life can suck you in, if approached in the right way. The problem with this "book" is that the writing is terrible: simplistic and lackluster, littered with appalling spelling and punctuation errors. For example, when mentioning a Fugazi show, he repeatedly refers to them as Fugzi. It seems that whatever device this was

written on, it did not have spellchecker, as many words are spelled phonetically. If you are selling something as a "book," then get it proofread, and edit, edit, edit.

For the most part, this comes off as a disjointed diary or a stream of consciousness. There is no message or theme, just details of Steve's existence. The final kick in the teeth is when reading the last page it just stops mid-sentence, no ending or lead-up to what is to follow in part two.

Personally, I did find some interest, as Steve spent much of his time in the Southwest of England where I grew up. I was actually at many of the gigs that he refers to (Dr. & The Crippens, Cowboy Killers, Doom, etc.), so it was an odd, disjointed trip down memory lane. For those who didn't grow up in the Southwest of England or don't know Steve, I'm not sure what you would get out of this. All criticisms aside, however, I did read this in one sitting and didn't put it down, which is more than can be said for a lot of books (or zines) that I've read, so that must count for something!

—Tim Brooks



Playing Right Field: A Jew Grows in Greenwich
George Tabb
220 pages • $13.95
Soft Skull Press

At long last, a George Tabb book! I have dreamed of this day since I was fifteen and would drive to the stupid "alternative" record store in my town (where Braid albums and middle-aged indie rock men were plentiful), pick up the latest *MRR*, drive over to the cool punk rock coffee shop, and immediately turn to George Tabb's column. Since nothing in my life has changed much since around the age of five (my favorite activities still include jumping up and down and eating candy), I've loved his column ever since.

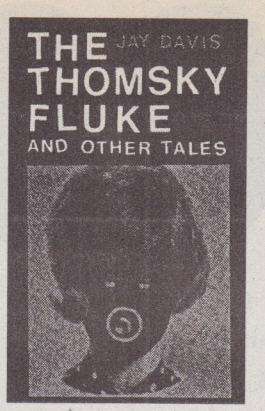
George Tabb has mastered the ideal formula for writing and, by extension, for punk rock existence. Write about stupid things that happen to you, and then, instead of looking back and saying, "That really sucked when a dog came all over me," you can say, "Yes! A column!" As someone who had many bad moments growing up (although mine involved Midwestern ridiculosity, death, and being broke, as opposed to Greenwich ridiculosity, a horrible father, and anti-Semitism), and written about them, I say—the funnier you can make your past, the better!

And this book is funny. Incredibly funny. This book is so funny that, while reading it at that same coffee shop a week ago, I started laughing out loud, and immediately had to turn to my friends and read them the story of George Tabb watching a friend crucify a frog. ("'We must send this frog to heaven, from which it came...We must offer it to our lord, Jesus Christ.'") That just may be the most hilarious story ever written. (Uh, besides the Bible.)

This book, or so the press release tells me, compiles Tabb's columns for *MRR* and *The New York Press*; but this reads more like a novel or autobiography than a compilation. Even if you've always read his columns, you need to get this—just in case you forgot about the summer his dad only bought one baseball jersey so he and his brother (who were on the same team) had to share it by changing on the field. Or the story about the blind kid who beat everyone up. Or the time he prepared to kill a neighborhood bully. Tabb's description of his preparation keeps conjuring up the most hilarious image in my mind. ("I find a bunch of knives hanging in my dad's workshop along with tool belts. I strap on the belts, and hang the blades from the tiny leather hooks. I find an ax, and sharpen it on an old stone wheel Cybil had purchased at a local auction...For the coup de grace, I take a tie my dad had given me for my birthday, which I'd been using to clean my gun, and tie it around my head.")

What else can I say? Punk Rock!

—Maddy



The Thomsky Fluke and other tales
Jay Davis
103 pages • $9.95
Regent Press
6020-A Adeline Street
Oakland, CA 94608

Whoa.

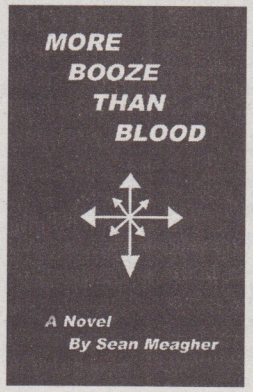
In Santa Fe there is a woman who believes she is not intelligent enough to fully understand the band Submission Hold. I feel the same about this book of short stories.

Are these really tales of a drug that opens doors into who-knows-what and in that one short story, are the people actually living in a reverse time stream? What about the story that might be about a quiet civil war between humans and cats? Or is the continuous weirdness in this book something entirely other?

The continuous weaving of the Finkle Blasting Company's fictional press releases and letters appearing before each mini-chapter would seem to be the thread holding all the stories together. Except it doesn't. At least I don't think it does.

Altogether a confusing and great book. Readers of science fiction and metaphysical literature will love this one. Also, much of the writing has a familiarity to North Oakland, which I like.

—Jake Filth



More Booze Than Blood
Sean Meagher
240 pages • $10.00
Labelsdown Press
5825 NE 26th Street
Portland, OR 97211

I am certain many of you readers will find it rather predictable that a former record reviewer would start out his work by making some reference to music. With that in mind, this will be brief. Consider the Germs landmark live album *Germicide*. Here we have perhaps one of the most endearing examples of the DIY spirit—four individuals who could not play their instruments, could not write songs, and certainly could not keep time or stay coherent for a full live set, who (in my humble opinion) somehow produced a standing document of sheer power. *Germicide*, at the fundamental level, illustrates why I love punk rock so much: you (no, not the person behind you) can do it, and as long as it's sincere people will appreciate it, whether or not it is empirically "good." One would think that such a can-do spirit would carry over into other cultural realms, such as film and literature. However, here we run into a fundamental problem: a listener can get through *Germicide* in about a half-hour. One's ability to appreciate work that may not be of the highest quality diminishes quickly if said work is inflicted upon the listener/viewer/reader for an exceedingly long period of time. Hence, fewer punk rock operas, punk feature films, and—as I arrive at my point—punk novels, are produced. If someone produces a novel of questionable worth under the guise of a "just-because-I-can" mentality, they had better be damn sure that it's brilliant, because they have to keep the reader engaged for hundreds of pages. On a side note, it seems as if this is why there are so many zines: they are quick reads and often relatively disposable. Novels, on the other hand, take time to truly explore, and you, as an author, want that exploration to yield something remarkable. This, finally, is why I felt fundamentally insulted by Sean Meagher's debut novel, *More Booze Than Blood*.

Set in an indiscriminate and achingly nonspecific city, Meagher

employs a kind of "Anytown, USA" device, which sometimes (in better books) serves to help us identify with the locale, but that here merely ends up trapping the author in an endless stream of generalities. There are bars, clubs, a downtown, "the hills," busses, and the like, but none of these places seem to have a real identity or character. One bar fades into the next, and even as Meagher tries to convince the reader that something profound is taking place, it essentially all amounts to just another meaningless interaction in another seedy pub.

The story follows Bill Joseph, a recovering meth addict and an obvious (seemingly to everyone but the author) alcoholic, who writes thousands of pages that end up sitting at the bottom of his closet, unpublished. He meets Maureen, an independently wealthy young woman who seems doomed to either be lauded for her "beautiful round ass" and "well sized breasts" or derided for her "erratic insanities," and the two proceed to have some of the most vile and sexist carnal adventures I have ever had the privilege of reading about. In Maureen, Meagher has concocted some bizarre male fantasy in which women like to have their hair pulled and their asses slapped. Of course, Bill appreciates her company when they're fucking. However, the minute she opens her mouth to show some hint of feeling, he completely turns off, and we are supposed to admire his "anti-heroism" for doing so. Now, I have no problem with the idea of the anti-hero; however, when the protagonist's antics become so absolutely reduced to a "nobody-matters-but-me" kind of selfishness, I stop caring what happens to said protagonist. Meagher fires off juvenile attempts at making us identify with Bill by giving us half-hearted anti-consumerist rants and endless references to the meaninglessness and bleakness of life, but the sentiment feels contrived and manipulative, especially when it dawns on the reader (after Bill's one hundredth hangover) that he has created this meaninglessness for himself. The rest of the plot centers on Bill's involvement with Maureen, who he continues to treat like dirt, and her father, Hank, a violent lunatic who sees a kindred spirit in Bill's lone-wolf writer persona. Realizing that he would rather avoid these characters than confront them, Bill, through the most ridiculous and unfounded of violent acts, ends up with exactly what he wants: a new start, and his problems left behind him. This leads me to believe that the implicit message of this book would be, "Be a self-absorbed prick and have fate hand you precisely what you desire!"

While I don't necessarily agree with such a philosophy, I could suspend my disbelief and momentarily buy it if the writing were worth a damn. Unfortunately, all we are left with are repetitively structured sentences with no variation whatsoever (on one particular page towards the beginning, I counted twenty-two consecutive sentences all beginning with "He." (Not to sound like an elitist, but this is grade school shit, people.) The description gets shrouded in an inescapable sameness, making the prose physically unpleasant to read. Meagher bangs us over the head with needless actions, while crucial events get left to post-hangover gap filling (an admittedly intriguing device the first time, but not the second, third, etc.). I honestly am groping for the novel's recommendable elements, and all I keep coming back to is the fact that it's DIY. But, without substance or life, does that really mean anything?

—Max Tremblay

Peter Woody Rising
E. Layne Kelly
$14.99 • 296 pages
An Indie Artz Book
www.indieArtz.com

Having the gumption to create, write, and publish your own book shows unwavering commitment and follow-through. I applaud anyone who has tried and/or succeeded in doing so. Having said that, I'm a little miffed as to how this publisher came to the conclusion that sending this book to *MRR* for review would be a good idea.

Not that *MRR* requires it, but this book has no mention of underground culture or leftist politics. This would be fine if the book was at least voiced from that perspective. For instance, last month I reviewed a gritty noir that had nothing to do with punx or liberal politics, yet the story painted a very like-minded picture of society. Similarly, if Greg Graffin wrote a college textbook (maybe he already did?) it could seem plausible for *MRR* to review it on the grounds that he at one time existed in—and had a good understanding of—the punk/anarcho/leftist underground in which this magazine aggressively participates. However, the closest this book comes to being underground—barring its DIY publishing—is it's mentioning of the Warped Tour. It might be argued that most everything about this book is a huge part of what *MRR* rallies against.

Corporate sponsorship, commodified art, shitty band references...this book has it all.

Woody, the main character and closest thing this book has to a protagonist, begins this story as a self-absorbed, greedy, inconsiderate runaway selling drugs while following around a fictitious rock band called BLO-Fish. In this environment, Woody comes across to the reader as annoyingly unlikable. But when he is summoned home to attend his outrageously rich parent's funeral, he becomes even less likeable, because he is suddenly also rich, spoiled, arrogant, immature, disrespectful, and clueless. We also find out that he is an incredibly talented musician, a fact that paves the way for the rest of the story and makes for many droning paragraphs about dominant 7th chords and .011 gauge guitar strings strung to a drop-tuned Kramer.

Woody spends the ensuing months getting his band back together, all the while writing really bad lyrics and snorting drugs and hiring managers and firing guitar techs and humping groupies and riding in limos, and all before their first show!

But really, the book's not as cool as it sounds. For example, anyone who refers to their band as "...metal. Cutting edge. Our own breed of music..." is destined to be made fun of. But when Woody hopes to "...get lucky with a Scott Stapp..." to front his band.... Well, then, the comedy is over. (This is *MRR*, so I don't expect you to know that Scott Stapp is the singer for Creed. But then again *MRR* is sold at Barnes and Noble, so maybe you do know who Scott Stapp is, in which case you might like this book which then makes me wonder why you're reading this magazine. You should be reading *Minimum RocknRoll*.)

Blah blah blah...so Woody and his band make it huge, they act like pampered rock stars the whole way there, they sell out Madison Square Garden and never at any point do I feel happy for any of them because no one in this book deserves success. Nobody becomes a better person in this book—a sad fact considering that almost everyone in this book sucks to begin with. Woody navigates some personal transitions, but hardly matures in any way that matters. Towards the end of the book he makes two attempts at "giving something back." First he hires a vagrant tag-along drug dealer (like he once was) to be his guitar tech—a position he has ruthlessly hired and fired for, which, for us readers, does not seem like a very promising opportunity for the kid. Second, Woody "helps" his concubine come to love him by humping her gently and then sending her to a psychologist. Real selfless of you, Woody. Both efforts come across as so self-serving it just makes him more of a creep.

Not once during this book did I ever feel inspired, impressed, or entertained. The main characters and their stories are trite and uninteresting. Now that I think about it, the only time I found myself reading with any fervor was when Woody's stalker attacks him with a knife. Sadly, he does not die, and worse yet, the book goes on...

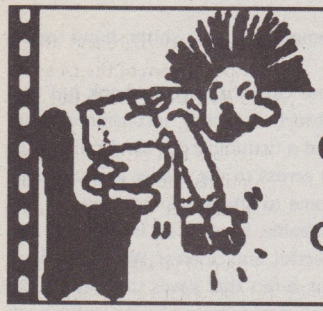
Truth being more engaging than fiction, one should instead read Mark Manning (aka Zodiac Mindwarp)'s *Fucked By Rock*. Not only are his tales of drug use and rock stardom and groupie-play a million times more entertaining and/or shocking, but they're all true.

The writing in *Peter Woody Rising* is reasonably good. It flows, and the punctuation and spelling are pretty good. And if you like bands like Staind and Disturbed and Korn (all referenced inside this book) and your only aspiration in life is to complain about things that in reality are all your fault—and to do it on a highly publicized level—then let this book be your roadmap. Let it also illustrate what a cliché waste of space you and yours will become.

Much like I would rather look at a lame band's promo 8x10 glossy than actually hear them, I would rather read the bad reviews of this book than the book itself.

—Craig Ums

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

"We're still here. Fuck you!" is how Kim Fowley ends the documentary **Mayor Of The Sunset Strip**, the story of LA legend Rodney Bingenheimer. It was the most sensible thing he said throughout the whole film and I felt the same way. **Mayor Of The Sunset Strip** is a mostly personal documentary that misses what I (and maybe most others) know Rodney for that he was a great and influential radio DJ. It spends too much time being judgmental about the life of hanging out with celebrities to focus on the fact that it wasn't just Bingenheimer hanging around with celebrities, but they wanted to hang around with him too. If he liked your record your band would probably be a success.

Rodney has an interesting life story. His mom drives him from Mountain View, CA and drops him off at Connie Stevens' house in Los Angeles. Stevens is not home, but from there Rodney begins his new life in LA. He tries out for the Monkees, but loses the part to Davy Jones. He becomes Jones' stand-in and stars opposite him in the "Prince and the Pauper" episode. He works for Capitol records for Linda Ronstadt. He moves to another label to work for Rod Stewart. He opens his own bar Rodney's English Disco. He gets a DJ job at KROQ.

Of course, the director George Hickenlooper could be like most people these days who think radio is an unimportant and obsolete thing. I have been doing college and community radio for 17 years. I know what it feels like to be unappreciated. Jed the Fish from KROQ says it is unbelievable that someone can be in the business for so long, help so many people and only be in if for the music. Radio is so corporate now that no one understands that DJs were once respected for the music they played more than the controversy they start. But the musicians seem to appreciate what Rodney has done for them. I am sure it is hard to get Cher and David Bowie to do interviews for just any documentary.

The biggest impression I get from **Mayor Of The Sunset Strip** was that Hickenlooper was trying to understand, possibly out of jealousy, why Rodney Bingenheimer gets to hang out with so many celebrities. What is this obsession with fame he asks while the film segues with shots of celebrities on the billboards of LA. He interviews people about fame, asks Bingenheimer's mother's neighbors about Rodney's celebrity obsession and asks his father and stepmother about it too. Yet these people don't really seem to know Bigenheimer. His father and stepmother have a hard time trying to find a picture of Rodney in their house. When Rodney locates one of himself as a child, it is the only picture not in a frame.

I have to wonder why Hickenlooper would even make **Mayor Of The Sunset Strip**. It seems he doesn't really have any interest in Bingenheimer's life. Yet, no matter how condescending Hickenlooper gets toward Bingenheimer, Bingenheimer's attitude shows that he is a great person. He befriends aspiring singer Ronald Wayne Vaughan and encourages his musical career. Rodney says people helped him out in the beginning and he feels it is his time to return the favor. Even when Rodney gets mad at friend Chris Carter who gets a job on a competing radio station, he doesn't come off as a bad guy. Carter admits that Rodney is responsible for all his success. It's easy to see how he can get so pissed off.

The worst aspect of **Mayor Of The Sunset Strip** from a punk point of view is that the film brushes over those days. It mostly focuses on the 70s and the present. There isn't even any mention of the Rodney on The ROQ compilation albums. That's how I first heard of him.
(http://www.firstlookmedia.com/films/mayorofthesunsetstrip/)

Every once in a while you see a film that is so fun and bloody you can ignore the very low production value and below average acting. **Eat Me** is such a film. **Eat Me** is the story of a redneck cannibal. The thing that makes it exceptionally enjoyable is that all the people he kills are vegans, hipsters and Christians.

Eat Me begins with some vegans on a McDonald's window breaking spree. As they make their escape, they come across a girl who while hanging up fliers for her Christian punk band has just seen a man killing another. They all decide to follow the killer to see where he goes. Naturally, the group gets separated and the killing begins. The gore is done very campy since there is such a low budget, but it is done creatively. My favorite death is when the victim is run over with the lawnmower.

The **Eat Me** DVD includes deleted scenes, trailers, commentary and another short film **The Going Away Party** about a lonely teenager who throws himself a party before he commits suicide. An extra trailer for the film **Christkiller 3000** looks fantastic. Some needs to give director Chris LaMartina a million dollars to make some more films. If I had it, I would. (28th Street Productions, 1416 Lincoln Woods Dr., Baltimore, MD 21228, www.freakproductions.net)

The DVD collection **People's Broken Noses Compliment Their Broken Faces** arrived at *MRR* with a note saying, "Maximum RR, I know you don't normally do movie reviews but this shit is pretty low budget and raunchy so I thought you might make an exception." I have been writing this column for almost five years so immediately I was thinking why do I bother? After some encouragement from a couple nice people at *MRR* who actually read this column, I figured that at least I don't need to be nice. Since he'll never read this I don't have to be worried about crushing his dreams of being a filmmaker.

First up on **People's Broken Noses Compliment Their Broken Faces** is "The Shitter." It starts off promisingly. A businessman leaves his house with a cup of coffee and a newspaper and gets in his SUV. He sits down and suddenly jumps up. There is shit on his seat. A note on the dashboard states that he has been a victim of the shitter. I like the idea of a superhero who goes around attacking yuppies.

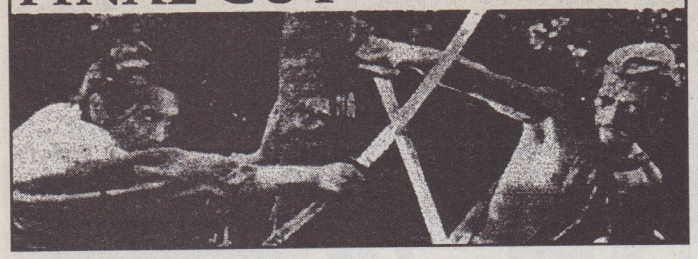
Unfortunately, in the second scene it is immediately revealed who the shitter is. He is no superhero. He is just some aspiring yuppie jerk whom for whatever reason shits everywhere. The rest of the characters in the film do not figure out who he is until half way through and by the time they do, I don't like any of them.

The one I did like on **People's Broken Noses Compliment Their Broken Faces** is "Mr. Blast." The film basically follows him as walks down the street randomly punching people, grabbing cellphones and smashing them on the sidewalk, shooting people, dancing and limboing. The musical soundtrack is very annoying and the combination turnip and Christmas ornament spaceship that picks up at the end doesn't really make any sense, but after drinking five cosmos this can be really funny.

People's Broken Noses Compliment Their Broken Faces DVD also includes four other short films and two music videos. A CD soundtrack collection is also included. The music is an industrial techno that is so annoying I couldn't make it all the way through. Maybe your hearing isn't as sensitive. (QUA, PO #510504, Milwaukee, WI 53203, www.brokennoses.com)

I am always looking for film to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o *MRR*, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by e-mail at carolynmrr@juno.com.

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



ZOMBIE PANIC

Battlefield Baseball poses the burning question: What if you cross an inspirational baseball story with a zombie flick? Add a few musical numbers and a smorgasbord of cheap effects, and it's clear that warped fun was meant to take the day.

Based on the popular manga, **Battlefield Baseball** tells the loopy story of Seido high school, who just might have a chance at every Japanese schoolboy's dream: to play at the Koshien tournament—their little league World Series.

This year, they have the talent. In particular, their new transfer Jubeh (Tak Takaguchi) has a Deadly Bullet Ball so brutal that it drilled a hole through the abdomen of his now departed dad. His catchers need a mitt three-feet wide.

Unfortunately for them, the feared Gedo team has been revived. Gedo specializes in a type of ballplay that's closer to serial murder than anything else. With zombie skin like a *Dawn of the Dickies* album and psychopathic personalities to match, their aim isn't so much to beat their competition as to find new and creative ways to massacre them. During their match—the opening game of the season—one Seido player gets his head impaled on a baseball bat, while another becomes a bat pincushion. Body parts abound.

Battlefield Baseball oozes with the spirit that anything can happen, regardless of the rules of logic, so long that it's funny. When their prized slugger dies, he's quickly reincarnated to battle Gedo once again. Most characters have a cartoon-like ability to regenerate themselves (albeit with cyborg implants). Jubeh's pure love of the sport is able to revive piles of corpses from the dead.

This is the first feature by Yudai Yamaguchi, a disciple of action film extremist and pal Ryuhei Kitamura. With a miniscule budget, Yudai Yamaguchi (the screenwriter for Yamaguchi's films) has gone beyond his master. **Battlefield Baseball** is low budget, a little uneven, but on balance a thoroughly wild send-up of sports movie conventions. You owe it to yourself to see the best zombie baseball martial arts musical out there.

Created by the Spierig brothers (not to be confused with the Wachovski's of **Matrix** fame or the famous Coens), **Undead** flashes a fat middle finger at repressive Queensland film censorship. Working from a tiny budget, they've created a comically violent sci-fi zombie film that takes pride in its utter way-out-ness.

When former beauty queen Rene (Felicity Mason) returns to her native Berkeley (in Queensland, not California), a visit to the mortgage company becomes something more disturbing when flaming rocks start falling from the sky. The roads soon clog with vehicle burn-outs. And as our cast soon discovers, the victims don't just roll over and die. Even if their torso is shot away from under them, their legs keep on walking (at least for a while). What's more, these living dead, following the lead of their States-side horror film cousins, survive on a diet of fresh human brains.

It doesn't take long before a healthy community of zombies is wandering the streets, hunting for flesh. Rene soon finds herself in the disagreeable company of a pregnant beauty contestant wanna-be, her cringing boyfriend, two bozo cops, and a gun-slinging Clint Eastwood oakie named Marion (Mungo McKay) who saves their collective asses more than once.

Conveniently, Marion has a "World of Weapons" store in his four-level house. He's been expecting that something like a zombie holocaust might come along, and his place is almost an armory. He can duck under a table or swing from the rafters and always sling a pair of loaded pistols. Though everybody's safe in Marion's steel-lined underground bunker, it's too claustrophobic to stay there too long.

Let's count the threats to human life. We have human torsos that continue to live, a veritable army of ghoulish zombies, storms of acid rain, and killer trout. And there's Marion's Clint Eastwood-ish aphorisms, like, "So you've gotta ask yourself: are you a fighter fish queen?"

It's a wonderful twist when, without notice, hooded space aliens appear on the scene (turning this into a zombie space alien killer trout flick), but **Undead** clearly takes its greatest pride in the spatter of blood, faces, brains, and flying eyeballs.

While the effects are often surprisingly good, there is an annoying tendency to pitch sequences in sepia, orange, or some other random color that has nothing to with the action. In addition, you might generally get the impression that **Undead** tries too hard to make you laugh or gross you out. It's a perennial problem with indies from Australia and New Zealand, where less is rarely seen as more.

The standard for this kind of film has never been very high, and even a receptive viewer will need to be forgiving. Don't expect **Dawn of the Dead**, or **Night of the Living Dead**, or either of the classic **Evil Dead** films. But definitely expect to have fun.

LD 50 is a term in biological research that describes half of what's needed for a lethal dose. Director Simon de Selva appropriates the term for the film **Lethal Dose (LD50)**—one of the more politically informed fright-fests you'll find.

Outraged by animal testing at a nearby lab, a group of young activists dress in fatigues for a daring nighttime raid. When the operation goes awry, one of them (Ross McCall) gets caught in an animal trap—and the idealists must contend with the guilt of having to leave one of their most dedicated colleagues behind.

A year passes. While most of them have settled into establishment jobs, a scrambled email from the jailed member sounds ominous. He's chosen to participate as a human subject in an experiment that could lead to an early release. But something about the study is troubling, and details are sketchy.

They launch an operation to spring their friend, but from the start, things aren't quite right. The air is thick with decay. A trip down one hallway leads to a room of experimental animals, but they're rotting away in their cages. Excruciating changes in air pressure are causing everything from nosebleeds to electrical discharges, and the source of the terror is hidden somewhere in the maze of concrete bunkers and cables. One by one, they're being plucked off by an unseen presence that's perhaps experimenting with them.

Lethal Dose plays like a trip to purgatory, its science soaked through with a weird metaphysics. But for its filmmaking finesse, its slow-burn approach to horror makes its payoffs few and far between. Better funding, alas, doesn't always make for a better film.

I Pass for Human, on the other hand, achieves a more underground feel with a different type of lethal dose. With a dissipated junkie mood similar to the early 70s films of Paul Morrissey, **I Pass for Human** creates a small world where dead and overdosed addicts appear as ghosts and try to get contact highs off the living.

Jane (Eleanor Whitledge) loses her boyfriend his first day off methadone. Despite professional counseling (from Mary Woronov, the principal from **Rock'n'Roll High School**) it's not long before Jane's no-future life pushes her to heroin. Basically weak-minded, Jane's addiction brings her into a disturbing world where dead friends loom ever closer. The dead are the equivalent of vampires, leeches so virulent that they don't really mind if their hosts die. There are always more addicts to feed from.

I Pass for Human isn't particularly frightening as a horror film. It's more interested in small chills and a mood of impending dread—despite being compromised by a rather flat plot.

If you're willing to gloss over its flaws, there's a lot here that's intriguing. The junkies in **I Pass for Human** occupy a dreary limbo of addiction that's not unlike the nether world of their dead friends. With such a thin veil between the living and the dead, it's no wonder that there's such easy communication between the two planes.

Director Chris D. conveys the desperation of addiction fairly well within the constraints of an indie budget and digital recording. A pleasing selection of music (including liberal doses of The Birthday Party, Lydia Lunch, and The Flesheaters) rounds out a film that takes chances with its material. Too bad that, like its tragic characters, this is a film that's likely to remain in the underground.

Comments? Email me at **anywhichway@myway.com**

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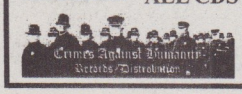

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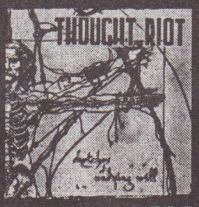

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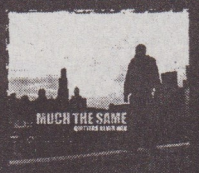

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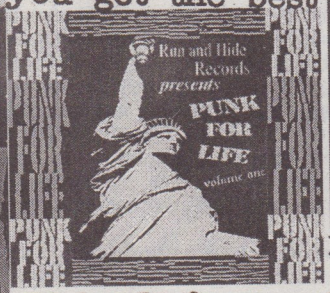

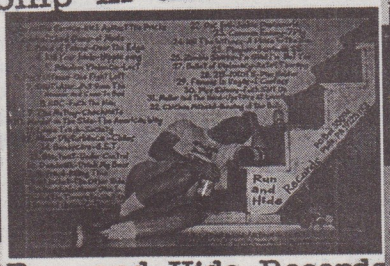

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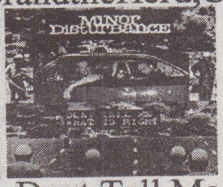

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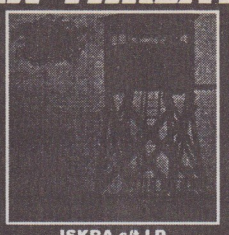
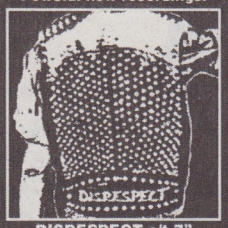
PROFANE EXISTENCE #45
Starting with issue #45, Profane Existence is now a 100 page BOOK and CD. This issue includes interviews with bands Phobia, Behind Enemy Lines and Garmonbozia and plus an interview and gallery of artwork by Marald. Features also include femicide in Ciudad Jaurez, Mexico, punx vs. sexism primer, writings from inside the prison walls, and political words and art entitled "By Any MEDIUM Necessary," and more. **BONUS CD!** Also included is a 15-year anniversary CD for PE Records, with recordings from the past, present, and future releases. Tracks included from: Sofahead, Doom, Nausea, Karma Sutra, Moral Suckling, Hiatus, Pissed, One by One, Negative Stance, Resist, State of Fear, Icons of Filth, S.S.T., Civil Disobedience, Misery, Detestation, A//Political, Phobia, Resist and Exist, Provoked, Another Oppressive System, Disrespect, Garmonbozia, Extinction of Mankind, Behind Enemy Lines and more.

EXTINCTION OF MANKIND
The Nightmare Seconds... LP
Poweful new recordings!



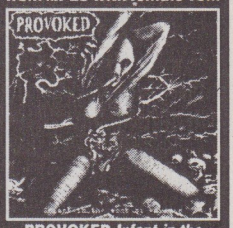
ISKRA s/t LP
Brutal, whirlwind crust from ex-Black Kronstandt

GARMONBOZIA s/t LP
Haunting, melodic crust from MPLS with female vox.



DISRESPECT s/t 7"
Pissed-off, sing-along punk rock with male/female vox.

ANOTHER OPPRESSIVE SYSTEM / HUMAN WASTE split 7"
Trans-Atlantic crust attack!!



PROVOKED *Infant in the Womb of Warfare* **LP**
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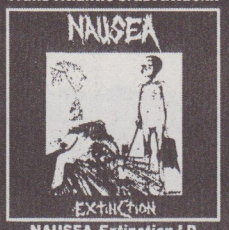
V/A *Aftermath* **CD**
28-band PE benefit comp.



NAUSEA *Extinction* **LP**
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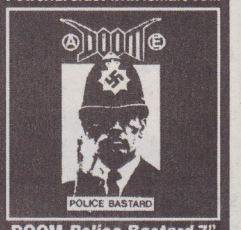

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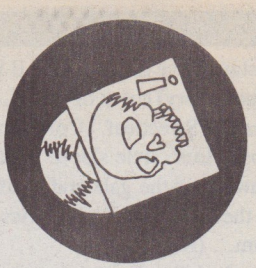

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100 DEMONS - CD

There is a color promo shot of this band standing in a landfill looking like a bunch of burly white construction worker men which, puts me off from the get go. This CD has more double bass, metal, and deep growly vocals for your buck. There is quite a bit of melody though that livens it up a bit. The lyrics are very bro-ish ("We stand/side by side/we never questioned why/my brothers/aren't afraid/I trust my life/in their hands"). I would never listen to this consensually. (ZM)
(Deathwish, info@deathwishinc.com)

ACCIDENTS – "All-Time High"

Pretty high-energy Swedish rockabilly-style punk with vocals reminding me very much of early Johnny Peebucks. I especially love "Kings of the Night", which slows it down a bit and proves you can be sentimental and punk. (DP)
(Rock Alliance, PO Box 89, 671 22 Arvika, SWEDEN, www.rockalliance.net)

THE ACKERMANS – "Run Run Run With…" EP

They look kinda like the BOOMTOWN RATS and I had my hopes up. Kinda wishing they were the BOOMTOWN RATS now that I'm listening to this…It's not bad. It's that breathy garage rock that has a lot of back ups, tambourines, organs and Gibson semi-hollow-body guitars. Some people call it white boy R&B, I just call it more garage throwback stuff that reminded me of the song from the T-Mobile commercial (you know the one). And I don't mean that in a bad way either (I kinda like that T-Mobile song). But it is what it is. And that's it. (BM)
(Big Brothel, Box 6170, SE-102 33 Stockholm, SWEDEN, www.bibrothel.tk)

AGENTS OF SATAN – "The Old Testament" CD

Goatcore! God-damning Goatcore!! A discographic collection of everything this infamous West Bay quartet of excruciatingly stooped evil ever did, and then some. Demo tracks, EPs, splits, comps, and live tracks, lyrics, photos, flyers, and bits of info regarding the location of the tracks. As bonus you get the EP material from RADIOACTIVE LUNCH, barely pre-dating AGENTS OF SATAN and featuring members of the aforementioned dank-core unit of doom. My highest recommendation goes to this collection. (WM)
(Intolerant Messiah, PO Box 6162, San Mateo, CA 94403, www.intolerantmessiah.com)

AGROTOXICO – "Estado De Guerra Cival" LP

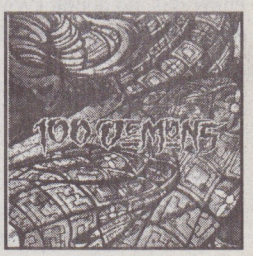
Brazil has always cranked out some fine fine bands, like OHLO SECO and COLERA, who have managed to play punk-as-fuck tunes but still keep a strong melody within the chaos. AGROTOXICO are in the same vein and this LP rips from start to finish. Some parts make you want to pogo and others make you want to slam and others make you want to empty your bank account buying old Brazilian punk rarities. As if I wasn't excited enough already the last song on the album is a cover of one of the finer ASTA KASK songs. (NT)
(Dirty Faces, Universitaetsstr 16, 44789 Bochum, GERMANY www.dirtyfaces.de)

ALLEYCATS – "Nothing Means Nothing Anymore / Give Me a Little Pain"

Assholes who follow the seedy underworld of replica bootlegging are probably shitting their britches once again at this Dangerhouse replica. Like the DILS and AVENGERS look-alikes from a while back, this classic ALLEYCATS 45 features great sound (from the original masters) and both picture sleeves from the original issue. For those of you who aren't hopeless dorks, allow me to plainly state that this is some great early Southern California punk. Negative and classic. If you only know them from that new wave concert film, you're in for a big treat. Sure, more "rock" thank BLACK RANDY…but isn't everything? Do it, you know you want to. (MC)
(no address)

ANADOREI – EP

Woah! These Japanese girls can make a racket. The first track is almost painful. High pitched yelps and wails set to FLIPPER-esque dirge. The next four tracks that make up Side A are noisy mid tempo art damaged punk/hardcore ditties about war, landmines, and hating you. Erieza screams in English and her voice manages



to stay above the din. Side B is a straight (read unnecessary) cover of the BLACK SABBATH classic "Sweetleaf." Comes packed in a great glossy Euro style sleeve with a stylized cover drawing of the gals and a nifty photo collage on the back. Insert with lyrics. Another winner from... (RR)
(Freaked Out Frequncies, Poelestraat 38 c-1, 9712, KBT Groningen, THE NETHERLANDS)

ANDLÁT – "Mors Longa" CD

Metal-core from Iceland with doomy, minor-keyed guitars plowing fields of despair, raspy-throat vocals decrying a peaceful existence filled with rage and hate, mosh part kicks in, etc. Fairly by-the-numbers metal-core, nothing new here. ANDLÁT translates into English as "deceased". Metal-core fans would enjoy this, no doubt. (WM)
(Hopewell, www.hopewellrecords.com)

ANNIHILATION TIME – "Bad Reputation" EP

More FLAG/BL'AST attack from these Nardcore heroes. I think this is the first I've heard from the new singer, and he actually sounds a little like Keith Morris, which is a welcome addition. Three originals and a THIN LIZZY cover. This is good stuff, I just wish there was some way they could inject the sense of danger and intensity that came along with the music they are obviously paying tribute to. (AM)
(Dead Alive, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.deadaliverecords.com)

ARCADE INFERNO / ROGUE SET - "Tonight St. Pete Burns" split CD

Two bands from St. Petersburg, Florida. ARCADE INFERNO remind me of when fellow Floridians GRABASS CHARLSTONS do that TOM WAITS song, good emotional DIY melodic punk, the spirit of CRIMPSHRINE lives on. The ROGUE SET are similar but have more HOT WATER MUSIC records than the other band. Fine heartfelt-driven punk. This is a good split release, if you like GUNMOLL, RUMBLESEAT, SUPER CHINCHILLA RESCUE MISSION, UNTIAS etc. Then check this out (it comes in a pink DVD case.) Florida continues to lobby for "American Capital of Punk Rock" status... (AD)
(Netwark of Friends, PO Box 10789, St. Pete, FL 33733)

ASHTRAY – "Robo Polo" EP

I have a fondness for things called "ashtray." This is DEADLY WEAPON-esque, with some Poly Styrene vocals, however pitched a little higher. The guy vox are obnoxious and scratchy, but not grov y. Sarcastic, funny lyrics that I normally wouldn't like. Basically, this band sounds like BLATZ, sans Anna Joy's deep sex purr. Fun punk. (JA)
(www.ashtraypunks.com)

ATAVISTIC - LP

I remember when Profane Existence released a disc by these guys about, like a million years ago. I was always curious about how they sounded. They sound like shit. This is a bootleg of ATAVISTIC'S three EPs. Some would say it sounds like crust/D-beat. I say it is heavy metal crap. (JA)
(no address)

THE AVATARS – "Wait / There Was a Time" 45

These guys are definitely on the wrong label, as if they are anything at all, they are "fun." I happen to be a huge fan of poppy, female-fronted spunk rock and this is right up my alley. Some people find this sort of thing too wimpy. I say those people are dumb motherfuckers. This rocks and you should stop whatever it is that you are doing and go out and find it. (KK)
(No Fun, PO Box 8154, Ann Arbor, MI, 48107, www.nofunrecords.com)

AXES OF EVIL – "Married to America" LP

OK guys, I hope you make it big. Hell, with the popularity of ANTI-FLAG and the Warped Tour I would say you have a real good chance. The lyrics, oh man, careful, rhyming "Domestic Insecurity" with "You and Me" is going to put you guys on a government watch list for sure. At least BAD RELIGION put out a couple really great albums before sinking to playing straight-up mall punk. (NT)
(www.newregardmedia.com)

THE BADNADS – "Japanese Bloodbath" EP

Excellent bloody professional wrestling photos adorn the cover of this EP. The BADNADS play a catchy, heavy, tough-guy, macho rock and roll style punk. Their two original tunes sound like street punk/oi. They add their own flavor to covers of JERRY LEE LEWIS and DAVID ALLAN COE. A decent debut. (HM)
(Scarey c/o Carlo Calemme, Casella Postale S16, Succ. 76, 10121 Torino ITALY, www.scareyrecords.tk)

BALLAST – "Numb Again" EP

Ruarrr!! Yes, it's dark, dramatic sounding political sounding hardcore. Mid-tempo DISCHARGE kind of thing going on, but a heavy melodic thing going on, too. The vocals switch off between male and female, which sounds rad. This band sounds like they pull their sound from bands like TRAGEDY or even HARUM SCARUM, but also from old British anarcho-punk. Good stuff here and an awesome silk-screened cover. (WR)
(Ballast, PO Box 64, Station C, Montreal PQ, H2L 4J7 CANADA)

BBQ – CD

BBQ is a lone Canadian—Mark Sultan—who's hopped on the one-man bandwagon that seems to gather momentum as the century progresses. It's rock 'n' roll that won't alienate your granny or drive listeners from the sock hop—it's got a sort of 30-watt RICHIE VALENS or BUDDY HOLLY quality. I like it/him. The guy's got talent, hitting all the high notes while strumming guitar and working whatever Rube Goldberg-style contraption that bangs the drums and hits the cymbals. BBQ's digital debut is a rough, down-and-dirty affair that still comes off as sweet 'n' innocent—these are mostly love songs written from the vantage point of a starcrossed kid with both too much time and a guitar on his hands. (JH)
(Alien Snatch, Morikiweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach GERMANY, www.alien-snatch.de)

BEAUTIFUL MISTAKE - "This Is Who You Are" CD

I'll be honest here. If a band thanks God in their thanks list, I give 'em a bad review. Ok, in all honesty, I completely trash 'em. A thanks list is part of the public face of one's record. If one thanked, I dunno, say, George Bush, that would raise a few eyebrows. Let's pause for a second, and consider what thanking God, publicly, really means. Christians (and Muslims, and Jews—they all believe in the same God, actually, just call him different names, and just argue a bit about his recorded works, and legacy, and offspring, and messengers) are by definition, true believers. De facto, if you're an unbeliever (or an infidel, or a goy), you're going to Hell. You'll be damned eternally, not get to go to heaven, are not one of the chosen ones etc. Think about that for a bit. I find it rather offensive. So, the God-botheres can frankly go fuck themselves. *And*, how come none of the bastards that thank God ever have anything interesting to say lyrically. Let alone radical. *And*, how come their music *fucking sucks*. Really bad. Actually, I guess the devout can't fuck themselves, cos masturbation's a sin. Oh well. (RK)
(Militia Group)

BIG BOYS – "Where's My Towel (Industry Standard)" LP

Ahhhh! At last an antidote to the shitty bootlegs doing the rounds this month. This is a legitimate vinyl reissue of an essential 1981

punk document, complete with new liner notes by Tim Kerr himself. This is punk history, and is not to be forgotten. If you don't know anything about the BIG BOYS, they were early 80s contemporaries of hardcore stalwarts like BLACK FLAG, MINOR THREAT, and HÜSKER DÜ, but they took an alternative approach, applying hardcore's energy and intensity to their weird funk-punk aesthetic. Coupled with their larger-than-life, true "outsider" status, the BIG BOYS were a Texan force to be reckoned with. They shared their free-thinking approach to punk (though not always their sound) with bands like the MINUTEMEN. Even if you can get your hands on this (limited to 1000) LP, you still owe it to yourself to go out and pick up both BIG BOYS CD collections on Touch And Go and the reissue of *The Wreck Collection* on Gern Blandsten. I'm not going to shut up about them until you do. (AM)
(Red C, Box 170103, 40082 Düsseldorf, GERMANY)

BIZARROS – "Can't Fight Your Way Up Town From Here" CD

Yes, this is that BIZARROS. A new full-length from these Cleveland original punk/pub rockers. Still the same mix as on their LP. Some rockers and some slower LOU REED/JIM CARROL-type numbers. These guys were never the full-blown punk rockers considering the 1977 scene they were a part of. Old fans and collectors will like this most. (RL)
(Clone Records, PO Box 44312, Akron, OH 44312, www.thebizarros.com)

BLACK LUNG – "System shutdown" EP

Five punishing tracks of rough mid-paced crust-core from Denver's BLACK LUNG. For the most part dark, gloomy, and straightforward I keep expecting to hear them launch into some grindcore stuff, but luckily they do a pretty good job of keeping away from it. What I like best about this record, slight as it may be, is the youth-crew element it has to it. It sounds good. Not at all the bad doom band I expected them to be… (VH)
(Bad People, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248-0931)

BLACK MARKET FETUS / DISCIDER – split EP

The mighty BLACK MARKET FETUS start things off with some pentagram lovin', 515 metallic grind that holds your attention the whole way through. Lyrics attacking war, corporate greed and our disposable lifestyle. DISCIDER play some bulletbelt-sporting low-end crust with Cookie Monster singing about legalizing the green herb. Smoke and destroy! (NT)
(First Blood Family, P.O. Box 1766, Madison, WI 53701)

BLACK TIME – "Blackout" LP

I love it when I pull a record out of its sleeve and the vinyl is really heavy. That doesn't mean it will be a great record, but if it is, it is so much better to have it on some nice vinyl. BLACK TIME play a primitive garage rock. Though I find it surprising that on their long list of bands they were listening to while recording this album they do not mention the most obvious influence, BILLY CHILDISH, or any of his bands. Is Mr. Childish not cool in London anymore? The singer is too bratty to be an exact clone, but even the record cover is an ode. The vocals are distorted and shouted and when the music hits a good groove, it is a perfect combination. The tunes are catchy, short and rockin'. This is a great record. Glad to have it on such heavy vinyl. (CK)
(Concrete Life, therhythmhive@hotmail.com)

BLINDING LIGHT – "Ascension attempt" CD

Nine tracks of super-fast, double-bass driven, math-rock metallic hardcore full of super clean guitar leads and crunchy chugga chugga. I've never been into metal, and this is no exception. But unlike most bands of this genre, BLINDING LIGHT don't get lost in masturbatory wanking, and manage to maintain some of the intensity of hardcore. Why any metalheads would read *MRR*? I dunno. But if so, I'd say this is worth checking out if. (VH)
(Deathwish, www.deathwishinc.com)

BLOTTO – "Like Dances On" CDEP

Two songs. Both sound like RANCID and CRIMPSHRINE. You should know by now how I feel about both of those bands. No I don't care that they're from Japan. They sound like really bad Gilman St. noise. And again, by now you should know how I feel about that too. (BM)
(Anti New Waves, 1-8-2-401 Sannocho Minami-Ku, Yokhama #232-0013, JAPAN)

BOLIDES – "Science Under Pressure" CD

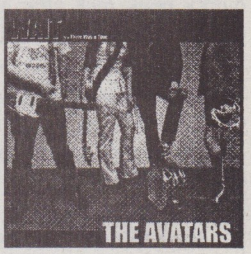
The MUMMIES, if you replaced the bandages with surgical masks and were able to remove whatever elusive Quality X that made 'em entertaining in the first place. That's not exactly fair, since all the basic elements are in place (gravelly-voiced singer, one-two up-down riffs, kindergarten keyboard) but the songs just aren't grabbing me like they could and should. "Genetic Make-Up", "Physical Examination," "Insanity Insane" and "ad(H)d" might be barrels of fun live but they don't pack the same one-two on reflective plastic. Science gone wrong. (JH)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

BOMBSTRIKE / LEGION 666– split EP

A burly pair up for such a very small piece of wax, how do they fit it all on that very small 7"? BOMBSTRIKE return with more skullkrushing Swedish crust, much like SKITSYSTEM. LEGION 666 are more metallic (with a name like that who would have guessed?) and the tracks rip even harder then their previous split with SICK TERROR. All and all a completely solid release and should be enjoyed at loud volumes. (NT)
(Schizophrenic, www.schizophrenicrex.com)

BONEHOUSE – "Onward to Mayhem" LP

This is super-produced tough hardcore with metal inspirations—tons of loud guitar licks, solos and angry gruff guttural vocals. (PANTERA anyone?) Their songs are about fucking the system, the NRA, capitalism, and fascist pigs. They also cover "Indo China" by CRUCIFIX. (SR)
(Mass Productions, 19 Rue Malaguti, 35000 Rennes-FRNACE; massprod@massprod.com)



BOSSEYE – "Hellish Ride Over" EP

A good ska-punk record here. They're pretty heavy on the ska parts, which sound pretty traditional like old New York or British stuff…maybe the SELECTER or the TOASTERS. Some mid-tempo parts and then some faster ones But there are some really hard parts, too, which end up sounding more like CHOKING VICTIM or VOODOO GLOW SKULLS. A nice- looking record, especially the beautiful colored vinyl. I can't say I listen to much ska, but I like this and I think it's safe to say that you will too, rude boy. (WR)
(Town Clock, 39 Station Road, Thirsk, Y07 1QH, UNITED KINGDOM, smallsailor@another.uk)

BREAKFAST / NIHON-NOUEN– split EP

BREAKFAST return with some more quirky punk rock after a couple releases on 625 records. The two tracks on here are both fast sing-alongs with some flashy guitar thrown in for good measure. Reminds me a lot of HIT ME BACK. NIHON-NOUEN plays straight up rock 'n' roll punk that reminds me of the DICKIES. Comes in some nice, minimal packaging that looks real sharp. I suggest you track this down quick if you want a copy. (NT)
(One Week, oneweekrec@k3.dion.ne.jp)

BRIGGS / KINGS OF NUTHIN' – split EP

The BRIGGS bring that street punk with SoCal undercurrents that Disaster records is so famous for—picture lots of sing-alongs with one tall boy raised in hand at their shows. The KINGS OF NUTHIN' have that swing punk thing going, but picture more swallow tattoos than zoot suits. Not bad, but I don't see myself going out to purchase it. (JF)
(Disaster, www.disasterrecrds.com)

BROKEN BONES – "No One Survives' EP

It's 2004, former CIA director and president George Bush's son is in the Whitehouse, "punk" bands have videos on MTV and "punk" boutiques are located in suburban malls, the Detroit Tigers are (at time of writing) undefeated, and BROKEN BONES have a new record out. That's *new* record…*new*…NEW record. Emerging from DISCHARGE's arm-pit in 1983 or thereabouts, BROKEN BONES played good thrashy punk, nice and fast and heavy—however, it has to be said they soon deteriorated into bad metallic crossover wank. They also liked to wear bullet belts and get their pictures taken in cemeteries; needless to say the governments of the day were quaking in their shoes. This release will please those for who it will always be 1983…I have to say it doesn't sound that bad, the velocity's still there (maybe post-*Dem Bones* but pre-*FOAD* era, for those of you who keep track on such things) but I was never really a fan, (being the anarcho-snob that I was) I found them too…daft. (AD)
(Dr. Strange, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701)

CxPxS – "the Space Hardest M.F." CD

So CxPxS stands for CUNT PENIS SUCKERS. I'm completely grossed out by the band name, the CD packaging that I can only describe as a pixilated Easy Rider and porno obsessed fucking mess. I'm sure I would be offended as well by their lyrics as well, with titles such as "Masterbation Syndrome" and "Cunt'Penis'Sucker". Musically, they're not bad, Japanese punk/noise/thrash with growly, screamy vocals, but unfortunately for CxPxS there are plenty of good bands out there so I don't have to listen to a band (however good it is) that makes me kind of sick. I'm going to wash my hands now. (DP)
((Paanklevyt, Hatanaka, Niza, Saitama, 352-0012, JAPAN, paanklevy@aol.com, CxPxS, Sanhaitsu, 103,3-13-14, Nogata, Nakano, Tokyo, JAPAN, cpssssss@docomo.ne.jp)

CALUSARI – "XXXXXX" CD

Japanese tough guy tattooed metal-core, evil and gnarled. The guitars roar, the bass throbs, the drums pummel, all to be expected for this style, which means nothing that stands out as amazing or essential. Although the packaging is different as the CD booklet folds out into the shape of a cross. (WM)
(Juke Boxxx, Zip Code 460-0012, 404 Green House, 3-30-10 Chiyoda Naka-ku, Nagoya-City, Aichi, JAPAN, www.jukebox052.com)

CANI / CRASH BOX /CHAIN REACTION / CCM – split LP

Limited to 100 copies, this LP contains a rare selection of 1983 tracks of varying quality. The CCM demos tracks are uniformly strong, combining Darby Crash-ish vocals with slightly messy mid-tempo HC. CHAIN REACTION's tracks are even better, like WRETCHED on 78. The flipside fares less well, CANI represented by two limp tracks and the CRASH BOX demos dampened by a middy cassette mix. (SS)
(no address)

CAPITAN ENTRESIJOS – "Deprisa! Deprisa!" CD

This is meant to be on vinyl. Super lo-fi, trashy rock with a new-wave keyboard that adds some sci-fi sounds to the pounding music. It sounds so wrong, you know they are on to something. There is no guitar, just bass, drums and keyboard. The singer sounds like he was a reject from a FLIPPER cover band. This is way too bizarre for me not to like. (CK)
(Beat Generation, Apdo 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

THE CARPETTES – "Small Wonders" LP

Heavy weights of the power pop bar rock genre the CARPETTES were probably the most consistent of the thousand are so radio friendly acts that milled around the golden period of 1977 to 1980. *Small Wonders* brings together all those near-impossible-to-get singles of that three-year period adding three extra live tracks for extra listening pleasure. A collection that definitely highlights the band at its very best taking in a sound that swayed between the glam of the NEW YORK DOLLS and the DICTATORS all the way to the three-chord buzz off the RAMONES, BUZZCOCKS and COCKSPARRER. A superb comp and no finer a record to get yourself familiarized with these English greats. (SD)
(Last Year, lastyearsyouth@web.de)

CARRIE NATIONS – "Be Still" LP

I already sang the praises of this band in my year end top ten (among other places). The band is devastatingly great. CARRIE NATIONS do pop punk in a way that it has never been done before. When I say pop punk, do not think of SQUIRTGUN. The band easily fits in with bands like the BANANAS, OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN, AGAINST ME! or THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB, and they are easily as good as all of those bands. Some of the outright best-written songs I have heard recently. They fuck around a lot with stereo effects, switching the speakers on you all the time. This is an LP version of the CD released a little while ago on Plan-It-X. Pure gold. (WR)
(Bitter Like the Bean, PO Box 34675, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

CENTRAL CITY TRANSMISSION – "Incommunicado" CDEP

This starts out sounding like the STROKES, but then the male/female vocal interplay reminded me of X, so there you go—the STROKES meets X. Obviously I'm full of shit, and I actually have never listened to a whole STROKES record, just heard them on the radio. This is actually some pretty rocking, melodic indie punk with dual vocals (although I think the girl does most of the singing). If you can imagine a janglier X, you might have it. I like this a lot. (AM)
(Kapow, PO Box 286, Fullerton, CA 92836, www.kapowrecords.com)

CERAMIC HOBS – "Shergar Is Home Safe and Well" CD

One of the few bands in the UK who can still channel the ethos of the original UK DIY spirit through modern technology. Their earlier efforts are far more sample-reliant than this CD, a change which gives it more of that band

"oomph" that personalizes the affair for the likes of yours truly. The tradeoff in male-female vocals is an effective touch as well, as the lead guy's style can grate after a while. The early UK DIY types were all sort of into ZAPPA, and although they may not admit it, there is a hint of that BONZO DOG BAND/ZAPPA weirdness here, via Pro Tools or something... (RW)
(Pumf)

CHAINSAW – "Monopolized" EP

This is a four-song EP to accompany their recent tour of Europe. Nothing has really changed when compared to their other releases. This is hard charging Japanese punk with strong vocals and that classic relentless pace that brings to mind bands like PAINTBOX. A damn fine release. (RC)
(Even Worse, Saenredamstaat 44-2, 1072ch Amsterdam, the NETHERLANDS, www.geocities.com/evenworserecords)

CHALLENGER – "Give People What They Want In Lethal Doses" LP

Chicago's CHALLENGER is the latest incarnation of MILEMARKER (I think the band shares at least two members of the previously named band, including punk rock author Al Burian). Musically, CHALLENGER is reminiscent of the melodies NAKED RAYGUN (*Understand* LP) crossed with the crunchy guitars of WIRE (*Pink Flag* LP), the DC aesthetic of GOVERNMENT ISSUE (*You* LP), and towards the end of the LP there's even a little bit of a JAWBREAKER feel. Whatever, the total combination of sounds work out well together. It results in a mature sounding punk record. In certain circles that would be considered a kiss of death, but to me, it sounds more like they're experienced musicians who at this point know how to write some good songs. Definitely good late-night driving music (AS).
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Road, Wilmington, DE, 19810, www.jadetree.com)

CHAOSFRONT – "Abschieds" EP

Raw crust-punk annihilation from Germany. Two singers growling and tearing their vocal chords as though they were the very voices of war as the dogs of war manifest in their unrelenting barrage of guitar roar mayhem. They cover EXTREME NOISE TERROR to state-smashing effect. Comes with lyrics in German. (WM)
(Arschkarte, c/o Jens Ferbitz, Ueckermünder Str. 11, 10439 Berlin, GERMANY, alchema@gmx.de)

CHASED AND SMASHED – "30 Seconds Over Hillsboro" LP

Eight delectable punk rock morsels from Port-Land Or-E-Gon, a place where punk rock grows on trees (I think these particular trees used to grow in the Bay Area though). Well anyway, this is a great record it's kinda rock 'n' rolly like a snotty NEW YORK DOLLS, but it's not afraid to let loose and get LIVE!!! Wa-Hooo! It kinda reminds me of that other Portland band ELECTRIC EYE (well, just their first single—that one really rocked.) It's like garage rockin' punk rockin' mayhem fest, man. It's just good you asshole, so why don't you get this record yo! (AS)
($6 ppd/$8 ppd. world: Onion Flavored, PO Box 190054, San Francisco, CA, 94119)

CHINA WHITE – "Live Cheap" CD

A "cheap" disc with portions of three live shows (years 1981, 2002, 2003) and a couple demo tracks. Decent enough recordings. If you liked the *Dangerzone* EP you'll like this too. (RL)
(Malt Soda, PO Box 7611, Chandler, AZ 85246, www.chinawhite.us)

THE CLASH – "T.V." EP

Another CLASH bootleg, this time from *Saturday Night Live.* Try necking a handful off your mums sedatives, ram your ears with cotton wool, stick your head in the tub whilst having your early CLASH records blasting on high volume from your next door neighbors condo, and you'll probably get the gist of this complete waste of time. (SD)
(no address)

CLOROX GIRLS – LP

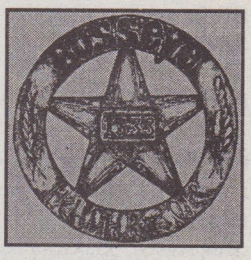
I didn't want to like these guys (for reasons that I'd rather not admit to (alright I'll fess up, one of them was in MAURICE'S LITTLE BASTARDS and that band irritated the hell out of me so I am holding a personal vendetta against him forever. *For-ever!*)). But I'm digging this. I heard they were located out of the Bay Area for a while but moved back to Portland or something, I dunno, point being I missed these guys when they were all the rage around town. Nine times out of ten when someone talks up a band to the degree that they did the CLOROX GIRLS that's enough of an indication that I probably won't like them and in a year of two neither will anyone else, but these guys reminded me of a dumbed-down FM KNIVES at times and a smarter BANANAS at others. They've really got a Sacramento feel to them. I'm not sure if it's the Woodhouse-like production (yeah I just compared this Kurt Bloch/EGG studios recorded LP to Chris Woodhouse and the Loft. And, y'know what? I meant it) or the fact they just know when to be poppy and when to be pissed off. Well done good sirs. (BM)
(Smart Guy, 3288 21st St. #32, San Francisco, CA 94110, www.smartguyrecords.com)

COACHWHIPS / TRIN TRAN – split EP

Two rocking distorted lo-fi garage punkers from San Francisco's COACHWHIPS. Pretty catchy stuff here, the "now sound", short and sweet. One of the tracks is a TRIN TRAN cover. On the flip TRIN TRAN has a bit more new wave, arty feel. Lo-fi and catchy as well. I'm guessing this is a one-man project. "H.C. She" (the song the COACHWHIPS cover) is irresistibly catchy. Pretty nifty lil' record. Colored vinyl. (RR)
(Show and Tell)

COULIER – "Call and Response" EP

Two-song single from this melodic hardcore band out of Georgia, apparently pronounced "coo-le-ay" according to the promo sheet. The guitar is really loud in the mix playing "uplifting," yet at times "quirky," riffs with stellar precision. Indeed, the guitar work does



remind me a little of ORDINATION OF AARON. The vocalist talks and screams in a sort of off-kilter way at different points during the songs, but leaves a lot of breathing room between bits, hitting only the most crucial crescendos. Both the vocals and the guitar remind me a little of TWELVE HOUR TURN at times. The production, however, really makes this record suffer. I can't tell if it's the recording or the mastering, but it just sounds really really grainy, almost like I didn't notice heaps of dust on the record. The songs though (especially the A-side) show a considerable bit of promise. (SP)
(Stickfigure, PO Box 55462, Atlanta, GA 55462, www.stickfigurerecords.com)

DS*TRYYOUNG / JERKBAIT – "Cheers! Rock" split CD

DS*TRYYOUNG have a loose rock/thrash style that's full of spunk and energy. They deliver six short songs that blend into one another and are less than four minutes combined! I'm left wanting more, more, MORE! JERKBAIT are more melodic pop punk/indy rock, and their four songs average four minutes each! What a strange combination of bands. I like DS and I don't like JERKBAIT. (HM)
(Blue Blue Blue)

DAMNATION KIDS – " Runaway" EP

Beatnik berets: check. Round mirrored shades: check. All systems go. The DAMNATION KIDS are/were basic garage noise crammed into a very narrow space. It's compressed, claustrophobic, too close for comfort, and almost over before it even begins. "Gotta Defect", "SFS Asshole," "Runaway" and "College Rock" bring the Netherlands' BLACKS to mind, or perhaps even Frisco's own COACHWHIPS. Rock 'n' roll for alcoholics with tight schedules. (JH)
(P. Trash, Dornsbuschweg 10, 33649 Bielefeld, GERMANY, ptrashrec@aol.com)

DANCE FLOOR DISASTERS – "Proud to be Young " EP

When I saw the spikey hair and leather jackets I was prepared for something along the line of those '82 UK-worshiping bands. What I end up with is one of those bands that why having some of those leanings is a little bit more melodic and have parts that make me think BOUNCING SOULS. By the way the title of this 7" also describes what all the lyrics are about. (JF)
(Longshot Music, PMB #72, 302 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211)

DEAD STEELMILL – "Sweatshop" CD

Not to be confused with the DEAD STEELMILL from Chicago, these freaks play some fast, punchy thrash with conviction and urgency. Their crazed, effectively muffled vocals address a wide variety of topics like: factory issues, class issues and basic human problems. Two silly cover tunes are bonus "hidden" tracks. (HM)
(Wisconsin Steel, www.dead-steelmill.com)

DESCENDENTS – "Cool to be You" LP

The DESCENDENTS were the nerdy little brother of BLACK FLAG, they came from LA and wrote songs about girls, farting, and coffee, and became the folk heroes of every zit-faced, weeny, bully-fodder, weird kid who heard them from Argentina to Norway to New Zealand. They are also maybe the only band to reform…and then make records that actually compare to their earlier material. They may also be the only punk band to make a truly great live record (*Liveage.*) *Cool to be You* is the second album since the great get-back-together, and where *Everything Sucks* was surprisingly good, this one is no surprise, just great melodic hardcore punk with songs about…um, girls, farting and coffee. The big surprise is '*Merican*, an attack (or a plea for sanity maybe) on the current state of the nation, you know things are pretty bad when the DESCENDENTS and NOFX are writing political songs. Anyway, this review is redundant, anyone with an ounce of knowledge pertaining to that 20th Century cultural phenomenon known as punk rock will know more-or-less what they're getting here. You've *got* to love the DESCENDENTS. (AD)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

DIE! – "I Hope You Die" CD

Amazing skate punk thrash from Italy. A good cross between COC's second LP, DRI's *Dealing With It* and the song "This Buds For Me" by SCREECHING WEASEL. Fun lyrics dealing with important subjects such as being a loser, ripping up the pit and loving ones skateboard. Get this have fun. (JA)
(Equality, Via Cerenzia 39, 00178 Rome, ITALY)

THE DIFFS – "Living Chaos" EP

If you're a fan of melodic punk rock/hardcore that even uses itsy bitsy pieces of new wave (at least in the first track), you should enjoy this. On the pic sleeve, they're wearing various buttons and t-shirts that feature, among others, the DEAD KENNEDYS, the CLASH, the DICKIES and Converse All-Stars. I can see all of those influences, with the DEAD KENNEDYS being the most obvious and the DICKIES following in second. It's faster paced and straightforward, though not quite as angry or intense as the DEAD KENNEDYS. Good stuff and limited to 300 copies. (KK)
(Head Line, 7706 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA, 90046, www.headlinerecords.com)

THE DISTRACTION – "More Trouble At the V" 12"

More nasal yapping, more tight pants, more stripy shirts, ROD STEWART hair don'ts and off course a slight hint of eyeliner. Huntington beach has more of these STITCHES clones than you can shake a stick at. Along with BROKEN BOTTLES, the ENDS and the HUNS, DISTRACTION offer nothing new, but then again that's not there deal and if you, like me, like this style of attitude drenched '77 punk then you'll dig this. (SD)
(TKO, 3126 W. Cart St., Richmond, VA 23221)

DOÑA MALDAD – "Y el Estado Hipocrita Continua Asesinando.." LP

Great anarcho-punk from Venezuela! Well played mid to quick-tempo catchy tunes, tons of guitar hooks and angry male vocals—all in Spanish. This is going to be a great one for all you anarcho-punks out there. Come and get it. (SR)
(Les Maims Aussi, c/o Nicolas Rettiere, 1 Rue EdgarQuinet, 38000 Grenoble, FRANCE, les_naine_aussi@libertysurf.fr)

DOÑA MALDAD / GENERACION PERDIDA – "Atentando Y Propagando En Suramérica" split EP

DOÑA MALDAD are vicious. For their side of this split, they deliver three tracks of raw, yet tuneful hardcore. Their songs just bubble with energy and had me vainly attempting to sing-a-long before it was over. Crucial punk rock from Venezuela. On the flip we have GENERACION PERDIDA, playing a similar style to APATIA NO! Mid-paced catchy anarcho-punk with ranting vocals attacking the state, communists and discussing the merits of sabotage as a means to an end. Good Stuff. (MT)
(Fight For Your Mind, 47 Ave Gilbert Roux, 03300 Cusset, FRANCE, kickoutthe-jamsmotherfucker@voila.fr)

DRAFT DODGER – "Guantanamo Bay Holiday" EP

Fast and in your face, Australian DRAFT DODGER deliver six ferocious tracks of thick dirty hardcore that's somehow melodic yet totally vicious. The music, layout, and political lyrics all give this record a 1980s British feel to it. Imagine what it would sound like if Crass Records went on to put out hardcore records.... Great. (VH)
(Endless Blockades, PO Box 3023, S. Brisbane BC, Qld 4101, AUSTRALIA, endlessblockades_orders@yahoo.com)

THE DREAM DATES – "The Mess You're In/Search and Destroy" 45

The photo on the cover had me thinking girl-fronted power pop group (one look at the cover and you'll see why), but as it turns out the lovely young lady who's sanding out side with a crowd behind her isn't even in the band, much to my disappointment. But girl ogling aside, this is something pretty incredible. A long forgotten and over looked Ontario band from the late 70s, the DREAM DATES came up with TEENAGE HEAD and the FORGOTTEN REBELS but went the more raw rock and roll route. A local hardcore label discovered tapes from a long forgotten recording session and this is the second 7" to come out of it. The a-side is an original and the b-side is a really remarkable cover of the STOOGES' "Search and Destroy". Nice. If you see it, and you're a *Killed by Death* nerd it's well worth a listen. (BM)
(Ugly Pop, PO Box 19001, 4th Avenue Postal Outles, Vancouver, BC, V6k 4R8, CANADA, www.uglypop.com)

DUCHESS OF SAIGON – "Hootenanny" EP

Every time I hear this fantastic Sacramento band I try to place them in some kind of historical context, I mean, I immediately start picturing them on an old K Records cassette from 1985, or on some weird scene comp 7" from New York. Why? 'Cause they feature an utterly timeless take on American indie rock of the type that blurs the automatic barriers between indie and punk, and I mean this in a mid-80s way. They have a loose and anarchic pop sense that ain't sickly sweet but also avoids the no wave hammer, and the result is fuck-me-refreshing. The hidden footbridge between MOTO and the A-FRAMES. (RW)
($4 ppd/$6ppd world: Plastic Idol, 410 Bell Ave. #25, Sacramento, CA 95838)

ELECTRO HIPPIES – "The Only Good Band Is...a Dead One" LP

Courtesy of those legendary John Peel sessions that brought us the likes off DOCTOR & THE CRIPPENS, DOOM, INTENSE DEGREE, GENERIC and off course the ELECTRO HIPPIES. I was promptly awakened from my punk rock slumber. Religiously taping these sessions, and sharing are new found racket with are fellow school buddies the next day. Bringing me right back to those hazy bygone days is this complete discography of the band that probably ruled the roost in one off are many bitterly cold classrooms. The ELECRO HIPPIES grind and blast approach summed up the whole genre that exploded on to the scene, mixing politics with daft humor and VENOM with VOID. A great bootleg, great quality and definitely a relief to all those who have been ripping their ears off in trying to get these records. (SD)
(no address)

THE ENDEAVORS – "The End of the Endeavors" CD

At first glance I thought this was a CD-R deal but upon further inspection it turns out this is a real CD with crappy packaging and just a simple photo copied sheet of paper that reads *The End of the Endeavors* on the cover and "All Nine Songs" "the ENDEAVORS: 199?—2000" and that's about it. I'm rather annoyed by it. Here's what I can gather from listening to this and the very little info that came with the disc. The label's from Japan these guys sound Japanese and therefore I'm going to assume they're from Japan as well. So with that being said I think it's stated somewhere in *MRR*'s list of policies and regulations that any band with less than polished production and a knack for snotty, catchy rock and roll must be compared to one of the TEENGENERATE offshoot bands or TEENGENERTATE them selves. So there ya go. This fits in very well with all those bands. Ta-da! It's got warp speed angry songs, it's got a slow ballad, it's got hooks, it's got attitude, what more do you need to know (well, in all fairness if you honestly did want to know anything else, I wouldn't be able to tell you because like I said they'd didn't pack a whole lotta info on this thing). (BM)
(Blue Bubble, Tomofumi Inagaki, 102-1-53, Hioka-cyo, Chikusa-ku, Nagoya-shi, 464-0834, JAPAN)

ESKORBUTO – "Oh, No, Policia En Accion" EP

Bootleg of this great Spanish punk band. For the unfamiliar, ESKORBUTO, like much of the early 80s Spanish punk scene, played rocking melodic punk that draws more from the UK '77 sound wave than the tuneless thrash that had become fashionable in the rest of the world circa 1983, when these tracks were recorded. Nice thick vinyl, a poster, and a well-done sleeve make this bootleg an obvious labor of love, and worth tracking down. (MT)
(no address)

EVISCERATED SOUL – "The First Incision" EP

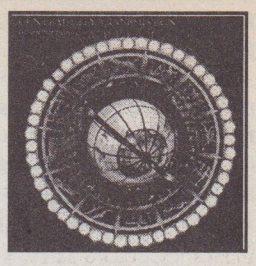
Metallic grind/hardcore, think of AT the GATES-styled riffs played by punkers, with harsh vocals, and some low growly vox spewing from the depths of hell. A wall of roar likened to the sounds of eternal suffering. Fiends of CATHETER or NO LESS take note. This here copy is on orange vinyl, for you color collecting types. (WM)
(Selfish Fucker, PO Box 615, Westminster, CO 80036)

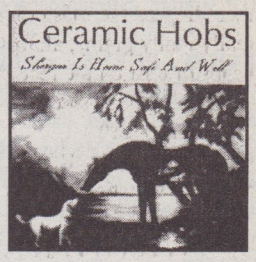
EVISCERATED SOUL / BLACK LUNG – split CD

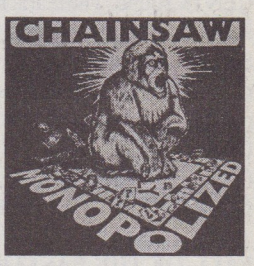
EVISCERATED SOUL rage in the metallic hardcore/grind arena of carnage and misery. EVISCERATED SOUL kick through five songs and then BLACK LUNG takes the stage with five songs of mid-paced hardcore punk with bits of a thrash sound. Some might think of FILTH in the vox dept. Then it's back to EVISCERATED SOUL's four-song *The First Incision* EP (reviewed above) and then back to BLACK LUNG for a final four songs. Dude from CATHETER plays in BLACK LUNG, if you're keeping score. (WM)
(Bad People, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248-0931)

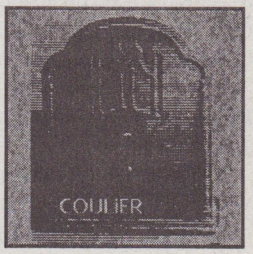
EXIT HIPPIES – "Field of Heaven" EP

What you get here is some extremely noisy mid-tempo crustcore backed up with some deep growling vocals. Rumbling drums and lots of feedback... sounds like it was recorded live and has a very raw unproduced sound. Unfortunately the sum does not equal the parts and I found it all to be pretty forgettable. (RC)
(Paanklevyt, 1-4-9 TAS201, Hatanaka, Niza, Saitama, 352-0012, JAPAN, paanklevyt@aol.com)









EXTERNAL MENACE – "The Process of Elimination" CD

A reunion of sorts from a band that escaped me first time around. This is great UK punk from a band that started in the early 80s. Very thick- accented punk similar to GBH and other studded-leather-and-spike-haircut bands. A 1997 EP is tacked on. Sounds like 1984 to me! (RL)
(Dr.Strange, externalmenace@redbricks.org.uk)

FAKES / PUKES – split LP

Sunglasses, stripy shirts, creepers, and an established smack habit… Lord love the OC sound. The FAKES have always been a SoCal fave of mine, not as abrasive as the STITCHES or as washed up as the US BOMBS but still rocking that SOCIAL D-meets-ADOLESCENTS sound. These tracks come from a limited CD Hostage put out. The PUKES from Switzerland didn't do it for me at all, going for more of an old school UK sound but with crappy production. Worth it for the FAKES side. (TB)
(Zurich Chainsaw Massacre, Wasgenring 60, CH-4055 Basel, SWITZERLAND)

FALL OF THE BASTARDS – "Dusk of an Ancient Age" CD

When it comes to black metal, I might as well be reviewing a Barbara Streisand record. It's not my thing, and aside from the blanket statement of "I don't like black metal" there isn't much else I can say… This record is, uh, evil? (VH)
(Fall of the Bastards, PO Box 375, Portland, OR, 97207, fallofthebastards@hotmail.com)

FAREWELL HOPE – "Valentine's Day" CD

This is some fairly diverse metal/hardcore. Catchy hooks are loosely thrown around, with bits of punk, metal, and hardcore all being fused together. The music is pretty upbeat and fast, though the vocals sound distant and strained. Overall this was decent, but nothing to get too amped up about. (RC)
(All Bout, 27 Flintrock Rd., Taunton, MA 02780, www.allaboutrecords.com)

FAST FOOD – "…And the World Keeps Turning" CD

I haven't thought about this band in years. When I was a kid I found this 'zine from Spain (I think it was called *N.O.T.*) and although my Spanish was never that great (and has since become down right awful) I read it cover to cover many, many times. It truly was a great 'zine, but that's neither here nor there, the point is, one of the columnist/contributors was a kid named Javi Fast Food. He kinda reminded me of my self at the time; a Latino kid in a leather jacket and Chucks worshipping the RAMONES. Halfway around the world. I always wanted to check out his band but by the time I became a reviewer here I assumed they broke up and never really thought to check up on them. Here we are now with a brand new album by that band. Fucking awesome. These guys are the Spanish MANGES. They have their RAMONES stances perfectly practiced. They've got the energy, the passion and the love for what they're doing. They don't seem to care there are a million bands out there doing what they're doing and they don't even care that most of them do it in broken English. These guys are doing the pop punk thing in their native tongue and they're doing it well. (BM)
(www.fastfoodonline.com)

FINAL SOLUTIONS – "Disco Eraser" LP

Short and simple, if a garage punk band is gonna expand on their 7" and hope to keep both the energy and the audience interest levels on an equal footing, they are gonna hafta write some fucking songs. Actual songs, you hear me assholes, not just a riff you jam out and scream over? Steal ideas from obscure locations, change 'em slightly to suit your surroundings, write lyrics that are both insightful and universally applicable, and just *throw away* the songs that suck. Hey, I'll make it easy on you all; just buy this record. For those of us in the audience, hey, you don't hafta like 'em to like their records…and this is the best garage punk record of the last six months or so… (RW)
(Misprint, PO Box 40211, Nashville, TN 37204, www.misprintrecords.com)

THE FOAMERS - CD

Fast-paced melodic hardcore from England, they mix it up a little with some ska, some heavy bits (I swear there's a homage to the BONELESS ONES on there) and slower parts, but for the most part it's straight up speedy punk. Cool stuff. The FOAMERS get a good review not just because they're a good band, but because they like Bill Hicks, I like Bill Hicks too and so should you. (AD)
(Household Name, PO Box 12286 London, SW9 6FE, UNITED KINGDOM)

FORWARD TO DEATH – "The Hourglass" EP

How about some Jersey hardcore to get your day going? For those unfamiliar with FORWARD TO DEATH I should probably mention that the band contains ex-TEAR IT UP and the SURVIVORS personnel. Musically they go down the popular path of fast and aggressive hardcore that so many bands in their area have followed over the last few years. They throw in touches of melody here and there, but this is pretty straightforward. A solid debut EP! (RC)
(17cm, PO Box 563, Lakehurst, NJ 08733, www.17cmrecords.com)

FUCKED UP – "Litany" EP

Us nerds here at the compound are till mopping after we pissed ourselves over their last EP, and here they come with another. I truly believe these guys to be the second coming of hardcore…they are *incredible.* From the off they were just different, weird covers, weird lyrics and a sound with so many influences apart from the obvious (POISON IDEA/NEGATIVE APPROACH) which sells them way short. They're hard as fuck but with super catchy guitar riffs. This time around we get four songs instead of two and that makes it twice as good. Lyrically, the monotony and repetition of life seems to be the order of the day—wrapped in a fantastic Winston Smith-esque collage. So fucking original and so fucking good. If you are not hip to these Canucks by now you have no fucking idea. (TB)
(Test Pattern, 74 Irving St #2, New Haven, CT 06511)

FUZZ CALL – "Four Nuclear Fusion" CD

This is some pretty wild Japanese melodic punk rock. No translations on this five-song CD make it unclear as to what they are saying, but it sure sounds like they are having fun. This seems much more likely to be good live. (SR)
(KGR 202, 5-19-12, Kishmachi, Saitama-SI, 336-0012, JAPAN, garasyatu@olive.zero.ad.jp)

G.A.L.G.E.N./CONTRABAND – split CD

Here's a split CD from Moscow. G.A.L.G.E.N. play five very mediocre quick-tempo hardcore tunes with gruff male vocals. CONTRABAND plays five Oi! tunes also extremely mediocre. All songs on this album are in Russian. I'm not going to listen to this again but its always interesting to hear what's going on internationally. (SR)
(Neuro Empire)

GENERIC – "Join the Eternity" LP

More crappy bootleg goods from one of my favorite old UK bands. This review is in two parts: this actual release sucks; pretty crappy quality, the order of the releases is all over the joint so you can't get a real feel of the musical and ideological progression of the band and there's just *no* information. Jesus bootlegger scum!! Now onto the band…coming from sunny Newcastle in the North of dirty England they started out heavily influenced by the peace punk sound but moved into a super abrasive hardcore sound in the later years and were really integral in the late 80s UK hardcore scene. As a nipper I listened to *The Spark Inside* single to death and still spin it now and

it totally stands the test of time. The drummer Sned is still active in BOXED IN and hopefully he will legitimately release all this stuff with lyrics and info so you don't have to buy crap like this. However until that happens I would pick this up as they are a great band and you will *never* see the split LP with the ELECTRO HIPPIES. (TB)
(no address)

JEFFIE GENETIC & HIS CLONES – "Need a Wave" CD

the solo effort from Jeff of the NEW TOWN ANIMALS. Pretty much straight new wave stuff *a la* Stiff Records and other 1978 stuff *a la* the YACHTS (where's the Captain Oi reissue?) and the BOOMTOWN RATS. Although I prefer the originals, this is certainly done right. (RL)
(Dirtnap)

THE GIBBONS – "Things I Know and Things I Don't" EP

Good youthful (at least they look young) punk rock with a pretty heavy JAWBREAKER and FIFTEEN vibe, that is…pretty gritty vocals over melodic LEATHERFACE kind of songs, but also a definite emo thing going on. Actually, most of the time this sounds pretty much dead on like the BROADWAYS or LAWRENCE ARMS. Nice-looking simple layout. Nothing revolutionary, but good if you are into the aforementioned bands. (WR)
(Salinas, PO Box 20996, Ferndale, MI 48220, salinas@beer.com)

THE GOONS – "Nation In Distress" CD

Fucking pretty rockin' old school sounding punk rock, from a band that has been around for a while. The playing is all really tight. Vocals sound a lot like Danzig of MISFITS or even Jello of DEAD KENNEDYS. Hard to pinpoint what the music sounds like, maybe like one of the aforementioned bands mixed with some RKL, but they are all over the place, really. The lyrics are passionate, and mostly of a political nature. The layout is my least favorite type, computer imaging and such. A damn good release. (WR)
(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231, www.reptilianrecords.com)

GUN CRAZY – "Dropping Like Flies" CD

There's a real embittered and spiteful sorta vibe I get from GUN CRAZY—lyrics-wise, at least. Stuff about "living on the edge of town," "trapped in a hotel room," "I got it all but I don't care." You get the not-so-pretty picture. It's notable that *Dropping Like Flies* was produced by onetime RAUNCH HAND Mike Mariconda, whose studio touch did so much for the DEVIL DOGS during their 90s heyday. The record's loud, clear, and utterly convincing. GUN CRAZY don't veer too far from any established formula but I buy their act hook, line and sinker—it's fast stuff with bluesy leads, tough guitars and that all-pervading sense of world-weary desperation I mentioned earlier. (JH)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765, www.mortvillerecords.com)

HATED & PROUD – "Can't Hold US Back!" EP

More plodding, boring mid-tempo Oi that takes too many cues from the 4 SKINS and not enough from COCKNEY REJECTS. Songs about returning to your skinhead roots, how cops suck, "left wing scum," being working class and their pride. Pride in what, I'm not certain. Certainly not song writing cause, even aside from the shadey right-wing shit, this is a stinky turd. (MT)
(Barracuda)

HAGGIS – "Pride is Our Crime" CD

Hell yeah! This collection of society's misfits has come from Norway to plunder and pillage your eardrums. The new slice of rock n' roll meat and potatoes from Bords De Seine Records has impeccable guitar riffs climbing all over solid Oi! rhythms. On a song like "Subway," HAGGIS proves that not only do they know how to have fun, and write good lyrics, but they can play journeyman skinhead rock! You will find yourself lifting your beer and tapping your foot to the songs "Flashing Tits" and the finale, "No Limit." This is a very good record! (BR)
(Bords De Seine, BP 85-75561, Paris, CX12; FRANCE, www.bordsdeseine.fr.st)

HAMMER – "More Hammer" EP

HAMMER is back with even more Japanese hardcore *a la* DSB to please the masses. With better production then the last seven inch, they blaze through some punk that evokes visions of stage dives and pumping fists in the air. A Powerful, tuneful and all-around very solid record that is worth picking up. (NT)
(Ugly Pop, www.uglypop.com)

HANDGUN BRAVADO – "These Days Move Fast" CD

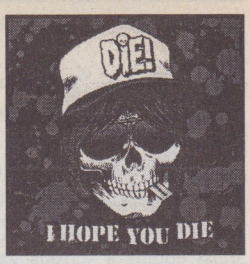
HANDGUN BRAVADO plays very melodic punk-style music that would fit in on Fat Wreck Chords or Epitaph. I don't know what to say about this kind of stuff. Vocals sound like Billy of GREEN DAY or Weird Al Yankovic. Not bad, but not good. Don't worry, you're not missing anything. (WR)
(Firefly, PO Box 30179, London E17 5FE, ENGLAND, www.fireflyrecordings.com)

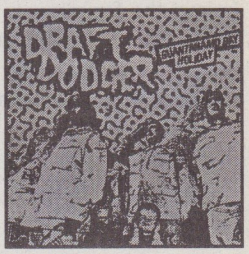
HARRY BALZAGNA & THE TEENIE WEENIES – "Skate Army" EP

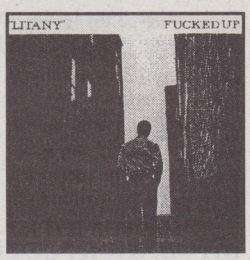
Fuck all that JFA and TSOL shit from the 80s, this is the new skate core. All hail the new skate core! Punk for the kids by the kids that kinda makes me want to be a kid again. (DP)
(Snack Attack, 938 Capital Street, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

HATE NO. 3 – "The Voice Full of Hate from Far East" CD

HATE NO 3. pound their way through three songs of rough and tumble punk rock. Hard charging and angry, with super hoarse vocals. Of the three songs one of them is basically an instrumental with some spoken word through it, which narrows things down to two songs. Definitely not bad, but I would of like to seen more songs on this. (RC)
(MCR Company, 157 Mamiago, Maizuru, Kyoto 624-







0913 JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr/)

HATEPINKS – "Sehr Gut Rock and Roll" CD

Well, the NO TALENTS have been gone for a couple of years now and France has finally moved to address the localized trade imbalance. Super-chunky production, a theme song, and a bucket load of fuzz glued to the mizzen-mast equals a serious garage punk 'splosion (minus the femme vox, sob). They're not a copy band, okay, I'm just being a smartass, this is actually a really good record that I would be willing to buy on vinyl. So I'm *fucking serious*. (RW)
(Lollipop, 7 Impasse Monsegur, 13016 Marseille, FRANCE, www.chez.com/lollipoprecords)

HAT TRICKERS – "Ultra-Punk Droogs" LP

Tricked-out and customized punk from this horror movie double-feature of a rock group. They're Japanese, they're duded up in elaborate *Clockwork Orange*-jumpsuits, and open their record with a spooky-ooky organ solo from some forgotten Vincent Price feature. The overall effect they're striving for isn't clear, but the music's pretty easy to grasp. The HAT TRICKERS definitely got a Jolly Olde English Punk sound—the tempo alternates between fast and not-so-fast, and their cool-kid punkisms are executive with machine-like precision. The ADICTS and MAJOR ACCIDENT influences aren't as strong as I'd figured (given their chosen wardrobe). They're a little slick/generic/80s for me but I *do* recognize quality work when I see it. Hate to run into these boys in a neon-lit alley. (JH)
(Radio Underground, 854, P-1 Fussa, Fussa-Shi, Tokyo, JAPAN 197-0011, www.hattrickers.com)

HERE KITTY KITTY – "This is Broken" CD

Good cutesy girl power pop with a nice sharp edge. Fun lyrics about break-ups, slutty girls, cute gay boys, and friendships overlap the power chords. They do a great Joan Jett cover of "Do You Wanna Touch." This is good unpretentious fun. (RL)
(Lorelei, PO Box 902, Santa Cruz, CA 95061, loreleirecords.com)

HIT ME BACK / OUT OF VOGUE – "The Thrashy Slumber Party Pillow Fight" Split EP

Each band's material from this split was recorded at the Dutch Oven with Craig. HIT ME BACK really impressed me when I saw them at Mission Records, and I think Craig does a great job capturing the energy and fun found in their live performances on these four songs. The best way to describe HIT ME BACK would compare them to a goofy, 16-year-old version of STRAIGHT AHEAD. Or maybe if CRIPPLED YOUTH was influenced by LIFE'S HALT instead of YOUTH OF TODAY. Sure it's been done before, but that hasn't kept me from listening to this side of the record at least fifteen times already. On the other side, we have OUT OF VOGUE. Compared to HIT ME BACK, these guys are definitely the better songwriters and musicians. Still, they are missing that goofy energy that makes the HIT ME BACK side so great. If you are into either of these bands' brand of fast, thrashy hardcore, then I highly recommend picking this up. (CC)
(Art of the Underground, 3234 Main Street, Upper Buffalo, NY 14214)

HIZUMI-GOYA - "Insane in the Brain" CD

Crazy spazmodic music from Japan that is more BOREDOMS and MELT BANANA than GISM. Interesting, but I never want to hear this again. (AD)
(Jerk Off, 203, 1-15-20 Kishinosato Higashi, Nishinari-Ku, 5570042 Osaka, JAPAN)

HOAG EQUALS GOAT - CD

Sneaky-complicated pummeling indie, with squeals and kill-ya vocals. These guys can definitely play, but will chops carry the day? the songs are powerful enough, but they all start to blur together due to a lack of dynamics. Even the slow bits are of a piece. If you are feeling especially intense, however, this could only be a positive, which gives this disc a fast-walking-thru-a-shit-neighborhood-with-headphones-on utility. It ain't *my* specific cup of tea, but I can really see this appealing to lots of folks, it is certainly not unoriginal. (RW)
(www.misterrecords.com)

HOPE AND SUICIDE / EMMANUEL.7 – split CD

HOPE AND SUICIDE and EMMANUEL.7 do five songs a piece on this split CD, the highlight being EMMANUEL.7's rendition of "Folsom Prison Blues." HOPE AND SUICIDE play mid-paced emo-hardcore full of thick guitar that borders on 90s grunge. EMMANUEL.7 play a similar style of HC, but it's way more in your face, and has more of a math-metal feel to it. Neither band does too much for me. (VH)
(Protocol One, 300 Cold Spring #319, Rocky Hill, CT 06067)

DIE HUNNS – "Long Legs" LP

A full-length from Duane Peters and company including the former badass bass player from NASHVILLE PUSSY. Decent punk with a retro-billy feel at times—I liked this more than I thought I would considering I kinda cooled on the later US BOMBS releases. The mix of guy and gal really liven this up. A good release. (RL)
(Disaster, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, www.diehunns.com)

DIE HUNNS – "Time Has Come Today / Did You No Wrong"

Looking at this thing, I've got to tell you, I was a little puzzled. I remember an old time band called the HUNS, but these fellers have got a couple of "N"s in there. In addition to that, they've got this Duane Peters fellow on vocals and the name sounds very familiar. They did put out an LP a couple years back, but nothing in our library other than that. On top of all that, they're covering two songs, both in a very '77/rock 'n' roll style, which makes me think it might be older. So, it looks like I'm of no use on the history lesson with these guys. But, I can tell you all about the music, which is classic '77 style punk rock. That means it's melodic and catchy, but also has a real sense of urgency to it. The pic sleeve alone, which features a big-breasted, tattooed hottie taking a dump in a sink, is worth the price of admission alone. Oh, and by the way, the word on the street is that Mr. Peters is a US BOMBS fellow and the chick with the monster boobs is of NASHVILLE PUSSY fame. So there. (KK)
(Disaster, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, www.disasterecords.com)

HURRY UP OFFENSE – "The Labor Day" CD EP

This is decent trio punk which is pretty straight forward. I don't know maybe FACE TO FACE or a more in tune MR. T. But I have seen these guys on Carson Daly as the house band so I don't think they are gonna pulling into Gilman when they get their label situation settled. (RL)
(www.hurryupoffense.com)

INNER TERRESTRIALS – "X" CD

A cracking CD from a fine new British trio. which features Paco, CONFLICT's longtime (and long suffering—poor bastard had a heart attack on their last American tour a couple of years back!) drummer. They mix up the musical styles, plundering gleefully from the RUTS, ANTISECT, SUBHUMANS, CITIZEN FISH and even a little trad folk (their cover of EWAN MACCOLL's "Go, Move, Shift" is inspired), and dish out some raging punk, spacey rock, skankin ska, and folky dub (often all in one song), with some biting anarcho/green lyrics. Really fucking good. (RK)
(Mortarhate, www.mortarhate.co.uk)

INSTED – "Proud Youth: 1986-1991" CD

Let's see, where do I start?

Following in the footsteps of such classic Orange County bands like UNITY and UNIFORM CHOICE, INSTED went on to be a major player in the straight edge hardcore scene well into the 1990s. From their early Oxnard influenced stuff, to their classic *What We Believe* on Epitaph, INSTED stayed true to their hardcore/punk roots as other bands started experimenting with a metal sound. This CD contains everything they ever released including their demo, plus unreleased tracks (44 tracks in all). The layout of the CD does the band justice with a ton of photos and nice, clean artwork. If you are a fan of such classic bands like MINOR THREAT and (especially) 7 SECONDS, then you need this. If you like newer bands like the FIRST STEP, and early CARRY ON, then you need this. Thanks again to Dave Mandel for securing California's place in the straight edge hardcore history books. It's a shame that a lot of kids (especially Californians) don't know about INSTED when the discussion turns to classic California straight edge hardcore. Hopefully this discography will change all that. Absofuckinglutely essential. (CC)
(Indecision, PO Box 6052, Garden Grove, CA 92846)

INTENSE DEGREE – "War In the Head" LP

Another weak boot, this time of INTENSE DEGREE's 1988 LP *War In My Head*, with their Peel Session tacked on. The artwork looks shit, there's no info, and it sounds bad. They didn't even get the name of the fucking record right. And INTENSE DEGREE weren't that amazing to begin with, although I always did think their Peel Session was their shining moment. (AM)
(no address)

THE ITCH – "Another Juxtaposition" EP

This ITCH leaves me wanting to scratch. They sound like they still need to finish their songs. Three of the five tunes are instrumental, but they seem like they would sound better if they did have vocals. Only one of the two songs with vocals actually sounds complete. The other song seems like an incomplete thought. What's here is pretty good, but these guys might be really good if they worked on their songwriting. (HM)
($3ppd: Wee Rock, PO Box 333, Springfield, MO 65801, www.weerockrecords.com)

JET VS. SHARKS - "Our Bodies Our Anchors" CD EP

I get a lot of bands to review from England that are heavily influenced by HOT WATER MUSIC. JETS VS. SHARKS is another one of these bands. JETS get a little heavier and a little more emo than HOT WATER MUSIC at times, but it's the same basic package. Don't get me wrong these guys are good musicians. They do what they do well, but it's a sound that's pretty status quo...but then again that's punk rock for you. (AS)
(Pignose, 1-2-1308 Yamato-cho-Nakano-ku, Tokyo, 165-0034 JAPAN)

JOHN WOO – "Who?" EP

At least they aren't called the JACKIE CHANS. JOHN WOO is by all appearances (and domain names) a bunch of Italian garage rock showmen. I'm immediately reminded of the HIVES, as they seem to possess the same choppiness, retro lean and over-the-top nature. The recording is great, a mixture of mud and gold. Too band the tunes don't hold my attention. (MC)
(Shake Your Ass, capinch66@astwebnet.it)

THE JUDAS CRADLE – "Too Bad They're All Dead" CD

No doubt about it, this is straight-up metalcore that draws influence from bands like MARTYR AD and the like. Monster breakdowns combined with lots of uptempo metal riffing and throat shredding vocals that will bring the kickboxers out in hordes. And speaking of kickboxers, right before some huge breakdown on the first song the singer screams "Bring That Shit on Bitch!" Pretty ridiculous if you ask me. (RC)
(www.eulogyrecordings.com)

THE KICKZ – "Activate Me" CDEP

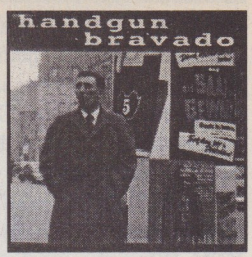
I've heard so many mixed reviews about this band. Part of me wanted to write them off when I heard one too many STITCHES comparisons, but the fact that they're on Pelado meant that even if they did sound like the STITCHES they'd at least be good at it. Now that I'm finally around to listening to it I'm not surprised by the comparisons, people are retarded and anything that sounds kinda 70s UK punk played by Americans in creepers is automatically lumped in with those Orange County retro-wannabe bands. The KICKZ aren't doing anything really new, but they're doing it with a lot more passion than most bands can claim. Hints of the VIBRATORS, BUZZCOCKS, *Sorry Ma*-era REPLACEMENTS and maybe even the GIZMOS come to mind right from the get go. They're obviously a bit obnoxious, a bit loud, and one of them really knows how to play lead guitar, but they also have a good strangle hold on the broken-hearted lyric and well played back up vocal and chorus. Can't go wrong with that combination. Plus the CD looks really cool. (BM)
(Pelado, 521 West Wilson C, 103 Costa Mesa, CA 92627, www.peladorecords.com)

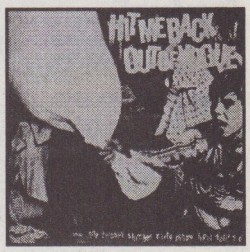
THE KICKZ – "One Day/Don't Ask Why" 45

Didn't I say enough good things about this band just a second ago? Some people, always fishing for compliments. Anyway ready my above review then get back to this one… I'll wait…. Done? All right, so this a two song 7"er with an original on the a-side and a REPLACEMENTS cover on the flip (a very well done rendition of "Don't Ask Why." Tombstone-gray vinyl. That's all you need to know. (BM)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX, 78765, www.mortvillerecords.com)

KILLTRAITORS – "Tongue in Cheek" EP

Even if you aren't into this style of metallic hardcore, you can pretty much expect a quality release (both in the music and artwork) from Reflection Records. KILLTRAITORS fulfills this expectation and then some with a solid four-song hardcore record. I can't stand when bands thank other bands for influencing their sound. Unfortunately, KILLTRAITORS does just this at the end of their thanks list. It's like "Hey, these are cool





bands that we are trying to emulate just in case you had a hard time putting us into a category." It's lame, and it insults the average hardcore fan's intelligence. Of course, as a hardcore *reviewer* it makes things real easy. This band sounds nothing like CHAIN OF STRENGTH or BEYOND, but does sound a lot like 108, THREADBARE, and UNBROKEN. When the vocalist isn't sounding like Rob Fish, he bears a strong resemblance to the singer of HOLDING ON (*not* thanked as an influence). A band that *should* have been thanked as an influence: AMERICAN NIGHTMARE. (CC)
(Reflections, Klarendalseweg 456-457, 6822 GW Arnhem, the Netherlands)

KILLER DREAMER – "Survival Guns / Pterodactyl"

The A-side sounds like a distorted, lo-fi version of a DEAD AND GONE song. The flipside has the same raw vocals, but with a lot more melody. Hard one to pin down, this, but it sounds pretty great. (AM)
(Kapow, PO Box 286, Fullerton, CA 92836, www.kapowrecords.com)

KILLER DREAMER – CD

They can't decide if they want to sound like DECRY, bad bar rock or pop punk. It really is *that* good. (NT)
(Kapow, PO Box 286, Fullerton, CA 92836)

KILLER SQUIRREL – "Self-released (And Loving It)" CD

KILLER SQUIRREL is a minimalist, experimental vehicle for sarcastic, snide, political poetry. The best songs have a slight DEVO feel, but most have a drum machine beat with an improvised, hap-hazard feel. Most likely KILLER SQUIRREL will produce a mega hit, and everyone who buys the CD will only listen to that song. I like the lyrics and the attitude, but this is pretty hard to listen to in one sitting. (HM)
(Operation Phoenix, PO Box 13380, Mill Creek, WA 98082)

KNIFE FIGHT – "Burning Bridges" EP

The *Burning Bridges* EP on My War records from these hyperactive hardcore maniacs is absolutely killer! You will remember the *What Have You Done* KNIFE FIGHT EP from 2003—this fucker takes the hardcore battle to the next extreme. Check out these uneasy words from "Nothing Left": "I can feel your eyes staring at my back/ There's only time before I start the attack." This is powerful shit! Fans of FUCKED UP will appreciate the "possessed by punk" attitude of these guys! Get this EP as soon as you can! (BR)
(My War)

THE KNIFESWITCH – "It's a Beast...It's for the Band" EP

Fairly straight forward, scream-y hardcore here with a slight "metal" tinge. The songs are well played with a large amount of focus on the guitar leads being the directing force of the songs. Besides the decent (yet quite over-the-top) guitar work though, there really isn't anything that stands out to my ear, nothing that memorable. Also, the recording leaves a little to be desired. I can hear promise though, so I wouldn't be surprised to see them improve considerably by the next release. (SP)
(Dying is Deadly, PO Box 1581, Boise, ID 83701-1581, www.dyingisdeadly.com)

KRANIUM – "Skitsamhälle" EP

Swedes KRANIUM rip out nine tracks of fairly decent traditional Swedish hardcore. Truth be told, it's sort of flat, and lacks the punch that normally makes this style so appealing. There's just no hooks nor enough intensity to set this apart. Fans of the genre may be into this but I can't see it having much appeal outside of the black-clad masses. (MT)
(c/o Nils Kajsajuntti, Tendergatan 7, 973 42 Luleå, SWEDEN)

KRIEGSTANZ – 10"

Well it seems like the TRAGEDY-by-way-of-FROM ASHES RISE bug has hit Holland big time. Sweeping guitars, epic song structures, and melodic leads—all well played and powerful—though the production level leaves a bit to be desired. Fans of the aforementioned American bands would be advised to seek this out. (MT)
(c/o Ralf, Flat 9, 45 Upper Rock Gardens, Brighton (East Sussex) BN2 1QA, UNITED KINGDOM, r_vergeldt@hotmail.com)

KRUNCHIES – "Interrobang" EP

Way sloppy, so fast I had to check the RPM setting twice, the KRUNCHIES are my new favorite band. The lyrics couldn't be more relevant to our current culture with songs like "Wargasm" and "Mutant Botox Master Race"; this is lo-fi garage with some meat on its bones. (DP)
(Criminal IQ, 3540 North Southport Ave., Chicago, IL 60657, www.criminaliq.com)

KUNG FU RICK – "Grinding To A Halt" LP

This live recording of KUNG FU RICK's last show at the Fireside Bowl in 2003 will crush you like a piledriver. Unrelentingly fast, tight, and intense. Definitely not one of those "slop and static" live recordings that surface way to often after a band breaks up. Absolutely devastating. This is KUNG FU RICK the band at their best. (VH)
(Harmless, 1218 W. Hood Apt. 2, Chicago, IL 60660, www.harmlessrecords.com)

KURUMA BAKUDAN – Gaijin in Decline – CD

Some fairly innovative and raging hardcore here from these Frenchmen. Eleven tracks of ripping HC with loads of crazy changes, occasional trumpet bleats and vocals screamed in Spanish and English. Reminiscent of some of the 80s Euro hardcore bands, with some funky basslines and lots of blast-beats. Sound a bit like COCHE BOMBA. Pretty neat CD. (RR)
(Disobedencia, c/o Manuel Ramirez, PO Box 126, Seguin, TX, 78156)

LÄRM – "Never Too Old for Pogo" LP

Ok, here we have a bootleg that contains LÄRM's '84 and '86 demos, a live set from '85 and the *Destroy Sexism* seven inch. LÄRM were fast-as- hell chaotic hardcore that holds a pretty strong place in hardcore history, which really sucks for the kids who are introduced to them through this LP. It is mastered really really low, contains no band information, the cover is just a blown up image of the *Destroy Sexism* seven inch, and the live show is crap quality wise. Unless you are some LÄRM nut, who needs everything, track down the CD that came out a couple years ago instead if you want to see what all the fuss over one of the greatest hardcore bands is all about. (NT)
(no address)

LAST NERVE – "Housed" EP

These Aussies play fast and heavy hardcore that sounds like a mix between TERROR and STOP AND THINK. My only complaint is that the vocals don't really fit the music. There are a few times when the singer sounds like he is finally going to break out and start screaming his head off, but instead he just kind of talks over the music. Otherwise this is a pretty good hardcore record. (CC)
(Resist, P.O. Box 372, Newtown NSW, 2042 AUSTRALIA)

THE LAST SURVIVORS – "Hell Corner" EP

Pogo your brains out you punks! These Japanese spiked-hair punk rockers have you all lathered up and sweaty from the first notes of song one, "Fight and Fuck." Song two lurches forward with "the Punk of Rebellion." This tune has the same winning formula as "Fight and Fuck"—ringing guitars, good shouted vocals, and appropriate choruses. The flipside continues the rabble-rousing with "Chaos is Here." Not only do you get first-rate punk rock music, but the lyrics (as translated) have some deep thoughts about not betraying friends and an "anti-social flare-up and shout—a self release to a controlled society." This is one

great punk rock record! (BR)
(Pogo 77, c/o Michiaki Sinjou, 103-Heights-Maruko, 2-3-9, Minamirinkan, Yamato-City, Kanagawa, 242-0006, JAPAN)

LAST UNDER THE SUN – "Windfall" CD

A heavy melodic band from the UK here. This sounds like early JAWBREAKER with the sonic blast of LEATHERFACE. Lots of ringing chords and lone vocals. A great groove. (RL)
(Iron Man, PO Box 9121, Birmingham, B13 8AU, UNITED KINGDOM, www.lastunderthesun.co.uk)

LEATHERFACE – "Dog Disco" LP

The guitar is still sad and bright, the words are still poised between desperate and resigned, so what's missing? Just that little extra push. This LP reminds me of the later DESCENDENTS or BUZZCOCKS stuff in that way—the sound is consistent, but… I'd throw on *Mush* before this, nine times out of ten. Still, you may find some moments to remember here. Let's just not discuss the solarized, rainbow-colored dog with sunglasses on the cover. OK? I just don't want to talk about it. (AC)
(BYO)

THE LEGHOUNDS – "Ready to Go" LP

Some punk labels can be hit or miss; they'll put out a few great records one month and then follow those up with a couple of duds the following month. However, there are some punk labels that are as dependable as the day is long and Alien Snatch is, in my opinion, one of those labels. This is fuckin' hopped-up punk 'n' roll that hits the gas coming out of the gates and never looks back. If you like bands like the DEVIL DOGS, the DIALTONES and SMASH UP DERBY, then you need to search this out. C'mon, get off your ass. (KK)
(Alien Snatch)

LETLIVE – "Exhaustion, Salt Water, And Everything In Between" CD

Everything about this release sucks. The vocalists whiny voice (especially when he tries to sing), the overly simplistic metal/hardcore riffs, the boring cover art, the weak attempts of mixing in some catchy pop and emo.... it just seems like they miss the mark on all levels. Good luck guys, maybe you can be the next shitty band that signs to Victory Records. (RC)
(One, 6362 W. 84th Pl., Los Angeles, CA 90045, www.letlivemusic.com)

THE LINKS – "Einmal Ist Keinmal" CD

Good pop punk from Japan. These guys would have fit right in in 1995. Similar to the QUEERS, J CHURCH, and the RAMONES with enough slop to keep it fun. (RL)
(Stiffeen Records, Root Kyoundou Bldg. 3F-C 1-25-17 Kyoudou Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, 156-0052, JAPAN, bbb_tomo@hotmail.com)

LINKS / BEN GRIMM – split EP

The LINKS dish out some catchy pop punk *a la* WATER CLOSET and Snuffy Smile-type bands. BEN GRIMM, who I've always loved, do a couple more DESCENDENTS-type songs from a few years back. I'm not sure if these songs were on their recent great collection CD. A strong pop punk release for sure. (RL)
(Blue Blue Blue, 301-3-12-14 Chikusa, Chikusa-ku, Nagoya-shi, 464-0858, JAPAN, www.hh.iij4u.or.jp/~bbbtomo/index.htm/thelinks.html)

LOST SOUNDS – "Living in the Ice Age" EP

Real purty picture disc on a newly emerging Spanish label, featuring our rapidly maturing synth rockers from the digi South. They do a decent JOY DIVISION cover, retool a NERVOUS PATTERNS song to its detriment and let the *gurl* steal the show with the A-side track. Better hurry before it becomes an eBay collector's item, seeing as how it's a numbered limited edition and all…dontcha just hate that shit? (RW)
(Holy Cobra Society, www.theholycobrasociety.com)

LUBRICATED GOAT – "The Great Old Ones" CD

When last we heard of Mr. Spasm he was squiring the lead singer of BABES IN TOYLAND around town. Here we are ten-plus years later and his band is re-recording versions of the songs that appeared on the AmRep and Black Eye labels back in the grunge era. They had their use at that time, although they currently seem to be propping up a few couches in the break rooms of indie-rock record store USA. Why there aren't new songs on this disc is a puzzler…no, it's not. (RW)
(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231, www.reptilianrecords.com)

LUCKY LUCIANO – "Carry On" CD

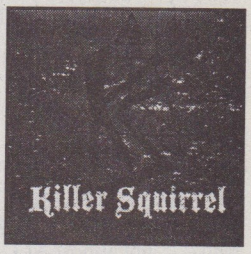
Metallic-core from Detroit, MI, with emo-styled lyrics, mosh-parts, double-kick drums, vocals that alternate between raw-throated screaming and growly HATEBREED-styled lows, chugga-chugga machine gun rhythms with guitar lead-licks to make ma and your friends proud. They used to be known as SAMSARA and for some reason have changed their name, not sure if that includes changes in personnel or… (WM)
(Go-Team, www.go-teamrecords.com)

LYDIA LUNCH – "Sex Voodoo" LP

This LP shows how Lydia Lunch managed to surround herself with a posse of junked-up NYC freaks working their talent to the utmost, and documents every fabulous musical disaster from the TEENAGE JERKS to VORTEX to BEIRUT SLUMP. Her voice grates and grates and grates, so that the incredibly spastic and droning guitar ends up achieving a palliative effect on the nervous system. This is ground zero No Wave. Ms. Lunch sure got boring by the late 80s tho, probably because there's nothing like the "ex-factor" to strip the gears of a promotion machine. (RW)
(World Youth, 5-9 Kitanagasadori, Higashi-Ku, Osaka, JAPAN)

MAHARAJAS – "Unrelated Statements" CD

You could put songs from this CD on a K-Tel *Sounds of the 60s* collection and it would fit right in. But with qualities of such mainstream 60s bands as the BEATLES, ROLLING STONES, KINKS, and even the DOORS and slick production, this could never really be



considered garage music. (DP)
(Low Impact, Box 475, 701 49 Orebro, SWEDEN, www.lowimpact.nu)

MANIFESTO JUKEBOX / MINORITY BLUES BAND – split EP

Ah, another split 7" from Snuffy Smile featuring one Japanese band and one non-Japanese band. This time we get MANIFESTO JUKEBOX from Finland, and while their songs are okay it is unfortunately more in the vein of their *Remedy* LP than their first *Desire* LP. In other words, a little too emo for me to really enjoy, though this band still blows me away live. MINORITY BLUES BAND has previously done a split 7" with J-CHURCH as well as releasing at least one full-length that I have heard. Like all their stuff, the three songs on this release rock and remind me why melodic punk when performed with the proper kick is my favorite music. MINORITY BLUES BAND are one of those hidden treasures that punk is all about. I have noticed that on every one of these Snuffy Smile splits the Japanese band has destroyed their foreign counterpart, if that continues to be the case I can't wait to hear the SMALLTOWN / PRACTICE split. (JF)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16 201 Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0303, JAPAN)

THE MANIKINS – "Don't Gimme a Choice" EP

….lots of bands coming out of Sweden these days…..lots of them looking for some fame…..some of them getting that fame as well……but almost ALL of them suck cock in one way or another!!!!! This band however is a little different……they eat pussy!!!! No doubt about it!!!! Four distorted tunes of very hooky lo-fi garage trash-ola with a nice pop flavor for your little sister and her pre-pubescent friends!!!! the title cut, "Don't Gimme A Choice" is by far the best track of the four…….I just played it about eight times in a row and I'll have to say that it's pretty fucking great, indeed!!!!!! Super catchy stuff here!!!! These guys make the HIVES look like a bunch of five year old girls taking it up the ass by school teachers in a kiddy-porn marathon…….(SW)
(P. Trash, Dornbuschweg 10, 33649 Bielefeld, GERMANY, http://cmf.umeahardcore.org)

MASSGRAV – "Hatfylld Och Nerpissad" EP

This is fucking great—totally shredding, intense Swedish hardcore that barely pauses to catch its breath. Just go, go go! Eleven tracks of unbridled raging thrashing punk—fans of KRIGSHOT need this. Great! (MT)
(www.massgrav.com)

THE MEANS – "The Divine Right of Means" CD

Thick-necked rockin' punk in the vein of ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT (minus the horns). The production is tough and heavy for the most part, although there are interludes with slower songs and acoustic guitars lest you get worn out listening to the same thing over fourteen songs. Nothing about this band blew me away but it all sounds pretty good. Comes with a nice silk-screened cover. (AM)
(Double Plus Good, www.doubleplus-goodrecords.com)

MEDIC – "Greetings and Salutations" CD

Damn, the first 40 seconds of this record are awesome and then things sort of lose me from there. The first song starts off with some blazing thrash metal and then right before you hit your groove they abruptly switchgears and move into some much slower metallic hardcore. I mean as far as this genre of music goes MEDIC is on the money. Tons of tempo changes keep things interesting and they stay away from the wimpy emo trappings that so many bands of this style fall into. They go back to the speedier stuff throughout this release, but never match up to those first few seconds of blasting fury. (RC)
(McCarthyism, www.mccarthyism.org)

MEINE KLEINE DEUTSCHE – "Dirty Dancing" LP

I have weird mixed-up feelings about the drum machine/synth shit going on here. Despite the Atari vibe, this record really does rock, and has soul and originality to boot. I love the layers of vocals, male/female and male/male. I'm distracted by the plug-in percussion, but the short, heart-pounding songs have won me over anyway. (AC)
(Big Brothel, Box 6170, SE-10233 Stockholm, SWEDEN, everythingy@hotmail.com, www.bigbrothel.tk)

MEMENTO MORI – CD

What a wonderful band. I am really happy they released this discography since I think both their releases are out of print by now. On the discography are the LP, the split with KYLESA, and four unreleased (!) tracks. This awesome female fronted (there is a woman on guitar too) band from Indiana is metal being played by hardcore kids. Do you like SACRILEGE? I think this band is better! Well written and personal, the lyrics are easy to relate to and heartwrenching at times. How could you not love a band that screams a quote from the classic 80s romance *Say Anything*? If you don't have this material yet, get this! (ZM)
(Hyperrealist, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412)

METAL URBAIN – "Anarchy In Paris!" CD

These French synth-punk rockers from 1977 came thru town recently and tore it up. Easily one of the best shows of the year. This is a collection of everything from the early years they put out with a few unreleased tracks. These guys were even the first Rough Trade release! Sung in French with fuzzed out drum machine and punk guitar, this is a welcome collection. Even the last reissue has been out of print for years. Awesome! (RL)
(Acute, www.acuterecords.com)

MINDFLAYER "It's Always 1999" – CD

A re-issue of the first (I believe) MINDFLAYER record. Twenty-one tracks of drum and guitar (mostly) instrumental insanity from these Providence dudes. Noisy, abrasive and repetitive music with muscular drumming and guitar fret board freakouts that would put a smile on most experimental music lovers (and all LIGHTNING BOLT fans) face. (RR)
(Load, PO Box 35, Providence, RI 02901)

THE MINUS TIDE – "Anakuklosis" CD

Technical hardcore? Is that what the kids are calling this sort of thing? Heavy riffage like WALKEN and vocals being screamed about science fiction and "humanoids living in a giant's beard." To me, this sounds like my SLAYER album got a scratch in it and is repeating the same riff while someone is screaming stuff out of a *Dune* novel. (NT)
(Action Driver, www.actiondriver.com)

THE MOJOMATICS – "Devil Got My Woman" EP

First off, wasn't this the exact same pic sleeve as the first DETROIT COBRAS single? The similarities stop there, as this two-piece Euro outfit plays some pretty shakin' blues stomp. They're no BANTAM ROOSTER, that much I can tell you. Dull, but shake-inducing at times. (MC)
(Shake Your Ass, capinch55@fastwebnet.it)

THE MOVEMENT – "Hardmod Internationalists" EP

I once said to a prominent *MRR* reviewer that mod was the new punk, of course I was greeted with a dismissive smirk. Well thankfully these German hardmods *aka* skinheads add some sort off credence to my wayward proclamation. Thankfully, only one song takes on the dreaded ska overtones (listen up rude-boys and rudegirls, I'll stick to the original blasts off the horns that came pouring outta the pigeon sheds off South Kingston circa 1964) the other two ploughing straight ahead with melodic anthems of working class strife and the struggle against the man—taking in some of the influences that have been my musical bread and butter for the last umpteen years such as the RUTS, the JAM, the CHORDS and the STRIKE. If this band can manage to ditch the blue beat then they could very well be one off 2004's special little treats. (SD)
(Weird System, Alstertwiete 32, 20099 Hamburg, GERMANY. www.weirdsystem.de)

MULETRAIN – "Demolition Preaching" CD

Representing Spain in the international TURBONEGRO-inspired dude rock explosion is MULETRAIN. If you like this genre of music (as I do) and haven't tired of the buttload of bands trying to pull it off (as I have) you should check this out. It's pretty good. (DP)
(Beat Generation/Munster, APD 18107 Madrid/28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.munster-records.com, muletrain-mail@yahoo.es)

MUSHITCIANS – "Smashing Heads Off Into the Empedrated Floor" of... EP

the cover of this seven-inch insists this band is "Madrid Fuckkin' Rock Thrash," but it is not too thrashy at all. They really are from Spain though, as they have a lot of sound clips in Spanish, which I wish I understood because they could shed some light as to where this band is coming from since this record lacks a lyrics sheet (grrr). The MUSHITCIANS write some pretty simple rock-influenced hardcore songs with majority screamed vocals and some clean vocals from time to time. It sounds like more of the same mid-90s San Diego idolatry to me. (ZM)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

MY MINDS EYE – "48 Reasons to Leave This Planet" CD

Do forty-eight songs of pummeling grindcore from the Netherlands sound like your cup of tea? Well then you need to check out this blistering discography of MY MINDS EYE. This stuff here is a relentless assault of pummeling drums and throat bursting vocals. To give you an idea of their style, you would only need to look at some of the bands they did splits with: UNHOLY GRAVE, HEAD HITS CONCRETE and VIOLENT HEADACHE. Let the aural beatings commence! (RC)
(SelfMadeGod, PO Box 46, 21500 Biala, Podl., POLAND, www.selfmadegod.com)

NAPALM DEATH / EXTREME NOISE TERROR – split LP

A simple brown label, a scratched-out matrix number, the LP jacket is of a thin quality, and the only info is the song titles on the sleeve: bootleg. The recording quality is surprisingly good, although far from perfect, considering it's live. The NAPALM DEATH side, *Scum*-era, seems to be from three different shows while ENT's side is from one show, touring for the *Holocaust in Your Head* LP in '88. If the price is low and you're a fan of either group then this is a decent addition to your collection. (WM)
(no address)

NEGAZIONE – "Lo Spirito Continua" LP

This is a boot of the Italian band's 1986 LP with the *Tutti Pazzi* and *Condannati...* 7"s tacked on to make it seem worthwhile. Frankly, it's not. The reproduction of the cover is lame, the sound quality is weak, and there's a serious lack of information, lyric sheets, etc. The "label" is called Hardcore Fan Club and I really doubt that a true fan would put out something like this. If you have to have these songs... (AM)
(no address)

NEUROOTTISET PELIMANNIT – "Sita Saa Mita Tillaa" EP

Oh dear god, how can this get any better! Bouncy punk that sounds like it was taken straight off an international punk comp tape from 1983. APPENDIX or any Brazilian or Finnish band of that time would be a good comparison. This also features some of the most over the top, punk rock, art ever. Words cannot describe how much you must track down this record. (NT)
(Neuroottiset Pelimannit, Santrankuja 4, 35600 Halli, FINLAND)

NINE SHOCKS TERROR – "A Nice Place To Live" EP

First off, it should be noted that these are the same four songs that are on their CD & DVD release that came out recently on Mad At the World Records. With that said, this is exactly what you would expect from NINE SHOCKS TERROR. Thrashed-out aggressive punk, with those crazy blown- out vocals. It is no secret that these guys pull a majority of their influence from classic Japanese punk (I mean come on, they are named after a LIP CREAM record). But you know what, who fucking cares where they get their influence from? NINE SHOCKS TERROR have fucking nailed it with every release they have ever put out, and this one is no exception. (RC)
(Even Worse, Saenredamstaat 44-2, 1072ch Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS, www.geocities.com/even-worserecords)

NO DOCTORS – "Hunting Season" CD

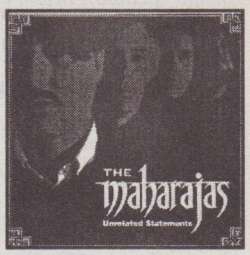
This is a far more compelling effort than last year's smarm-harmed effort, I mean, "Campaign Special" flat out rocks in a no-shit MONOSHOCK way. Christ, it sounds like a lost outtake with a little funk added in, and that's nuttin' but puddin'. Then, just to be jerks, they keep it up for most of the record. There is just more sheer riffidge on this one, I don't mean to sound conspiratorial, but did they just maybe *try* harder? I recommend this to anyone who can stand an injection of rubbery early 70s metal into their punk-noise confectionary. (RW)
(GoJohnnyGo)

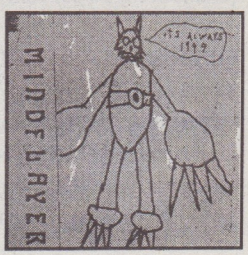
NORTH LINCOLN – "Apology" EP

Following in the footsteps of SMALL BROWN BIKE (before they went totally indie at the end), NORTH LINCOLN is spearheading the charge to make Grand Rapids, Michigan the Gainesville of the north. Luckily, I am a sucker for that No Idea sound, especially because the NORTH LINCOLNS seem to combine the influences of the two bands that to me seem the tour pillars of that label, RADON and HOT WATER MUSIC. Basically I am saying this is rocks and is even worth bye passing that final beer to purchase. (JF)
(Support Group, 2640 Trenton SW, Wyoming, MI 49509)

NOXAGT "The Iron Point" – CD

Norwegian three piece (one being noiseician Kjetil Brandsal) rock nine mostly instrumental four minute epics using bass, viola and drums. The bass weighs a ton and when they are not lumbering along MELVINS style





this thing rocks and swings hard. DON CABALLERO comes to mind. There's a whole lot going on here. The viola player's grandfather sings on one traditional track! (RR)
(Load, PO Box 35, Providence, RI 02901)

OBSERVERS – "Lead Pill" EP

I saw these guys a while back open up for (of all people) MENACE. The assembled unwashed (who weren't fighting outside) seemed thoroughly unimpressed though I thought they were pretty good, like JFA with a few mid-tempo stompers thrown in. Needless to say they were the best band of the evening and almost made up for not going to see BEULAH that night… Four snotty tracks, young old school from Portland…good. (AD)
(Super Secret, PO Box 1585, Austin, TX 78767)

OIL! – "The Glory of Honor" LP

OI! YA SALTY YOBS! OIL! Is without a doubt the most entertaining joke oi band going right now next to the mighty JEWDRIVER. With tracks like "Spent My Paycheck at the Pub," "77 Clockwork Boot Justice" and "Red White and Boots" they really sing it from their humor- filled hearts. The music, in addition to be entertaining as hell, is actually pretty damn catchy and they use every wonderful oi cliché you can think of. The first press covers are hand screened by working class skins here in the good ol' USA! (NT)
(Noma Beach, www.nomabeach.com)

OMEGALORD – CD EP

What the fuck? Did GWAR get back together under another name? Only four songs on this here EP, and I have an extreme headache. (DP)
(www.omegalord.com)

ON FILE – "Birds Don't Like the Skinheads / Everywhere We Go"

Scottish oi about…uh… birds and skinheads. As one of the folically- challenged I know what these chrome domes are talking about! This band fall into the category of oi that I'm really into, super catchy, sing-a-long bootboy choruses and no nationalistic shite. A touch of RED ALERT but with the COCKSPARRER/COCKNEY REJECTS catchy edge. Nice one lads. (TB)
(eddierevenge@aol.com)

OPPRESSED LOGIC – "Ones That Control" CD

Are they pro-America killing "terrorists" or anti-American radicals? Pro-violence or against skinhead fighting? Who knows? It's not interpretation, it's bad writing. What's up with those samples? They alienate the listener. Plus, I've been wondering why a band would consider a friendship with Sammytown (FANG), murderer and exploiter, a fact to brag about. As far as the music goes, it is unremarkable mid to upper tempo thrash *and*, I don't need to see seven photos of a band on an eight-panel CD. It's too bad (and dangerous for me) that I had to give out a review like this, considering that the members of this band are heavily involved in good keeping-the-scene-alive-and-strong kinds of ways. Perhaps they should break up and start different bands. Shit, it has been at least ten years! (JA)
(Blazing Guns, PO Box 40236, Downey, CA. 90239)

THE OSCARS – "American Idol" CD

Decent punk that could pass for US punk circa the early 80s. Maybe a dash of REPLACEMENTS too. Very tuneful without being pop and lots of sarcastic lyrics. I dig this. (RL)
(www.oscarindustries.com)

OVERPRIVILEGED – "Cheap Plastic Crap" CD

Why would you put all that money into your album and put the *worst album cover ever made* on it? The music isn't a whole ton better then the cover, generic (not in a good way) punk. (NT)
(Amp)

PARAF / PRLJAVO KAZALISTIC – split LP

Bootleg of nearly impossible to find releases from these two early Yugoslavian punk bands. On their side we find PRLJAVO KAZALISTIC playing tracks culled from their two EPs with a heavy SEX PISTOLS meets HEARTBREAKERS feel to them. A little too sluggish for my taste, PARAF, however, brings the jams to the table. Taking tracks from their EP and 12" they play in a similar punk'n'roll style but with considerably more energy and hooks to their song writing. If you can find it, this is worth it for the PARAF stuff, though the overall quality of this boot is fairly shit. I mean the layout on the covers is so bad that you can barely sort out who is on this record, there's no info what so ever about the bands, and nothing on the labels to indicate which side is which. (MT)
(no address)

PARIAH – "Youths of Age" LP

Back when I was a young college punk rocker in the early to mid-80s, we'd spend most every weekend at the On Broadway in the North Beach district of Frisco. On either Friday or Saturday night (and sometimes both) they'd have a show that featured some out-of-town headliner that was worth seeing. Bands like DOA, TOXIC REASONS, MINOR THREAT, BAD BRAINS, SOCIAL DISTORTION and the DESCENDENTS all made their way through that place. Some of the bigger local bands, like the DEAD KENNEDYS or FLIPPER, would also headline at times. Some of the older punks would show up only for the headliner. But the younger kids would be there when the doors opened so they could see bands like SOCIAL UNREST, FANG, CODE OF HONOR and PARIAH. This is a (legitimate) reissue of their 1983 Posh Boy LP. (They also appeared on the first *MRR* compilation double LP, *Not So Quiet on the Western Front.*) Classic Northern California hardcore, this is. (KK)
(Get Back Recs., via Aretina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenze), ITALY)

PATARENI – "Same" CD

If I understand the story correctly, this was actually recorded back in 1994 but is just being released now. PATERENI, who are from Croatia, blast their way through eleven songs of straight-up metal with gruff, grindcore-style vocals. While a lot of the songs are fast, there is definitely a lot of mid tempo guitar noodling going on here. And that is where they lose me. There really isn't enough substance here to hold my attention on an eight-minute metal song and it ends up coming off as rather generic. (RC)
(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 30003 Hanover, GERMANY, www.epistrophy.de)

PLOT TO BLOW UP THE EIFFEL TOWER - "If You Cut Us We Bleed" CD EP

Three spazzy punk hits from these San Diego boys. These songs sound like to the YAH-MOS at art school. I used to like the YAH-MOS a lot. Probably some frenetic goodness is displayed by this band in live performances. (AS)
(Tptbutet, PO Box 126434, San Diego, CA, 92112-6434)

PONTIUS PILATE – "Thy Kingdom.com" EP

Pontius Pilate, the person, is most noted in history as sentencing Jesus Christ to be crucified. PONTIUS PILATE the band are fast, grinding punk mayhem, with a violin, from Portland, Oregon—which is most notable as the current place to be in the US for hardcore crust and punk. If I'm reading the liner notes right, then this band is no longer in existence. Ripping and roaring hardcore. (WM)
(New Audio Terror, 4507 N. Gantenbein St., Portland, OR 97217, audioterrorist13@yahoo.com)

THE PROFITS – "U.S. Atrocity" EP

Ultra political punk, written and performed by the punks for the punks. POISON IDEA and old UK SUBS. Brilliant and somehow unique, while keeping the hardcore alive. Rules!!! And they are great folks. Cheers!!! (JA)

(Propaganda Machine, PO Box 391273, Cambridge, MA.02139)

READY SET DEAD – "Any Hope" EP

Lyrically this is pretty sophomoric, but I think these kids are young. Then again, it could just be song titles like "Suburban Kids," "MTV World," and "I Don't Like You." Take a distinguishable DRI influence, bad cover art, and throw in a competent cover of VOID's "My Rules", and what you have is a soundtrack to an entire summer's worth of suburban angst. Hey, and it's not pop punk… (CC)

(Coughing Up, 9276 S. Myrtle. Tempe, Arizona 85284)

REAL KIDS – "The Munster Years" 2xLP

A double LP's worth of Boston's very long-standing REAL KIDS, pressed on that too-heavy-for-its-own-good vinyl that Munster specializes in. The REAL KIDS' debut LP from '77 is familiar listening to most modern-day pop punk power poppers (the big smash being, of course "All Kindsa Girls:), but fewer have heard the stuff the band was turning out in the early 80s when the RAMONES rep was cemented and the REAL KIDS became progressively less known (at least that's how I remember it happening). *The Munster Years* collects stuff released on the French New Rose label during the early 80s, including their *Out of Place* LP, the long-out-of print *Hit You Hard* LP, and a few odds and ends and extracts. Fans of the REAL KIDS pop-meets-rock (in the 70s shag sense of the label) will appreciate it. Casual listeners will probably dig it. It all sounds as good as one would expect, even at a time when gently-ringing 50s-influenced pop and roll is about as far off my radar as klezmer on 78. Again, thanks to Munster for getting material back in print, and in such a stylish manner. (JH)

(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

REGULATIONS – "Destroy" EP

Great record. This is some old-style punk rock that has an obvious thing for pre-Rollins BLACK FLAG. Ex-members of Sweden's ETA and the DEAD ONES, they've slowed down the hardcore to the level I personally prefer, fast enough to still piss people off, but slow enough to still be tuneful. Excellent. (CK)

(Busted Heads, order@bustedheads.com)

RODRIGUEZ – CD

I don't like so-called "modern garage." It's way too slick for me. RODRIGUEZ are competent musicians, the singer is in tune, all the songs are the same tempo, the boys in the band look cool, but that just doesn't do it for me. Where is the sloppiness, the ineptitude, the fun? Time to break up. (CK)

(Swindlebra, Goethestr. 22, 89312 Guenzburg, GERMANY, swindlebra@t-online.de)

ROTTEN APPLES – "Real Tuff" CD

I'm into this gal group. Great tough vocals *a la* Joan Jett with a nice musical mix of rock 'n' roll and guitar new wave. Kinda reminds me of the GOOPS. The bonus tracks include covers of TEARS FOR FEARS and the UNDERTONES. (RL)

(Trash 2001, www.trash2001.de)

THE RUTS – "Babylon's Burning"

I'm really struggling in vain to grasp the whole concept of this single. Going by the collective name of RECONSTRUCTED these no marks have taken it apron themselves to remix one off punk's all-time classics. The first is a subtle tinkering that makes the tune come across as a brand new release, the other is an all strings and vocal affair. I can't really see any point in this at all and just like a bunch of Catholic schoolgirls some things should be better left untouched. (SD)

(Dude)

SCOTT BAIO ARMY / THE LUMPS – "Fuck Peace… Let's Kill" 10"

Well, I can definitely relate to the title of this record. This is a split between two really fast hardcore bands, maybe they're even what the kids call thrash. SCOTT BAIO ARMY, from Denver, plays short songs between long (but entertaining) sound clips. Their lyrics tend to be scene oriented, with songs about staying true to DIY (or at least ditching the politics if you leave) and hating emo and fashionable bands. They do a cover of RUDIMENTARY PENI's "Media Person" which is a great song, though I think it kinda sucks when bands, who do covers, sound very similar to the original. The LUMPS kick up the tempo a bit, add some high-pitched screams and the occasional growl and come off like an apolitical BETERCORE. They apologize for not writing songs about, among other things, "hot chicks." Who are they apologizing to? This would have made a better 7". (ZM)

(Bad People PO Box 480931 Denver, CO 80248)

SECTION 5 – "Hard Life" CD

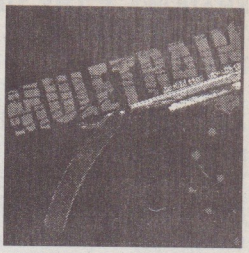
Oozing with testosterone, I'm not a big fan of this new album from this old English oi! band. Weak lyrics throughout the album collide with sad guitar licks on many tracks. "Voice of the Street" is pretty good and a nice old school throwback in time. But "Nervous Breakdown" with its more reggae beats lost me big time. (SR)

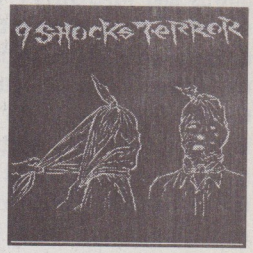
(Nordisc, Box 1245-8900 CE Leeuwarden, the NETHERLANDS; nordisc_records@hotmail.com)

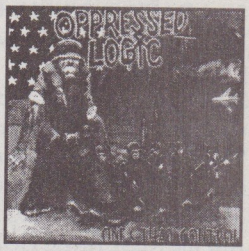
SEX POSITIONS – "Commit It" CD

Basically, this is an eccentric mix of punk, hardcore and screamo with a tiny bit of electronica thrown in. Aggressive tempos, sporadic time changes and coarse vocals... The first band I thought of in comparison was REFUSED. The strange thing is, people talk about SEX POSITIONS like their style is groundbreaking and new. And to my ears, there is nothing here that I have not heard before. (RC)

(www.deathwishinc.com)







SHADOWS & THE SILENCE / CHOKE THEIR RIVERS WITH OUR DEAD – split EP

Where's Will Smith When You Need Him? Asks SHADOWS AND the SILENCE. I have no idea where. They have no damn lyric sheet. Why do you bother writing them? Why not just scream whatever comes to mind? And scream they do, next to double-bassy breakdowns and MAJORITY RULE-esque build-ups (must be a Virginia thing). Personally, I think these two styles kinda clash and it makes for a weird, disconnected sounding song. CHOKE THEIR RIVERS WITH OUT DEAD swears they have a keyboard on their info sheet, but I can't hear it for the life of me (which might be a plus for some of you). They must just use it for a bit of subtle bass. Anyway, they manage to pull off two fresh sounding tracks, both mid-paced "screamo" (you know what I mean) with two vocalists and intelligent lyrics. Good stuff. (ZM)
(Heart In A Box, 2803 Chelsea Ct. Blacksburg, VA 24060)

SHERYL'S MAGNETIC AURA / RAPIDER THAN HORSEPOWER – split EP

RAPIDER THAN HORSEPOWER (folks from RACE BANNON, USURP SYNAPSE, REP SEKI) have some weird ass vocal parts that remind me of the lighter side of the MELVINS. Drifting discordant but melodic clean guitar parts that remind me of the FALL. This is a really cool and unique sounding band that definitely captured my attention. SHERYL'S MAGNETIC AURA (folks from I AM the RESURRECTION and BOOKS LIE) sound a lot like PAVEMENT, but more straightforward, rhythmically. They also remind me a lot of CARRIE NATIONS in the way that everything comes together. Both these bands are really damn cool, and worth checking out, undoubtedly. (WR)
($4 ppd; Neon Boombox, 2729 East Kalamazoo St., Lansing, MI 48912, itsfreontime@yahoo.com)

SINGING DOGS – "Hell Blues" EP

This is the second record I've heard by this two-piece Italian band and color me impressed. It's refreshing to hear a two-piece not going the whole blues/soul route. All four tunes here are straight up punk, fuzzy and sure to please fans of the Big Neck or Rip Off catalogs. There are hints in the inserts of an upcoming LP. The world patiently waits. (MC)
(P. Trash, PtrashRec@aol.com)

SKITKIDS – "Onna for Pleasure" LP

So here is the SKITKIDS with a rocking follow-up to their *Skitfucked By the State* LP that came out last year. These are seven songs of hard- charging punk t t lifts straight from the vaults of Swedish classics like DISARM and AVSKUM. And I certainly can't let this review slip by without mentioning that they use a sample of *MRR*'s own Mike Thorn™ trying to (poorly) pronounce the name of one of their songs from the *MRR* radio show. Simply put, this record fucking rules and should immediately find its way into your collection! (RC)
(Kick N Punch, PO Box 578, 2200 København, DENMARK; www.kicknpunch.com)

SKITSYSTEM – "Grå Varld / Svarta Tankar" LP

Havoc was nice enough to bring yet another solid LP by the mighty Swedish SKITSYSTEM. Not much can be said at this point about them aside that they make some solid crusty hardcore akin to WOLFBRIGADE or even ANTI-CIMEX. If you haven't heard them you should really check them out. If you dig them already this LP will not disappoint. Standard rules of bleak lyrics, bullet belts and war photos apply… (NT)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 5548)

SKULLS – "the Golden Age of Piracy" LP

'77 style punk rock with a sort of *argghh* pirate theme that fans of the STITCHES and US BOMBS will dig. There're a few duds here, but all in all it's a good album. (DP)
(Doctor Strange, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701, www.drstrange.com)

SLATS – "Pick It Up" CD

Indie-garage that uses a simple and propulsive energy to suck you in. Spare three-piece sound. Some moments are mired in a flat-out post emo confessional relationship swamp. Weaving your way thru those gets you a solid record that fails to bust out of the average. "Teena" is a great punk song, tho… (RW)
(Latest Flame, 1638A N. Astor St., Milwaukee, WI 53202)

SMOGTOWN – "All Wiped Out" 2xEP

Maybe the best band in SoCal in recent years, SMOGTOWN played great mid-tempo tough punk rock dripping with snot and animosity. I think this is somewhat a posthumous release as the band appears to be no longer…but they seem to break up on a weekly basis so who knows. They wrote great hook-laden tunes, taking that Long Beach junkie sound (US BOMBS, SMUT PEDDLERS, STITCHES etc.) to a higher level with good song writing and less emphasis on image. I think their first long player *Fürhers of the New Wave* remains their best material but this is still essential for fans of the band. Double vinyl, twelve tracks, very nice. Now reform (again.) (AD)
(TKO, 3216 W.Cary St. #303 Richmond, VA 23221)

SMUT PEDDLERS – "Exit Plan" EP

I've always liked this band but I could never deal with the homophobic lyrics—it's impossible for me to review them without mentioning that. Now, I can drink beer, belch, and beat my chest with the best of 'em, and regularly cast aspersions on my friends sexuality, but to actually dislike someone because of their sexual preferences is to me ludicrous… They're a great band and seem like cool people, I just don't get it. Anyway, there are no slurs here so maybe they've had some "road to Damascus" style enlightenment. Okay, the review: Super snotty balls-out punk rock from LA, tons of attitude and bile, great licks and ample punch, produced by none other than Billy Zoom (I always thought *he* "played for the Niners" if you know what I mean…) Three tracks on clear wax. Probably one of the best bands from the Golden State. Don't be a hater bro. (AD)
(Ransom, 1525 Aviation Blvd.#289, Redondo Beach, CA 90278)

SODDAMN INSASNE – "War on Drugs" LP

Needless to say, I've been hearing *of* this band for quite sometime as a result of the oh-so-witty band name. Hailing from Los Angeles, this artsy, sloppy, bordering-on-obnoxious punk band most certainly rolls in the same crowd as Sam McPheeters (indeed, he even did the lovely, comical artwork that adorns the cover) and if you are familiar with his projects as of late you likely can have a good idea of what this band is all about. As for the vocals, SODDAMN INSANE features both female and male singers who belt such McPheeters-esque lyrics as "O America, liberate the fuck outta me (heavy breathing)" and "I don't need your fucking lies/I just want some Freedom Fries/who's the country I hate most? /Iraq, you're fucking Freedom Toast!" Oh, the wit!! Simply marvelous!! I should end with saying that the plastic sleeve is adorned with a nice little sticker that reads a quotation from Jello, referencing the band as "the most annoying band I've seen since FLIPPER." It seems obvious what this band is going for, but fuck, the brilliant lyrics and aesthetic of the band almost make it great despite the musical shortcomings. (SP)
(Post Present Medium, PO Box 291301, Los Angeles, CA 90029, www.thesmell.org/ppm)

SO FOX – "Teen Beat" EP

SO FOX's debut 7" is one schizophrenic release. This shit is just too cool for me. On side one for instance, I picture this band becoming the next hip thing with the "I listen

to the STONES and have a Rod Stewart reject haircut, to go along with my "oh-so-hip-tight-cords" crowd. In other words, this band seems to have a lot of those 70s NY punk influences with a little bit of new wave stylings. On the flipside though, the neo-new wave punk influence is a lot stronger and the rock 'n' roll stylings are thankfully absent. If you can't seem to guess, I like side two a lot better. Treat this as you do the LOS CRUDOS / SPITBOY split LP, a great one-sided record. (JF)
(Redemption Value, PO Box 738 Minneapolis, MN 55407)

SPLITTING SECONDS – "Do Not Surrender" CD

The best part of this album is the big-ass tray card photo of Bart Thurber flashing a peace sign. Otherwise, nothing really noteworthy here. It's melodic punk-style-music with jam out parts, but I think the drummer is using a splash cymbal as a crash. Sorry guys. (WR)
(www.splittingseconds.com)

THE STRAP-ONS – "Punk on Punk Crime" CD

Fun, stupid punk. Reminds of bands like SHOTWELL, MIAMI, and BITCHIN'. Except those bands weren't stupid. And those bands didn't suck half the time. (JA)
(Strap-Ons, PO Box 8241, Norfolk, VA. 23503)

STRUGGLE FOR PRIDE / ABRAHAM CROSS – split EP

STRUGGLE FOR PRIDE from Japan do one song "Summer Never Ends". The track is a noisy CONFUSE like rocker. Mid-tempo, lots of stops and starts and throat shedding vocals, in Japanese. On the flip we have one long song from ABRAHAM CROSS. After an extended silly drum machine beat intro "Feeling in Soil" is a distorto-lo-fi blown speaker noisy sludgey mess. Sounds like it may be recorded live. The vocals are buried deep in the mix. Reminds me a bit of CONFUSION. Can't say I was all that impressed with either track, though the STRUGGLE FOR PRIDE track is growing on me. Packaged in simple but effective artwork with little info but nice yellow wax. A label to keep an eye on. (RR)
(Paank Levyt, 1-4-9 Tas 201 Hatanaka, Niiza Saitama, 352-0012, JAPAN)

THE STUFF – "Say Hello to Mary" CDEP

Four tracks of slickly-recorded psychedelic-ish proto punk stuff. People who like 60s-influenced stuff might get into this, but it's not my thing. It's all played very well, and as I mentioned, the production is pretty pristine, but it totally lacks the guts and bite of anything on the *Nuggets* comps, for example. That said, this is really not my thing, but it might be yours. (AM)
(Ill Wind, www.illwindrecords.com)

SQUARE PEG - "Echoes of War" CDEP

A strange slice of old Scottish punk. In 1984 and 1985 SQUARE PEG (vocalist L Nichols with Big John and Gary—late of the EXPLOITED's first two classic LPs) released a couple of seven inches. Here they are, on one shiny compact disc, together with a previously unreleased lengthy bluesy number. Five tracks of upbeat, mid-tempo poppy Brit-punk, along the lines of the VIBRATORS/UK SUBS, with that distinctive Big John guitar sound, and the blues nonsense. I'm sure the collectors'll love this one. Pretty good it is too. (RK)
(Stranded, squarepegstranded@hotmail.com)

STRAIGHT OUTTA JUNIOR HIGH - "Kiss of Deaf" CD

Very accomplished, polished guitar heavy pop-punk, with a definite SoCal melodic sound. Yknow, LAGWAGON, FACE TO FACE, that kind of stuff. They do it well. And have really fucking annoying lyrics. Puerile, and misogynist to say the least. They really need to stop guitar wanking for a moment, and attend to their sexual dysfunctions. (RK)
(Mindset, www.mindsetrecords.com)

STREET DOGS / THE DENTS - split CDEP

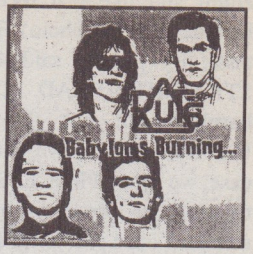
STREET DOGS are Mike McColgan's (the old DROPKICK MURPHIES singer) new band. If you liked the MURPHIES back in the days before they started to suck—then you'll probably like this. Good solid punk rock with a street feel and less of a Celtic influence. The DENTS are upbeat poppy punk with female vocals that bring bands like the EYELINERS, the DONNAS, and BEATNIK TERMITES to mind. Nice. (AD)
(Abbey Lounge, 3 Beacon St., Somerville, MA 02143)

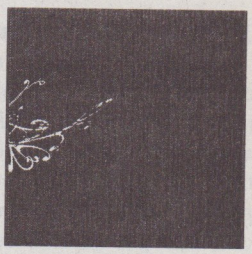
STREET TRASH – "Five Dirty Fingers" EP

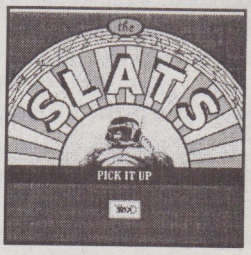
.....total fucking garbage!!!! .....moron rock for retarded twelve year olds.....but my guess is that they want it that way....!!! And why not? It's still fun to be stupid, just ask anybody that still considers themselves a punk rocker in 2004!!!!! That's all they got is their stupidity!!!!!! There's three songs on this EP, including a BAD BRAINS cover....four minutes and sixteen seconds worth of lo-fi sloppy trash, yes....STREET TRASH!!!! For me this record's saving grace is the wonderful cover art.....and good cover art is ALWAYS very important to me!!!! This one in particular has a very nicely done drawing of a huge juicy cock riding a skate board and ejaculating the words "STREET TRASH" which I find very tasty and very homo-erotic!!!! The back cover is even better, with yet another nifty drawing of a decapitated man down on all fours taking a huge shit!!!! Once again, I find this art to be in *very* good taste and I would even find it suitable for my mother to view while I'm licking the poppy seeds from her rosy-ringer...(SW)
(My War)

SUMMER LEAGUE – "Supposed to Trail" CD

SUMMER LEAGUE put politically relevant lyrics over plodding VERBAL ASSAULT-influenced hardcore. They include a bragging photo of the band's record collection in the CD insert. Why do hardcore bands do this, and who is to blame for this trend? *Schism* fanzine? I know POISON IDEA did it as a joke. Since these guys carefully took the time to arrange their records and guitar case for show and tell, let's take this time to critique them shall we? Before we focus on the negative, let me just say props for the 411 LP. It takes a lot of guts to







admit you like that record (even more to include it in the photo). Two thumbs up for tastefully placing said 411 record over a STRAIGHT AHEAD 12", just so you can barely make out the word "straight". Unfortunately, as we tilt up to the guitar case, we spot a PROCESS sticker. Not something to be proud of by any means, but someone once put "Steel Jaws" on a mix tape for me, and I didn't fast forward over it, so you get props for keeping it bad-early-90s old school. Unfortunately we return back down the guitar case and into a...STAY GOLD record. I take back all said props. The CD is actually pretty good, even if they do like bands like GRIP. (CC)
(Equality, Via Cerenzia, 39, 00178 Rome, ITALY)

TAIGAN – "I'm Not Satisfied" EP

Essentially a Japanese take on a pre-youth crew 1981 hardcore punk band, only they just can't let go of melodies so the record avoids that cliché. It's got a chanty-chorus thing going on, wide-open production and a power pop sensibility that makes you think of the tougher UK bands that populate the UK *Bloodstains* comps. In short, it's a great six-song punk EP. Basic and fun. (RW)
(Dan-Doh, 2-1-26 Honmachi, Kocki 780-0870, JAPAN)

TAKING SIDES – "Smash the Windows to the Dead Hearts..." CD

I usually try to steer clear of anything with "dead" and "hearts" in the title, but I am assigned what I am assigned. TAKING SIDES play fast modern hardcore chocked full of arpeggios and harmonics with some intense gruff vocals. Sounds like Dave Byrd from STRIKING DISTANCE singing for CHAMPION. Yeah, I was making that stink face too upon discovering this comparison. Still, this is better than I am describing. How about this: I would definitely bust my ass to check them out live if they ever came through SF. Cool? Cool. (CC)
(Resist, P.O. Box 372, Newtown NSW, 2042 AUSTRALIA)

THE THINGZ – CD

This sounds like one of the many South City Budget Rock bands from the early 90s. I'm not saying that's a bad thing. Oh, no, you won't find me complaining. But I am only one man, I can only type THEBRENTWOODSSUPERCHARGERMUMMIESSPOILEDBRATRTSSPA-STICS so many times. The girl/guy split vocals formula is always a safe bet with this genre because, let's face it garage punk can get a little repetitive and at least two people taking turns singing the same song is a little bit refreshing. And if it sounds like this is a negative review, then you're sadly mistaken jerk face because this is much better than you're band. So shut-up and listen. (BM)
(Pelado, 521 West Wilson C, 103 Costa Mesa, CA 92627, www.peladorecords.com)

TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT – "Be Not Content" LP

Sweden's TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT groove through this LP with throaty vocals, driving guitars, and a saxophone. Sometimes the vocals, while good, are a little monotonous, but the music really mixes it up with some tracks having a slight metallic or stoner rock sound and others having soft acoustic guitar parts, but overall this record is upbeat and vigorous. I thought of NATION OF ULYSSES minus the sass during the faster parts. The lyrics (which are in English) are really great; while being a general social commentary about television and apathy, the sink or swim mentality of this culture et cetera, they're really noteworthy! This is a fun hardcore record. (ZM)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636 www.noidearecords.com)

TROPEZIO – "El Fantasma Antillano" EP

Puerto Rican political hardcore that reminds me of NINE SHOCKS TERROR in how they inject melody into hardcore and SIN DIOS in their musical style and lyrical content. Instead of translating the lyrics word for word to English, they tell what the songs are about, and it reads like a short version of Puerto Rican history. Worth hunting down. (DP)
(Where's Your Anger, Po Box 471, Boston, MA 02134, wheresyourangerrecs@yahoo.com, Tropezio, c/o Jose Ibanez, Calle 4, C-5 Parque Montebello, Trujillo Alto, PUERTO RICO 00976, tropezio_hc@yahoo.com)

TWISTED ROOTS – LP

Billed as "Twisted LA Punk with Ex-Members of the SCREAMERS and GERMS," sums 'em up in 20 words or less. The TWISTED ROOTS were an LA (near)supergroup that featured among its ranks onetime GERMS guitarist Pat Smear, sometime SCREAMER Paul Roessler, and future BLACK FLAG bass gal Kira Roessler. I gotta plead ignorance of most of their recorded work. The band's few releases were never easy to get hold of, and I was left slightly cold by their hippiesh visual trappings (white-kid dreadlocks in 1981, hey!). That said, this long-posthumous LP sounds pretty cool and occupies the same weirdo-punk niche as 45 GRAVE, SILVER CHALICE or GEZA X (any of the bands off side two of *Let them Eat Jellybeans,* really). "The Yellow One," "Pretentiawha," and "Snaked" combine catchy LA-style Reagan era-punk with gutsy female vocals and kooky synth squawks courtesy P. Roessler. Noise for those that enjoy making it and hearing it made by others. The TWISTED ROOTS might have been a bit out of step with their contemporaries, but this release dates a lot better than a lot of 'em have. (JH)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

VICKERS – "Stab Your Back" CD EP

Average Japanese rock 'n' roll punk that sounds like a rookie TEENGENERATE meets the NOMADS. Five songs full of this and some funny English lyrics like to boot: "They have exciting thing—we wanna that thing—they got it! They got it! They got tonight!" Yeah man, I wanna exciting thing too. (AS)
(Pignose, 1-2-1308 Yamato-cho-Nakano-ku, Tokyo, 165-0034 JAPAN)

VIVISICK / MUKEKA DI RATO – "Brazilian Motherfuckers vs. Japanese Motherfuckers" split LP

Japan's VIVISICK tear through eight tracks of fast, crazed hardcore. If they packed any more energy or intensity into these grooves it wound break your needle and set your record player on fire! Fans of JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS should love this. I do. On the flip side MUKEKA DI RATO, from Brazil, don't do as much for me. Definitely some good songs... the female vocals are great! But the wanky guitar leads, Cookie Monster-and- Ewok vocals?? They're totally A.D.D. and all over the place. An interesting listen, but hard to get into. So as far as *Brazilian Motherfuckers vs. Japanese Motherfuckers*, I'll have to say that Japan wins this round. (VH)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

WANTED DEAD – "White Lies" EP

Boring. Street. Punk.. Someday we will take the word "punk" back from the street punks. And if you think I am mean, then maybe you just don't care about the connection this band has with the CASUALITIES and the connection that band has with corporate Amerikkka. (JA)
(Charged, PO Box 157 High Bridge, NJ. 08829)

WARSORE – "Brutal Reprisal" CD

Whoa! WARSORE from Australia blow their way through six crazed tracks of insanely-fast grind and crust. They pull in familiar elements of classic crust and then before you know what hit you, the blast beats kick in and things go ballistic with an onslaught of blazing grind. Maddening shrieks and growls spit out angry political lyrics and even though the material on this EP is a few years old and WARSORE are no longer together, it is still worth checking out this release. (RC).

(Psychotherapy, Otto Beran, Anenska 1296, Pardubice, 530 02 CZECH REPUBLIC, needfulthings.wz.cz)

THE WILD WEEKEND – "Teddy Care" CD

This trio plays some charged rock and roll that sometimes reminds me of the DEVIL DOGS and sometimes of the ANGRY SAMOANS. They even cover the SAMOANS' "Different World." Unfortunately, their songs sound like the B-side to great songs. (HM)

(Nicotine, PO Box 165, 15057 Tortona, ITALY, www.nicotinerecords.com)

WINELORD – CD

All girl rock band with keyboards and echoey vocals that remind me of GLASS CANDY & THE SHATTERED THEATRE. Songs about clam dip and sex on a stick. (ZM)

(Bloat 648 W. Lester St., Tuscon, AZ 85705)

WPP – "Baam! Jaam!" CDEP

Five screamo hardcore tunes with a dash of melody and some hand claps. Sounds similar to BREAD & CIRCUITS type stuff. This release stands apart from other stuff in it's genre, cuz it strikes me as having some soul to it. Not bad. (AS)

(Substandard, PO Box 310, Berkeley, CA. 94701, www.substandard.com)

WRETCHED – "Lotta Per Vivere" LP

Damn, *MRR* got hit with a ton of bootlegs this month. Looks like I got one of the WRETCHED records. For those who are not familiar, the WRETCHED are from Italy and played roughly from 1980 through 1986. This is a discography of sorts that covers almost everything that they put out. From the moment the first note is hit, the music nails you with a hard-charging wall of explosive distortion. The music is very fast and aggressive, with amazing rapid-fire vocals. Just think of bands like NEGAZIONE, DECLINO and EU'S ARSE and the picture will become much clearer. The WRETCHED are truly one of the leaders when it comes to the early years of Italian punk. (RC)

(no address)

WRETCHED / INFEZIONE – split LP

All these new boots are good in theory, I mean I'm a fan of people getting to hear all these old bands, live recordings and what not, but Jesus fuck, put some effort into it! Okay, here we have the later WRETCHED stuff (*La Tua Morte Non* 12" and *In Contloluce* EP—which I've never felt was their strongest material) on one side and WRETCHED prodigies INFEZIONE (with their *Oppressionne Quotidiana* demo and a live set) on the flipside. Like I said, this isn't really my favorite WRETCHED stuff, as I'm a bigger fan of their earlier, more out of control, inept, barrage of Italian thrash. Some bands are just better when they can't really play their instruments that well. Some of you might recall INFEZIONE from a few months back when Agipunk put out that LP of their demo stuff, and this is more of the same—raw hectic blasts of Italian hardcore where it seems like they are all doing their best to play as fast as possible without truly being able to play. I'd recommend getting the recent INFEZIONE LP on Agipunk before even thinking about tracking this down. (MT)

(no address)

WRETCHED ONES - "Less Is More" CD

Tough street-punk from New Joisey. These guys have been around for years and this seems to be a rarites and unreleased tracks compilation. If you like yer punk mean and soaked in cheap beer, then this is for you. The soundtrack to looking for aggro. (AD)

(TKO)

YOUNG SEXY ASSASSINS – "My Day In the Garden of Memories" CD

This reminds me a lot of the recent Dischord band BLACK EYES, in that it's really percussive with a bunch of different instruments coming in and out, including a drum machine, keyboards, xylophone, and tabla. There's even a violin on one track. The overall effect is of jerky, jazz-punk instrumentals with beat poetry being read over the top. I know that description makes it sound terrible but I actually found the CD pretty entertaining. (AM)

(Mister, www.misterrecords.com)

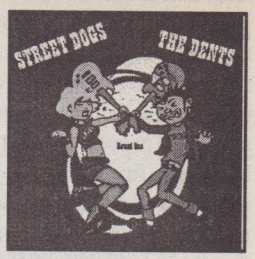
V/A – "BC Records: Westchester County, New York Does Not Have A Music Scene" CD

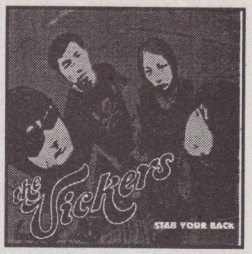
I guess the title of this comp is supposed to be ironic, because on the evidence of the eight bands presented here, I'd say the Westchester County scene is very healthy indeed. The DC-influenced post-punk of GENERAL MIGGS really won me over, along with the indie-rock stylings of the BANNED. TWOFOLD TRUTH play tight, focused sXe-style hardcore, complete with breakdowns and mosh parts. The VIBRATION round out the comp with two great tracks of heavily SLEATER-KINNEY influenced grrrl rock. Other bands featured are MORGAN STORM, BLUE VELVET, NO ONE AND the SOMEBODIES, and HEADS UP DISPLAY. (AM)

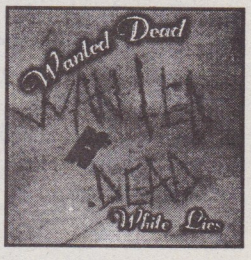
($7 ppd: BC, 45 Lincoln Ave, Tuckahoe, NY 10707, www.bcrecs.com)

V/A – "Babyhead" LP

There don't seem to be that many truly great com-







pilations made these days. People just plop a bunch of crappy songs onto a CD and are shocked when it sucks. Fortunately for those of us who still enjoy a good compilation, there are a few people who put some effort into it. Like the fine folks at S-S Records who released this amazing collection of a bunch of strangely fun bands. My personal favorite new discovery is SEXY PRISON whose previous 7" track "Escape from Dude Mountain" already gets a lot of stereo time at my house. Sexy Prison have a spazzed-out electronic sound with vocals that remind me of the BUNNY BRAINS in their early days. He never gets to that headache inducing screeching sound, but he comes close. The other great bands on this are DUCHESS OF SAIGON, BLUTT, the INTELLIGENCE, COUNTRY TEASERS, CRASH NORMAL, ANTENNAS ERUPT, KLONDIKE & YORK, A FRAMES, UNNATURAL HELPERS, the BLOWTOPS, GUINEA WORMS and the PIRANHAS. This is one great compilation and it's only on vinyl too. (CK)
(S-S)

V/A – "Babylon Bleibt Fajrem" LP

Most of this release was recorded live in 1985 in the Babylon Squat in Hengelo. Recording quality is surprisingly decent, though a few bands stand out. The great WRETCHED ply their wild Italian HC with amazing speed, while the MAU MAU's riff-heavy "Facts of War" adds a trashy edge. PANDEMONIUM is in a class by itself with its change-of-pace thrasher "Feelings Won't change." PURE HATE caps the LP with their great *We've Got the Right to Remain Silent, But...* EP. All in all, inconsistent. (SS)
(Pure Hate)

V/A – "Blasts From the Far East #1" CD

There are four bands on this release, and they are NYI BLORONG (Malaysia), AGGRESSIVE DOG ATTACK (Philippines), LEAD 11 NITRATE (Singapore) and OPUSAN BANGSAT (Indonesia). The styles here are widely varied. I really liked the straightforward, aggressive punk of OPUSAN BANDGSAT. Plus the female vocals were a nice touch. The other three bands were decent, cramming in a variety of styles from pop to grind to metalcore. (With LEAD II NITRATE playing all the styles from one song to the next). The only downside to this release is that the AGGRESSIVE DOG ATTACK tracks were so lo-fi and raw, they were barely listenable. (RC)
(Sangsara, PO Box 13288, 50806 Kuala Lumpur, MALAYSIA, www.dnc_collective@yahoo.com)

V/A – "Global Hardcore Noise" 2xEP

I think quoting the cover that says "Twelve International Hardcore Thrash And Crust Bands To Blow Your Eardrums Out" best sums up this release. With that said, it should be noted, that the compilation contains tracks from SEE YOU IN HELL, DIVORCE, BOXE IN, IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE, AUDIO KOLLAPS, DEZ-INFEKCE, INEPSY, EARTH TODAY, GEORGE HARRISON, F.P.O., IN the SHIT and AK47. For me the MOTORHEAD influenced INEPSY and pummeling beat down of BOXED IN were the highlights of the release. But in all honesty every track on this release is strong enough to stand on its own. Be sure to check this one out. (RC)
(Cities In the Dust, 548 Broderick St., San Francisco, CA 94117)

V/A – "Killed by Death #50—Rare Swedish Punk 1978-82" LP

This strong comp contains some incredibly rare items from the early days of Swedish punk, including several must-have classics. Stockholm's JONSTROM has a catchy anthem to protest bad radio, while MORGAN (producer to the first RUDE KIDS singles) clocks in with the hilarious, "I Want More," a stupid minimalist classic. HANGOVER's "Sick Society" shows elements of early rock'n'bluesish RUDE BOYS the falsetto vocal breaks in TRIPPLE CRIPPLE"s track adds interest to a standard mid-tempo punker, while the PINHEADS have a more melodic garage punk sound. Some great, rare stuff here. (SS)
(Punx-Lennart)

V/A – "Killed By Death #51—Rare Swedish Punk 1978-82" LP

"Okay...charging up...*clear*!" BZZZZZZ. Welcome back, *Killed By Death*. This is a companion to #50, concentrating on obscure Swedish punk from 1978-83. There is a lotta nationalistic snobbery in this world 'o collectordom, so the mere fact that these are Swedes is gonna turn off a certain percentage of flea pickers. Fuck 'em, they'll be missing totally primal garage duuuh from the likes of VENERIAS, SHIT KIDS, BIZEX-B, ABC 80 and ARSENIK, amongst others. These bands sure didn't sound like they were trying to copy anyone's sound, but instead started off on their own teenage REKLAMATION projects. The sound of abject commercial failure is very nice twenty years later. If you desire beautiful failure, cover "Punk Plonk" by FORSSELL. (RW)
(Punk-Lennart)

V/A – "OLD TYME LEMONADE" CD

This is fucking great. A collection of Providence and Olneyville Rhode Island bands and noise projects. Hospital Productions cranks out another winner. This comp first saw the light of day as a tape in an edition of 70 in 2003. Pure noise from PRURIENT, a live track from DROPDEAD, insanity from MINDFLAYER, great tracks by LIGHTNING BOLT and NECRONOMITRON, harsh electronic noise from the KITES and great stuff from WHITE MICE. That's only some of the highlights, there is a whole lot more. (RR)
(www.hospitalproductions.com)

V/A – "Play It Loud! Vol.1" LP

Play It Loud is a Trash 2001 record sampler that is accompanied by a CD of the LP. It's a good idea that I'm sure will catch on. Seven of the eleven bands deliver two songs. Unfortunately, this sampler doesn't really inspire me, but ROTTEN APPLES, the NEGATIVES, and RIOTEARS have stand out tunes. (HM)
(Trash 2001, PO Box 10 16 53, D-46216 Bottrop, GERMANY, www.trash2001.de)

V/A – "Punk For Life" CD

Over 30 songs of average to above-average street punk songs that would make a perfect soundtrack on you walkman for daydreaming about drinking 40s on railroad tracks when you are sitting in history class. M.D.C., WRETCHED ONES, KILL YOUR IDOLS, NO FRAUD and BOMBSCARE are all on here plus 27 more. This would be a great way to hear some new bands but not crucial. (NT)
(Run and Hide, PO Box 35094, Philadelphia, PA 19128)

V/A – "Punk Que? Punk" LP

A fairly dead on reissue of a compilation from 1983 which presents a fiery concoction of old Spanish punk bands including KGB, SEGURIDAD SOCIAL, ESPADMODICOS, CARNE DE PSIQUIATRICO, URGENTE, NO, N. 634, PP TAN SOLO, and CAMALEONES. The collective tone is urgent, raw, and often disjointed, bringing to mind certain early 80s San Francisco comps. I would have liked a bit more in the liner notes, like a photo or two, and perhaps a few stories. As it is, you just have to use your imagination. I was struck by the number of songs tackling specific political situations, like N. 634's "Masacre En Beirut," and CAMALEONES' "Noche de Paz, Noche en Vietnam." I was going to list off some outstanding tracks, but this is a skillfully chosen selection, excellent pretty much all the way through. (AC)
(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

V/A – "Shielded by Death, Vol. 3" LP

Dionysus gets into the retro-punk compilation with a sorta-lame-titled compilation. The byline states that it's "Rare & Raw 1978-1981 Boston/Southern CT Punk," which is certainly specific. Not exactly accurate, though, since at least one of these tracks dates from as late as 1987. Truth in advertising, come on. Some bands that I recall from *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* scene reports from way, way back (like SEIZURE, CANCEROUS GROWTH, PSYCHO and 8TH ROUTE ARMY) and some oldsters that I don't exactly recognize (the LAST SUPPER, HOT BODIES, STRATFORD SURVIVORS, T.V. NEATS, TRANSPLANTS, VERTABRATES). The older material, naturally, leans more toward the pop-tastic end of the spectrum. Really, it's all boss in its own right though of course of greater interest to those from the region. Carolyn, you listening? (JH)
(Dionysus, PO Bo x1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

V/A – "Qualcosa Di Completamente Diverso" LP

Ah yes, bootleg number two for this month. This one contains a variety of bands including RAPT, RAW NOISE, HERESY, GEPOPEL and BGK. And according to the back cover (no insert) it is mostly unreleased, demo or live stuff. You probably know most of these bands already, so let me just add that the quality on this is fairly decent for a bootleg. Even the live BGK recording is decent. So if you see it around in a distro, consider picking it up. (RC)
(no address)

V/A – "Wayfarers All" LP

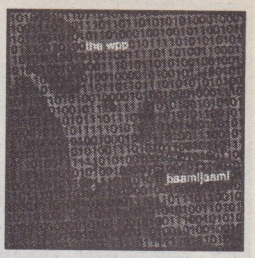
Wow! How stoked was I when I saw I was given this LP to review! It has so many of my favorite (emotional hardcore) bands that are actually still together on it: STOP IT!! performs a lovely anti-city or maybe just anti-capitalist cities (?) song; Italy's chaotic and dancy ORCHID worshippers LA QUIETE seem to be coming into their own and this track has a really good droney stoney build up that gives it an edge; the newest gem from Portland LIFE AT THESE SPEEDS play a fun, passionate piece that makes you want to clap along; TRUE FEEDBACK STORY are as abstract yet political as ever (however this song includes the line "...fuck the USA" which I guess is pretty straightforward ha); LIZA KATE is really mellow and sort of out of place on this comp, sounding a bit like MIRAH and all; WILDERNESS MEDICINE is lo-fi, raw, and melodic; REACTIONARY 3 plays a short, energetic track about how it feels after you quit your job; and BIG LITTLE TORSO sounds like some kids who like to whistle and play accoustic guitar and it is a cute way to end the record. Also on this comp is a very sincere lyrically and musically interesting track from SINALOA and nicely done tracks by the SHIVERING and HIT SELF DESTRUCT. The cover is beautifully silk-screened and hand-stamped with some illustrations of bears. Complilations can be really hit and miss because sometimes record labels try to be really ecclectic and mix too many styles so you end up disliking a good portion of the record, but this LP goes together very well and came out great! (ZM)
(Owsla, PO Box 4834 Richmond, VA 23220)

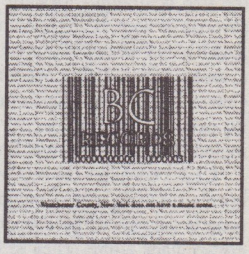
V/A – "We Bite, A Tribute To the Misfits" EP

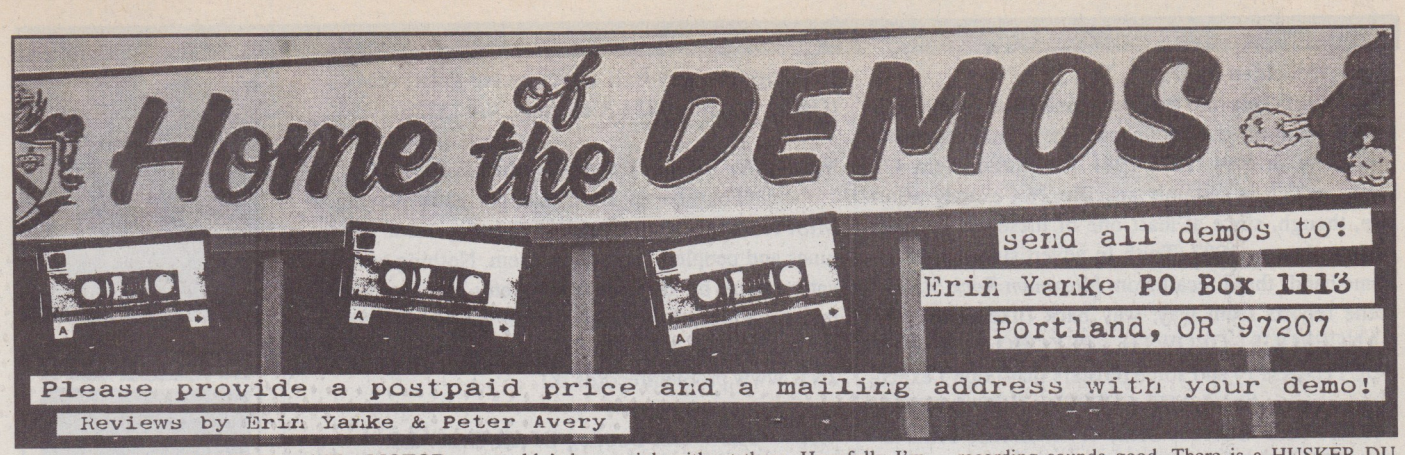
Four bands from Europe, each playing a MISFITS song. Yep, the MISFITS play some catchy tunes and people like to cover them. Nothing to innovative done by these bands—pretty straightforward interpretations of these "oldies but goodies." (AS)
(Problem, Flat 3/2, 5 Pitfour Street, Dundee, DD2 2NT, www.problemrecords.tk)

V/A – "The Worst Bootleg Of All Time" LP

Okay, that's not really the name of this record but it sums it up pretty well. What we have here are the ELECTRIC DEADS *Anti-Sex* and *Mind Bomb* EPs plus the Finnish *Lasta* (featuring TERVEET KADET, RIISTETYT, KANSAN UUTISET, BASTARDS and POIKKEUSTILA amongst others) and the Italian *Papi, Queens, Reichkanzlers & Presidennti* (featuring KAAOS, TOTAL CHAOS, and QUINTO BRACCIO amongst others) compilations EPs. Fundamentally, it doesn't make any sense, the sound quality is shit, and the layout is totally pixilated. I mean for fucks sake, why not just boot the ELECTRIC DEADS stuff and leave the comp stuff off? That's what anyone actually really cares about. For those who don't know, ELECTRIC DEADS were from Copenhagen from the mid-80s and played moderately thrashy yet melodic hardcore punk with female vocals that could viewed as a predecessor to modern female fronted punk bands like HARUM SCARUM. They were fucking great. This bootleg sucks. (MT)
(no address)







On **The APOLOGETICS** and **The MOTORCYCLE PROM DATES** split demo, the APOLOGETICS are a pop punk combination, like mixing GREEN DAY with THE MICE and a pinch of rawness. The MOTORCYCLE PROM DATES are more garagey, faster, and only slightly less catchy. ($2 ppd. 8 songs by TA, 11 by MPD. 2756-A N. Booth St., Milwaukee, WI 53212.)

BOTOX/ROB HALFORD split the demo tape. BOTOX is screaming and thrashing hardcore, vocals the main focus. ROB HALFORD is more metal, and dirgy, and they also have running commentary in between almost all the songs ($2 ppd. About 30 songs, but they're not counted. No lyrics. 6676 N. Bendel, Fresno, CA 93772.)

The BURP-UPS are sometimes really surf oriented in a party band kind of way, and sometimes the pop is straight- forward. There's always some surprise venom, though, coming from the ANGRY SAMOANS school of humor. The vocals sound like a mean Lance Hahn not singing about romance. Comes with a puke bag from Korean Air, but I didn't need it. ($4 or trade. 10 song CD, some lyrics included. 633 W. 8th Ave, Eugene, OR 97401.)

CLETUS sings the hits, meaning this is all covers played using a bass, banjo (?) and guffaws. Each song is announced by a smooth announcer, and the crowd claps along. They're lovin it, sounding like the crowd on a Cheech and Chong comedy record. ($2 ppd. or trade. 22 song CD, no lyrics. 265 Mt. Diablo Ave., Mountain View, CA 94043.)

THE COMPANY ANTHEM plays basic hardcore. The songs are fast, the drumming is straightforward and the vocalist usually screams. They do throw in some melodic hardcore stuff every once in a while (and on the whole of track 4). This is unfortunate because they are much better at hardcore than they are at trying to make the warped tour. Recording isn't great but it's doesn't hamper the listening. (4 song tape, with lyrics, 31 Kellogg St. #3, Portland, ME 04101, www.geocities.com/thecompanyanthem.) (Pete)

DEAD CHRETIENS are trying their hardest to be offensive through their lyrics and confrontational writing on the tape cover. They failed miserably though. The only things that are offensive here are the extremely poor recording and the band asking for $10 for a t-shirt and CD. They play basic punk rock with a hardcore feel. There is nothing new here. The songs are obviously recorded on a little stereo, which makes it hard to tell what is going on. Oh yea, I'm also offended by the song called "Cancel Welfare". If this guy is serious then he is also terribly misinformed about what welfare is all about. He is making gross assumptions about people on welfare being lazy when he really knows nothing about their situation. Even if some people abuse the system you still can't make gross generalizations based on a few cases. It also seems that you wouldn't have a job without them. Hopefully I'm just misinformed about what this band is all about. (8 song tape, no lyrics, P.O. Box 102, Cobalt, ON POJ 1CO, Canada, othmerj@yahoo.com) (Pete)

DEATH VALLEY METH LAB play mid-tempo hardcore, with some songs that feature good rockin parts, and some stop-start moments. The vocals are guttural and shouted. ($1 plus $4 postage. song CD, lyrics included. 23224 Burbank Blvd., Woodland Hills CA 91367)

THE DEFCON FIVE play punk rock and roll. There are quite a few similarities to the MISFITS, vocally and musically. The song writing is a mix of the RAMONES and the MISFITS, with some semi-blues style lead stuff thrown in. The drumming is pretty basic and often gets lost in the mix. The recording is a bit blown out and the high tones rule. The last couple of songs are from a live recording that doesn't sound so bad. (6 song CD, no lyrics, P.O. Box 6092, Hamden, CT 06514, thedefconfivepower@hotmail.com) (Pete)

DISRESPECT actually doesn't sound like DISCHARGE, but instead a straightforward relatively mid-tempo anarcho-punk band. When their songs speed up, they do provide bread downs for you to catch your breath. Dual male and female vocals, mostly shouted. ($3 ppd. 7 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408.)

DRY SOCKET play gothic influenced metal, with hardcore overtones of speed and a full mix. The double bass makes many an appearance. Groaning and throaty vocals. ($3 ppd. 3 songCD, no lyrics. 1604 1/2 S. Riverfront Dr., Mankato, MN 56001.)

FREE RADICAL play bouncy mid-tempo straight forward punk, DEAD BOYS-ish, with the vocals adding the pinch of anger to keep it going. ($7 ppd. 6 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 233, North San Juan, CA 95960.

FRIEL manages to play 10 songs in a little over 5 minutes. What we've got here is a huge mess. Two vocalists, both are screaming their heads off over messy, thrashy, fast hardcore. The music is totally sloppy and very emo but it's still fun. It sounds like they did this on a stereo in their practice space. (10 song CD, with lyrics, $1ppd, Dan Shea, 120 McMechen St., Apt C3204, Baltimore, MD 21217, www.freewebs.com/dancingfriel) (Pete)

HONKIE AND McSMELLY SMELL dedicate their CD to WESLEY WILLIS, who also sounds like their greatest influence. Humor-core. ($2 ppd. or trade. 99 song CD, no lyrics. 265 Mt. Diablo Ave., Mountain View, CA 94043.)

INFESTATION OF ASS blows through 10 songs in about 10 minutes, and that's the way that it should be done. They play ultra fast songs with lots of power, screaming vocals and pounding blast beats. They also throw in enough hooks to keep it interesting. Altogether, it's well played and the recording sounds good. There is a HUSKER DU cover in there but it's hard to pick out if your not listening for it. (10 song CD, no lyrics, P.O. Box 345, Sherman, IL 62684, www.doomedyouth.com/loa) (Pete)

KEEP LAUGHING is a hardcore band which has really cool and unusual mid-parts to most of their songs. Like, one has cool fast drumming going on, and guitars that play at about half the speed, to make for a dirgy feel. The vocals are shouted, and high endy at the same time. ($2 US, $3 World ppd. 7 song Cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 471, Boston, MA 021134.)

MISSING IN ACTION brings back the classic mix of good raw pop, energetic playing, and snotty mean vocals. The SCREECHING WEASEL influence is on their sleeve, apparent before the live snotty banter comes in—then they go into SCREECHING WEASEL cover songs. ($5 ppd. or Trade. 7 song CD with lyrics. PO Box 575. Walnut, IL 61376.)

MY WAR has four short originals and a cover of "The Good Father" (by BORN AGAINST, of course). Pretty good stuff here. The songs are short and full of power. It is a bit similar to some of the earlier and faster BORN AGAINST stuff but there is also a bit of the new straightedge sound. Harsh, screaming vocals, full guitars, slightly distorted bass and fast, heavy drumming. The recording quality is excellent for a demo. (5 song CD, with lyrics, $3ppd, 236 S. Pine St., Richmond, VA 23220, myxwar@hotmail.com) (Pete)

NEW MORNING CHANGING WEATHER is a typical screamo band except for the fact that they don't have a bass player (which really makes a difference). They still mix up thrashy stuff with quiet emotional parts. It is a bit sloppy at times and the recording is not great but they do manage to keep the music interesting. The songs do lack that full sound with out a bass player, though. I must mention that the packaging is excellent. (9 song CD or 10 if you include secret BAD BRAINS cover, with lyrics, iamlazz@yahoo.com) (Pete)

NORTH STAR INFINITE seem a bit suspicious because the recording is pretty good on this, but I'll take the chance. They like to start soft and build the songs up so there is a pretty dynamic mix of sounds. The first track sounds a lot like URANIUM 9 VOLT. The rest of the songs have a bit more of an ACROBAT DOWN feel. Some times I wonder if this is punk or not and at other times I ask myself if this stuff hasn't gone out of style yet. They really like guitar effects. (6 song CD, no lyrics, 275 Glen Riddle Rd., Apt D24, Media, PA 19063, www.northstarinfinite.com) (Pete)

NUCLEAR SKULL recorded this their first night together, and that explains it. Jammy metal sound, with spewed shouted vocals over the top. They also have a cassette of just guitar. ($5 for CD,

$4 for cassette. 3 song CD, no lyrics included. 1101 98th St. #6, South Bay Harbor, FL 33154.)

PAXANE play simplistic and kind of dark mid-tempo punk, and sound like they were equally influenced by peace punk bands and early-days good-rockin punk bands. The female vocals range from venom-speaking style, to good screaming along, to actual singing. A quality mix of influences and energy. ($3 cassette, $5 CD. 7 songs, lyrics included. 1600 Ortega St., San Francisco, CA 94122.)

PERIOD THREE have strong pop sensibilities, and a deep melancholy. This comes out in simple song forms, but CD skipping problems get in the way of full enjoyment. (8 song CD, no lyrics included. 2756-A N. Booth St., Milwaukee, WI)

The PRIZE FIGHTERS sound like a slow rock band with pop sensibilities, and then the really slow reggae influenced parts kick in. The vocals are half sung and shouted, and unfortunately, bury the guitars. This is rectified a bit when the guitar playing is more note driven, and the vocals are spoken, but not enough. The drums are also too loud. (4 song CD, no lyrics included. 396 Lakehorne Ct., San Jose, CA 95133.)

S. T. DEALERS are an energetic, fast rocknroll band, with a motormouth kind of crooning and snotty singer guy. Solid fun. (7 song CD, no lyrics included. 316 1/2 W. State St., W. Lafayette, IN 47906.)

The SCARRED have a classic Southern California punk mix going on with the special catchy darkness of the beach influenced OC bands that are still pissed as hell. The vocals are snotty, but occasionally they do a dead-on Keith Morris impression. (4 song CD, no lyrics. PO Box 2433, Anaheim, CA 92814.)

SHAKIN' BABIES are hilarious lo-fi 3 chord punk rock, with snotty girl vocals tying it all together. Totally fun, and a cover of HUSKER DU's "Dianne." ($2 ppd. 8 song cassette, lyrics included. 2756-A N. Booth St., Milwaukee, WI 53212.)

The SHAVEKS are a mid-tempo guitar driven rock band, with sleazy overtones, and I mean that in a good way! Mean guy vocals kind of sneer along with it. Good time pissed off rock band, yee-haw. (4 song CD, no lyrics included. 21 Stag Trail, Fairfield, NJ 07004.)

The SHEMPS have a tour CD that was recorded live at WFMU. They play some catchy mid to up-tempo, rock and roll songs that have their roots in the early days of rock. Of course it is more punk than I just described. Musically, the lightly distorted guitars play sped up versions of traditional rock riffs with plenty of wanking as well. The vocals are pretty aggressive with enough "wows" to last me for a long time. Altogether this is good listen. (11 song CD, no lyrics, www.theshemps.com) (Pete)

STEP ON IT play your standard thrash core, with metal guitar getting fancy when the pace is not full throttle. Vocals are shouted, veins popping out of the forehead style. ($2 ppd. 3 song CD, lyrics included. 2320 Plum Grove, O'Fallon, MO 63366.)

STRAIGHT EDGE KEGGER split their tape with **BLACKMARKET FETUS**. STRAIGHT EDGE KEGGER is fast, fast thrash, with crazy screaming vocals. Chaotic on top of a bedrock of order. BLACKMARKET FETUS's first song is midtempo, darker punk that's got spoken and emphatic vocals. Then they shift into fast, and the vocals go cookie monster, and screechy guy, back and forth. ($2 ppd. 18 songs STRAIGHT EDGE KEGGER, 4 songs BLACKMARKET FETUS's, no lyrics. 128-A N. Glenn, Fresno, CA 93728.)

SYSTEM FITE play lo-fi hardcore. They hit all the standards: driving guitars, shouted vocals, mosh parts, metal type intro's to the songs. Sounds as if you're standing in the back of the packed basement. ($2 ppd. 7 song cassette, lyrics included. 198 Euclid Ave., Albany, NY 12208.)

The TOTAL END play heavy, dark hardcore that borders on metal at times. They do a pretty good job of mixing up the fast grinding songs with the slow drudging tunes. The total sound is very full with a prominent bass and lots of double bass pedal action. The vocals come from deep in the throat but they maintain an aggressive sound that doesn't go to low. Only complaint is that some of the really high lead guitar work doesn't seem fit the music. (8 song tape, with lyrics, P.O. Box 1004, Windsor, CT 06095, ibrache@aol.com) (Pete)

TURNING SEASONS are in the vein of classic Boston Hardcore, but a bit faster for our modern tastes. They're gruff and tough, with a titch of melody and some good rocking parts to keep it interesting. Vocals are shouted. Nice work. ($2 ppd. 5 song CD, lyrics included. 1333 Glenwood Ave, Hagerstown, MD 21742.)

So I up and purchased the **WRANGLER BRUTES** cassette for myself. I was a bit apprehensive at first but I put up the eight bucks anyway. Well after listening to this for the last month, I must say that my apprehensions were totally unfounded. The sound is the best of what you could expect from former members of some really great bands. They sound sort of like later BORN AGAINST meets SKULL KONTROL. It's aggressive and a bit messy but still catchy and Sam's vocals are totally unmistakable. It's well worth the money. (16 song tape, with lyrics, 532 S. Coronado St. #307, Los Angeles, CA 90057, www.wranglerbrutes.com) (Pete)

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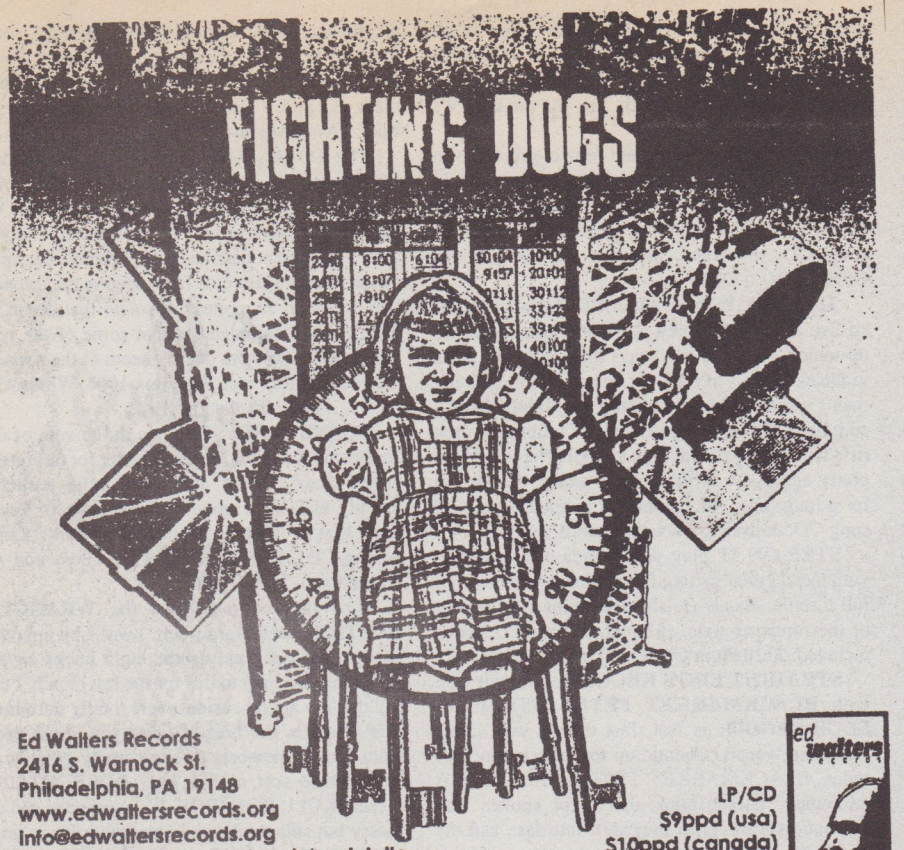

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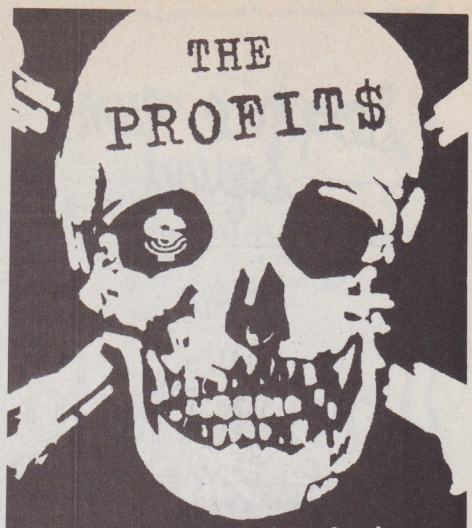

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Enhanced CD: $12.ⁿ (Virus 312)

THE EVAPORATORS
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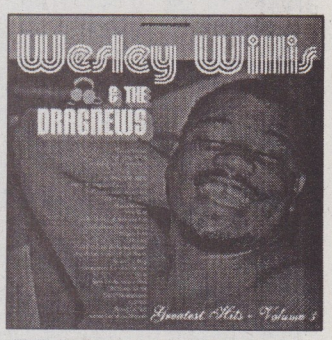
LP+7": $9.ⁿ | Enhanced CD: $12.ⁿ (Virus 311)



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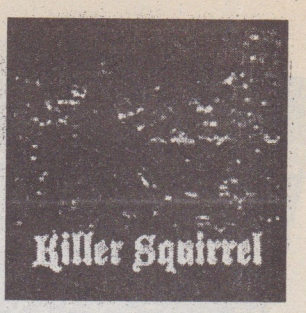

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (JB) Julia Booz Ullrey, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (BD) Ben Ditch, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (MF) Maree Faygo, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ABORT! #15 / $2 ppd, free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
Jonathan may have refined the art of couch surfing—and he writes about it for our amusement. I enjoyed his sense of humor, cynicism and sarcasm in these tales, mostly about shifting from house to house to avoid paying rent, and just living life, trying to squeeze some enjoyment out of it. Some reviews at the end of punk rock music to round this out. Definitely enjoyable. Oh, and I should also mention the art on the back cover—a daisy chain of mohawked boys going at it. (MD)
Jonathan Spies / 45 E 7th St #106 / New York, NY 10003

ABORT! Anthology / $5
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 112 pgs
Wow! This is huge and there's tons to read, so I'm not going to lie and said I read it all before review deadline. Jonathan's writing is totally fun to read, he can really engage you in his stories of life and rants about fucked up shit in this world. *Cometbus*-esque, but this stands on its own. And just so you know, the anthology covers material from issues #2 through #14. (MD)
Jonathan Spies / 45 E 7th St #106 / New York, NY 10003

AVOW #17 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
Ahh, existential angst - a familiar fuel for writers and zinesters. Keith is dealing with some dark days in this anecdote driven personal zine. Self-described as outcast or underdog, he recounts his trials, past and present. He seems to have been down from day one, trying to make some sense of daily existence. The tone of his art and writing tends to exist in the realm of dark, resigned, self-destruction. I hope that this publication serves as some therapy for this troubled man. Everything here is well crafted, from the writing, to the illustrations, to the layout. (JP)
Keith Rosson / 1631 NW Everett #401 / Portland, OR 97209
Keithrosson@hotmail.com

BORN IN FLAMES #1 / no price listed
5.75 x 8.25 - copied - 60 pgs
Feminist as fuck, international in scope, dedicated to hardcore... Sounds good right? This debut installment does come off pretty well, featuring articles, essays and interviews while bypassing all reviews and advertisements. The world's only superpower is represented by the (short) interview with Wages of Sin and the essays by an abortion clinic defender, a radical cheerleader, and a punk promoter. A female and a male hardcore kid from Sao Paolo are interviewed separately; these talks have a lot of questions and long responses and make up my favorite part of the zine; also the availability of abortion in Brazil is discussed. A number of rants about women in hardcore are attributed to members of the Viennese collective which put this out. There is no postal address included, but a second issue and a website are planned. (JM)
phoolan_devi_kollektiv@hotmail.com

CALL & RESPONSE Issue 1 / $3
6 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Gianni lives and teaches Italian in Japan. He spends much of this issue talking about his community of "mail artists," who create and exchange various art projects in the mail. I know this is basically what we do as zine editors, but something about his presentation of it struck me as sort of sad. He also writes about scamming copies (yawn) with this charming analogy: "...abusing their lone, beautiful brand new photocopier feels like sodomising the beautiful, snotty daughter of your rich, snotty employer, without the risk of being arrested for sexual harassment." Next. (AC)
Gianni Simone / 3-3-23 Nagatsuta, Midori-ku / Yokohama-shi 226-0027 / Kanagawa-ken / Japan
Jb64jp@yahoo.co.jp

CHUMPIRE #167 & #168 / free w/ stamp or trade
8.5 x 11 - copied - 1 page each
Last night I dreamt that one of my best friends died. And now this. I was just trying to get your attention. *Chumpire* is like that, I didn't even know what I was reading and suddenly I was forced to envision the sound of a turtle shell being shattered in the jaws of a crocodile, and what it must feel like to witness that from your bike. All the reviews are like hearing parts of someone's phone conversation; only

the other half of the conversation is the record being talked about. It is actually pretty fucking brilliant. So short though, I can't decide if that is what makes this zine what it is or if it is another one of those acts that falls into the category mom spoke of when she said "life isn't fair". (JB)
GK / PO Box 27 Annville, PA / 17003
chumpire@hotmail.com

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #23 /LARCENY #21 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 54 pgs
The *Cryptic Slaughter* side of this split zine is definitely the stronger of the two. It's one long travelogue of time spent in Mexico. While some of it smacks of punk-tourism (i.e. an assumed superiority to other tourists), most of this was well-written and interesting, touching on different subjects—from coffee to jungles to hostels to Coca-cola's influence. *Larceny* is the more typical emo-rant half of this project—discovering the Smiths (Finally! I thought I was a latecomer eleven years ago!), the typical scene and relationship stuff... and the priceless quote: "the day we divorced...I ran home and broke my edge, got pretty drunk." (MD)
Shaun Allen / 8128 Constitution Ave #8 / Sterling Heights, MI 48313

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #24 / HEART MURMUR #1 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 42 pgs
Reading about the shittiest of weather in Eastern Europe in *Cryptic Slaughter* humbles me because I'm from California. But I kinda also started yawning during this travelogue not because it describes dismal happenings, but because there seemed to be no connections made between describing these experiences with the most obvious of the five senses and how these experiences may have affected the writer. So, does this mean that you can't keep a reader engaged if there is no self-consciousness in the narration and thus your writing fails? No, but it is my task to speak for myself and nobody else really. I like the kind of tales that expect me to care about the person with whom I am given contact through the venue of storytelling. This is a nice segue to the other half of the zine, which succeeds in compelling my interest. *Heart Murmur* describes a day in the life of Benji who works at The Landing, an emergency homeless youth shelter in Seattle. What makes this story sweet is honesty and diligence, and I could appreciate the sentiment of hope in thankless endeavors. (JB)
5209 19th Ave NE / Seattle, WA 98105

DORIS #22 / $1 plus 2 stamps
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 32 pgs
Always introspective and emotional, *Doris* is touching, haunting and confusing all at once. It makes me think of how much people let fear control their lives, what they do, what they say and how they feel. When I read this zine, I got an overwhelming sense of fear. I also feel like there are themes of abuse and lack of personal power that are revisited time and time again... almost like they are *expected* and we'd all be less inclined to read this stuff if it wasn't about being fucked up! And that is definitely fucked up. I guess the question in my mind is - which path do you choose? To unlearn the patterns that cause that fearful response to things in life (hard habits to break)—or do you just live in a cushion of fear? (because fear can protect you—it stops you from taking chances and living life) I think these are questions a lot of us are asking ourselves. Cindy has no easy answers yet, just lots of questions and discovery ahead...(MD)
PO Box 1734 / Asheville, NC 28802

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, MARTHA! $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
Editor Candyce fills this issue with thoughts on education, arching gradually from a general discussion of its intrinsic value into a full-bodied argument in favor of homeschooling, with frequent references to her own experiences teaching her ten-year-old son at home. In the process, she accomplishes something nearly miraculous: makes me stop and reevaluate an opinion I've been pretty firm about for years. Homeschooling, like moving back to the land, has always seemed like a nice idea, but also like an escape. It's like Burning Man—seems cool and everything, but why not pour all that creative energy into improving the society we already have, which is so desperately in need, rather than building a fake society out in the desert? Isn't it a little like giving up? Candyce counters this argument, and many more besides, citing three realities of public school life, each of which was chilling enough to catch my attention: commercialism (the sanctioned marketing of crap to kids in school), cops (the classroom visits by officers lecturing about drugs, etc.), and state testing (poorly designed standards which misuse kids in the scramble for funding). I'm not entirely swayed, but I was impressed by many of Candyce's points, including her acknowledgement of the privilege associating with homeschooling. I also have no doubt that her son will grow up critical and compassionate, with a top-notch understanding of how the world is put together. (AC)
PO Box 3124 / Fort Smith, AR 72913

HAZARDOUS WASTE #5 / VOICES WAKE US #10 / $1 ppd or stamps
8.5 x 11 - copied - 10 pgs
The *Hazardous Waste* half of this split is damndably infused with nostalgia. Why then, that said, does that emotion make

for such good writing? I can appreciate these words without directly relating to them, somehow the content of them (being a eulogical series of show reviews for the late Tear It Up) resides in the background of the *form*, which in recounting episodic delights with a band Matt loved, relies on that clipped, funny, this-happened-and-that-sucked composition that just melts the heart. Or whatever. The *Voices Wake Us* half continues in its noble fashion with Professor Parker ruminating as he does on the period of crossover (which freaked me out for reasons I shall not indulge here). The piece is brief before the onslaught of reviews, which distinguish themselves from the rumination part by focusing on specific records. Because he is funny, I let this guy off the hook for being so didactic and impersonal in his declarations about historical significance and the like. Honestly, I love a zine that uses the word "wankery" as an adjective. And really, if he weren't so opinionated, he'd be *nice* which we all know is the equivalent of boring. (JB)
c/o Ben Parker / 5290 Lerner Hall / New York, NY 10027

HELLFIRE FOR FUCKER #1 / $1 ppd
8.5 x 11 - copied - 14 pgs
Fans of Japanese thrash metal – here is your zine. It's not my bag of cookies, but this seems like a good start for this new zine. It's mostly reviews, plus an interview with Carcass. I also liked the call for punks to return to the days of tape trading, to re-release punk records and to question the record-collector mentality. Cool! (MD)
605 E Lambright St / Tampa, FL 33604
dis_bones_attack@hotmail.com

THE INNER SWINE Vol. 10, #1 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 60 pgs
Although the title caused me to be pretty skeptical at first, once I got into the middle of *The Inner Swine* I was pleasantly surprised. It's evident that editor Jeff has been writing for years, and by now he knows what he's doing: his essays and fiction are both amusing and interesting, and they kept my attention despite the snoring man sitting next to me on the train. Jeff's writing, and the zine in general, is lighthearted enough to not take itself entirely seriously, and that's what makes it so goddamn funny. So go read it already. (CJ)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030
www.innerswine.com

LEEKING INK #28 / $2 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 36 pgs
This zine was mildly amusing, but lacking substance. There's an article on getting tattooed (isn't that so 90s?), stories about pets (which failed to excite even me, the animal freak), and a tale about the editor's shitty job, where real life people are substituted by famous actors, that was funny at first, but went on and on and on... (MD)
PO Box 963 / Havre De Grace, MD 21078
www.leekinginc.com

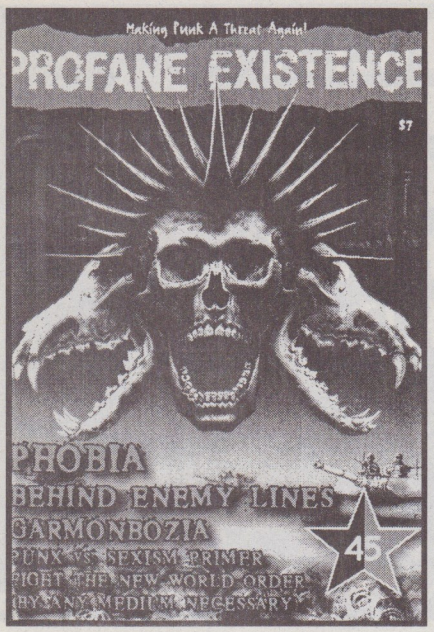
LIFE DURING WARTIME #7 / $2
Cassette - 40 minutes
Audiozine from the Rose City of Portland, this time detailing the protests which surrounded the start of the second Iraqi war here in San Francisco. What makes this exciting and interesting is that it consists of interviews which occur while the protests are going on, rather than people recalling memories from weeks or months past. There's just an honest sense of urgency, and you can hear the exhaustion in peoples voices from a day spent running from the cops, blocking intersections and showing their outrage at this newest American travesty. Highly recommended. (MT)
PO Box 1113 / Portland, OR 97207

PROFANE EXISTENCE #45 / $7
7 x 10 - printed - 100 pgs
Oh fuck! What crusty has the willpower to panhandle seven whole dollars? But seriously folks, it is a big format change for our old friend—glossy cardstock cover, perfect bound, ISBN number, and CD (a retrospective of the record label) enclosed. The content hasn't changed, except there's more of it (ads and reviews together are only 14 pgs) and it looks nicer. There are a ton of articles, including police/prison repression in Spain, the murdered women of Ciudad Juarez (mostly maquiladora workers), sexism and punk, and the fucking US and its foreign policy (senseless killing for

corporate profit, I believe). Interviewed are Phobia, Behind Enemy Lines, Garmonbozia, and the Dutch artist Marald; as always, the interviewers ask decent questions and the talks come out pretty well. Letters, prisoner submissions, and the PE discography close it off. I'm glad they've changed formats to something that gives them the space they lacked before and makes the punks invest some cash if they really do believe in it, though it sucks for the kids overseas. Here's to many more, I say. (JM)
PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408
www.profaneexistence.com

RANCID NEWS #5 / $4
8 x 11 - printed - 92 pgs
The first line in the opening editorial of this special all girl issue is, "Of course we would never do an 'all boy issue.' That'd be stupid." Awesome. This fine-looking music zine includes interviews with Walls of Jericho, Hanin Elias, F-Minus, Pretty Girls Make Graves, The Wage of Sin, the Gossip, Melt Banana, Alison Wolfe, My Ruin, the Mingers, and Tsunami Bomb—pretty impressive for a zine in its fifth issue. Like *MRR*, *Rancid News* has a small news section, a few columns, and reviews. The editors pack in a number of articles as well, on anarcha-feminism, plain old-fashioned feminism, feminist porn, and my favorite, girls and zines.

There's a lot of thought and passion in here from these upstart young lady punks. (AC)
PO Box 382 / 456-458 The Strand / London WC2R ODZ / UK
info@rnzine.co.uk



ROCTOBER #37 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 88 pgs
A long-standing magazine for the rockers; based out of Chicago. I was impressed, this sort of stuff usually isn't my cup of tea, but this kept my attention. Inside are well-researched articles on Joe Tex, Bianca Butthole, Simply Saucer, the Chipmunks, and the Disco Demolition of Comiskey Park; interviews with All Sports Band, Subsonics, and the Registrators. Filling out the rest of the pages are a bunch of well-drawn comics and a gang load of reviews. It's great to see people giving due credit to those responsible to the roots of rock n' roll. Definitely written for the enthusiasts of rock n' roll and garage punk, part-timers may want to steer clear. But if this sort of stuff lights your fire, then here is a magazine for you. (JP)
Jake Austen / 1507 E 53rd St #617 / Chicago, IL 60615
editor@roctober.com

SHADOW PLAY #7 / free with SASE.
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 12 pgs
You know what? All this complaining I do about computer layout is tired. I won't go into that. Instead I will say that I really get pumped when the writing of an interview is disguised as recollecting through casual observations the details that stand out in the recording of a series of interactions through the oddity of trying to talk to people that you don't know about their art. That whole question and answer format is fucked in comparison, although I don't reckon it is going anywhere. A hearty eff yes! to Alex Lawson, for being stellar in this breaking of ground of normalcy with regard to the transmission of information. That over with, this zine is still about stuff that doesn't do anything for me. (At the Drive-In? Come *on*) (JB)
Shadow Play / 28 Warwick Road / Mapperley Park / Nottingham / United Kingdom / NG3 5ES
alexowl126@hotmail.com

SHIT POP #3 / $3
10 x 7 - printed - 42 pgs
The theme for the third issue of *Shit Pop* is "future activism." The editors of this bilingual zine sent a questionnaire of sorts to members of their community, and the responses they received are catalogued here, ranging from sentence-long answers to comics to extended diatribes on both local and global issues. The writing isn't bad, but the ideas aren't exactly groundbreaking, and I sometimes had trouble following them due to the confusing layout, and the fact that some of the material was not translated into English. It's definitely inspirational to know that people all over the world are continuing to fight for social change, and *Shit Pop* is a great example of the global nature of that movement, but the disorganization and confusion in here was just a bit too much for me. (CJ)
Jen and K / Apt A / 32 Sakawaki-Chohinooka / Yamasina-ku, Kyoto-shi / Japan / 607-8496
Kindlady76@hotmail.com

SHREDDING PAPER # 17 / $2.95
8.5 x 11 - printed - 92 pgs
It calls itself "America's Record Review Magazine" and that is an apt description. There's an article on computer file sharing, and the rest is reviews, reviews, and more reviews—hundreds of 'em. A nice spectrum of music is covered, from punk to pop to indie to garage and everything in between...my only critique is that the reviews are uniformly positive, and while descriptive, it seems like *every* record gets a good review. Great for open minded music fans. (MD)
PO Box 2271 / San Rafael, CA 94912
www.shreddingradio.com

SOME HOPE AND SOME DESPAIR #5 / $3
8.5 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
I love the way Lance writes about music. It should be written about this way—jumbled up with memory, humor, and feeling—not all coded and boxed up. This issue includes two interviews, with Metro Youth and Zounds, from Lance's book-in-progress about English peace punk. The detailed, meandering interviews will be adored by punk historians. "Dreams of Hawaii" is a funny, unguarded story about Lance's early navigations in punk and politics growing up in Hawaii. In the sections titled "Why I'm Afraid of Punk Girls," and "Why I love Punk Girls," he writes about attempting to become interesting to interesting girls, and how that changed his perspective and his influences. Lance also interviews experimental percussionist Susie Ibarra. It struck me how unusual it is for men in punk to write about being influenced by girls, in their lives or art. *Some Hope and Some Despair* #5 was completed sometime in 2003, reviewed sometime in 2004 (sorry). (AC)
Lance Hahn / 1730 E Oltorf #135 / Austin, TX 78741
honeybearrecords@hotmail.com

SONI KI MITI / $2
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 96 pgs
I was looking forward to reading this, but the further I got into it, the more distressed/ disappointed I became. What you have here is a retelling of a young woman's journey to India. She spent over a month there, meeting up with some

family and traveling along the countryside, seeing the sites. The zine is quite informative, giving some historical background to the country, as well as including an appendix of general information about India. As she travels along, she explains the cultural traditions of the country, sometimes as she is learning them herself. The thing that soured what was a really great travel journal was the author's lack of analysis regarding the poverty there. There are mentions of the class conditions, but they are more anecdotal than anything, lacking any depth. The sense I gather from reading this is the poor people there are more of an inconvenience to Violet's leisure time and shopping sprees; that they are trying to take advantage of her family's seemingly well-to-do position. She doesn't really articulate how the country's economics play themselves out in these people's lives. I'm not sure if this is from her naivety or the blinders that she puts on as an economically advantaged American. (JP)
Violetprettyluvsorgy@angelfire.com

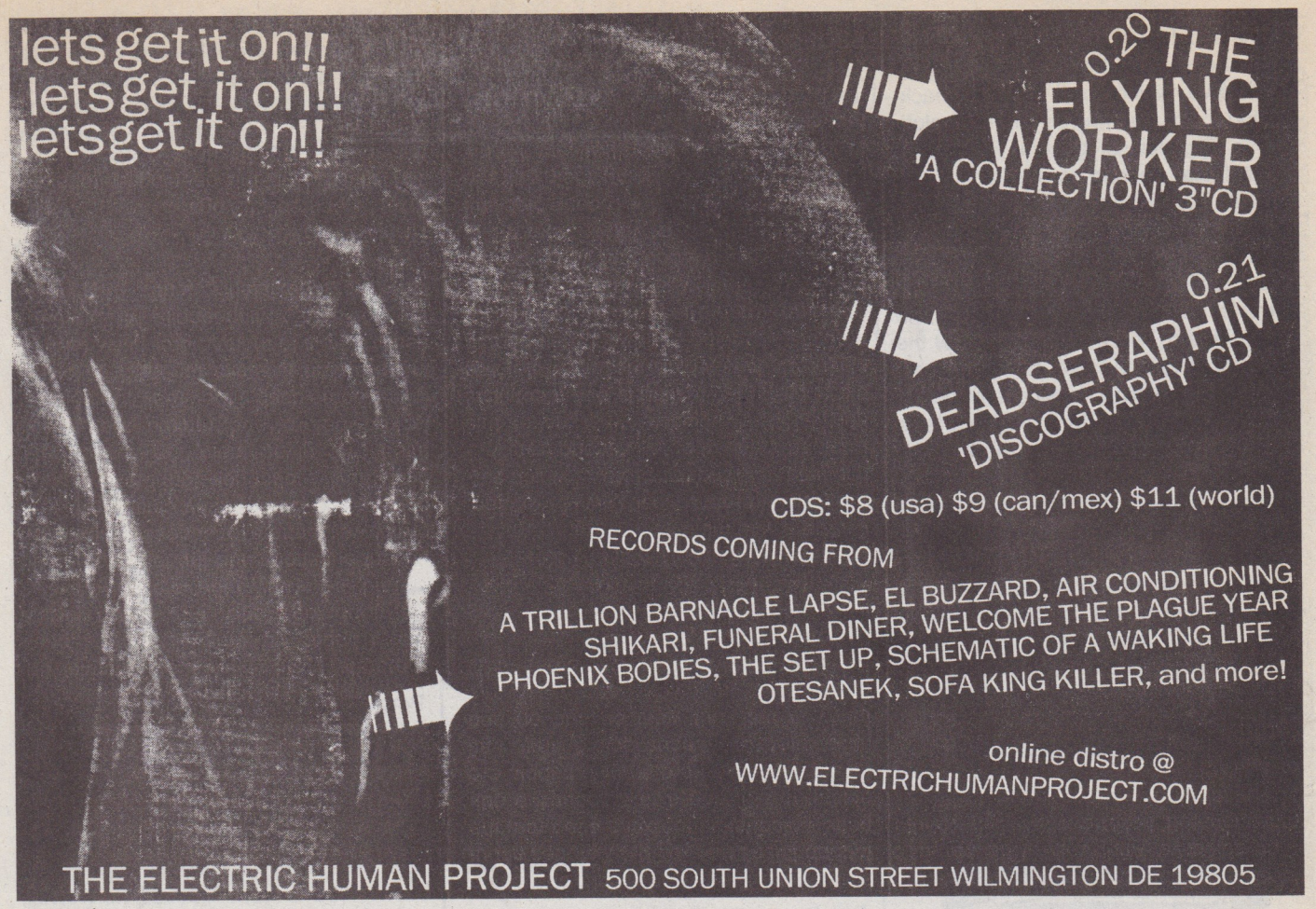
TOWN OF HARDCORE #8 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
What is probably the finest hardcore fanzine keeps rolling. While I don't always agree with Steve in regards to music (though we both agree Fucked Up are amazing, that lucky bastard gets to see them all the time, while I'm stuck just blasting their records), it is his passion for hardcore, and that he could give two shits what you think, which makes it such a good read. It's about a commitment to doing it because you love what you do, because you love the bands you are writing about, about making the effort and not being lazy or complacent. *Town Of Hardcore* doesn't normally even cover a lot of bands that I personally enjoy, but I look forward to each issue. This time around we have interviews with Craig Ahead (Sick Of It All, Agnostic Front, Straight Ahead etc.), Krishna talk (What?! in 2004?!) with Justin from Mind Eraser, a RNR/Say Goodbye tour diary, and an interview with Haymaker. Steve doesn't care about you distro'ing his zine, so don't ask. He also states in the note that came with this issue that there is "no address or price for mailorder... buy the zine at a show or try and do one better," but I bet if you write him an actual letter with your two bux he might send you a copy. Great. (MT)
1458 Reynolds Ave / Burlington / Ontario / L7M 3B7 / Canada

UNDER THE VOLCANO #78 / free
10.5 x 8.5 - printed - 50 pgs
Okay, I totally liked the last issue of *Under The Volcano* that I read, but I have to say this one is pretty mediocre. It's all in the interview choices: whereas last time we heard from the inimitable Ken Sanderson, this time we have Keelhaul, Crime In Stereo, Boys Night Out, Trustkill Records, and Madball. The interviews are very well done, with knowledgeable interviewers and smart questions, but the dudes that are being interviewed just aren't interesting. If you're a fan of these bands you'll want to pick this one up; if you're not, better luck with the next issue. (CJ)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767
www.underthevolcano.net

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #13 / $3 US, $5 world
5.5 x 8 - copied - 60 pgs
It's (almost) all zine reviews, by zine writers. The reviews are pretty well written and even engrossing. I certainly found a few titles I want to send for. (The vast majority of stuff reviewed in here ain't punk.) There are also some (thankfully short) columns and an essay on Turner Diaries author Dr. W. Pierce. What an easy review! (JM)
PO Box 963 / Havre de Grace, MD 21078

ZEROX #7, 8, 9 / $4 each
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 76 pgs
There is a lot packed into each issue of this punk rock digest. Originating from the Southeast Asia/Pacific Rim area, Shaiful keeps you informed of the local scenes, as well as what's happening in the international punk community, through interviews, tour diaries and scene reports. There are also a lot of political and cultural discussions happening within these pages, the bulk of the content taken from the interweb. Essays and columns make up the lot of contributions from folks around the world, with record and zine reviews rounding out the pages. Highlights of issue seven are interviews with Age Records, Himsa, and Zach Glass; a forum discussion about pornography/sexuality, and Russian and Peruvian scene reports. Issue eight has interviews with Cat Hope, Special Benefits, Rai Ko Ris, Hominid, Ganyang Fanzine and political prisoner Ali Khalid Abdullah; discussions on AIDS and its relation to capitalism, the mp3 industry and the fading of cassette tapes, and scene reports from Macedonia, Hawaii, Philippines and Thailand. Issue nine has interviews with Aspdistra Fly, DJ Reiki,

Steve Towson and Thoracic Disruptor; tour reports from Wojczech and Rai Ko Ris and discussions on the war in Iraq. (JP)
Shaiful / BLK 554 / Bedok North St 3 / #08-241 / Singapore 460554 / Singapore
trashkore@yahoo.com



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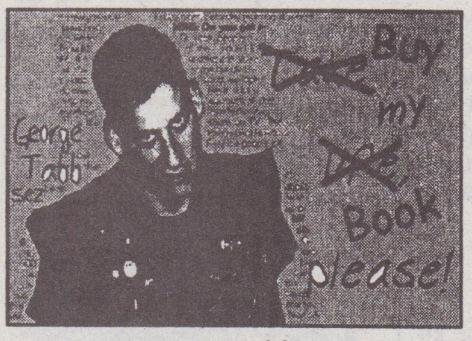

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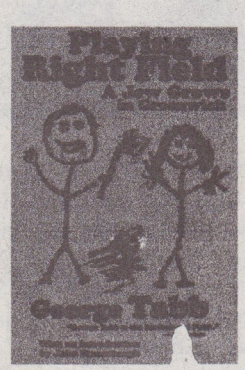

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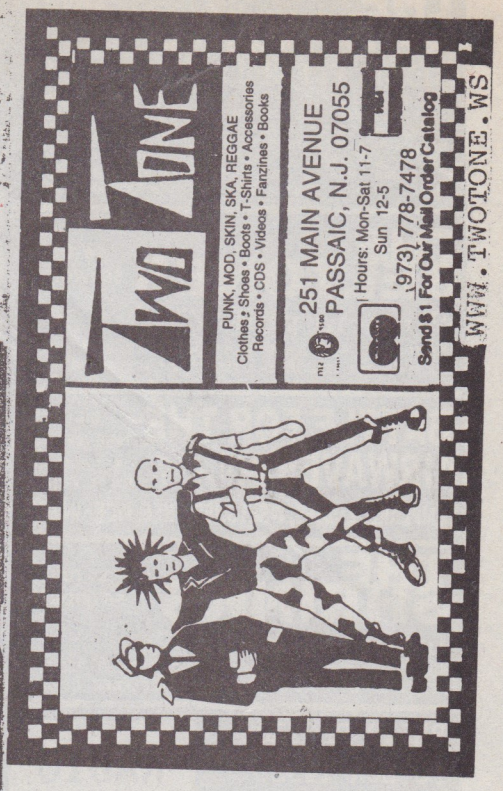
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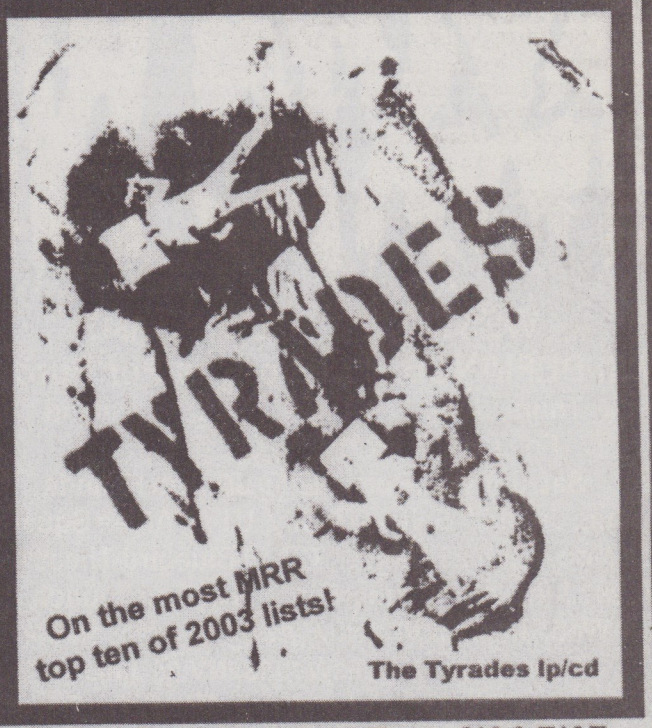

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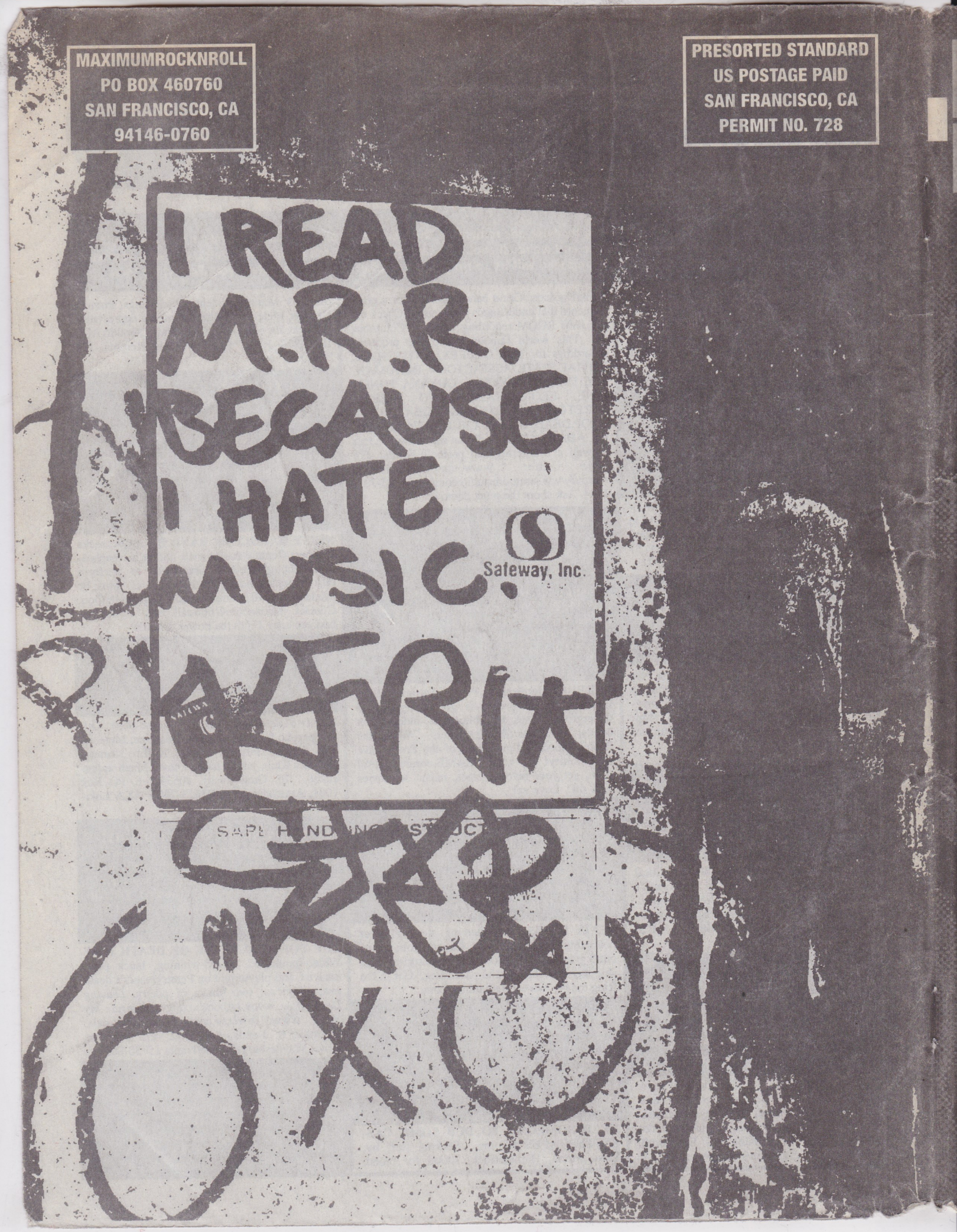
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